THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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EMMA CALVÉ—HOLWORTHY HALL—DOROTHY PARKER—WILL PAYNE
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Try Pineapple in this Simple, Easy-to-Serve Form

No longer is it necessary for you to shred or grate Sliced Pineapple for use in the many tempting summer treats that call for pineapple crushed, shredded or cut in pieces.

There's a better way. Use DEL MONTE Crushed (or Grated) Pineapple.

To meet the wide need for a pineapple product in this convenient form, we crush it and can it for you—ready to use, easily and quickly, in an endless variety of ways.

DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple is the same high quality as DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple, which every housewife knows so well. The only difference is in its form. Both are the finest Hawaiian Pineapple, sun-ripened in the fields, picked at the very moment of perfection, and canned in Hawaii with all its natural fresh flavor and juicy goodness.

To put the lusciousness of pineapple into fruit cocktails, salads, puddings, pies, ice creams, sherbets, punches, beverages and other kinds of cool summer dishes, save time and trouble by using DEL MONTE Crushed (or Grated) Pineapple.

Prove its convenience by trying the recipes below, and remember to specify DEL MONTE. It is your assurance of highest quality and finest flavor in Pineapple, whether Sliced, Crushed or Grated, as well as in more than a hundred other delicious varieties of canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Pineapple Suggestions

PINEAPPLE SHERBET—Add 1½ cups (½ can) of DEL MONTE Canned Crushed Pineapple and the juice of ½ lemon to 1½ cups of grape juice. Dissolve 1 tablespoon of softened gelatin in ½ cup of boiling water. Add to mixture and freeze.

PINEAPPLE CHARLOTTE RUSSE—Drain 1 can of DEL MONTE Canned Crushed Pineapple. Cut a loaf sponge cake in two. Between the layers place most of the pineapple fruit. Heap whipped cream on top. Garnish with remainder of pulp and serve cut in slices.

PINEAPPLE CORNSTARCH PUDDING—Make a cornstarch pudding and after removing from the stove add 1½ cups (½ can) of DEL MONTE Canned Crushed Pineapple, fold in a stiffly beaten egg white, pour into a serving dish and chill.

Send for this book — For many other delightful pineapple recipes, as well as suggestions for the service of all DEL MONTE Products, write for a free copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." Address Department E, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

At the Soda Fountain

Try a cool, refreshing pineapple sundae, sherbet, ice cream or drink. They're delicious when made with DEL MONTE Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple.

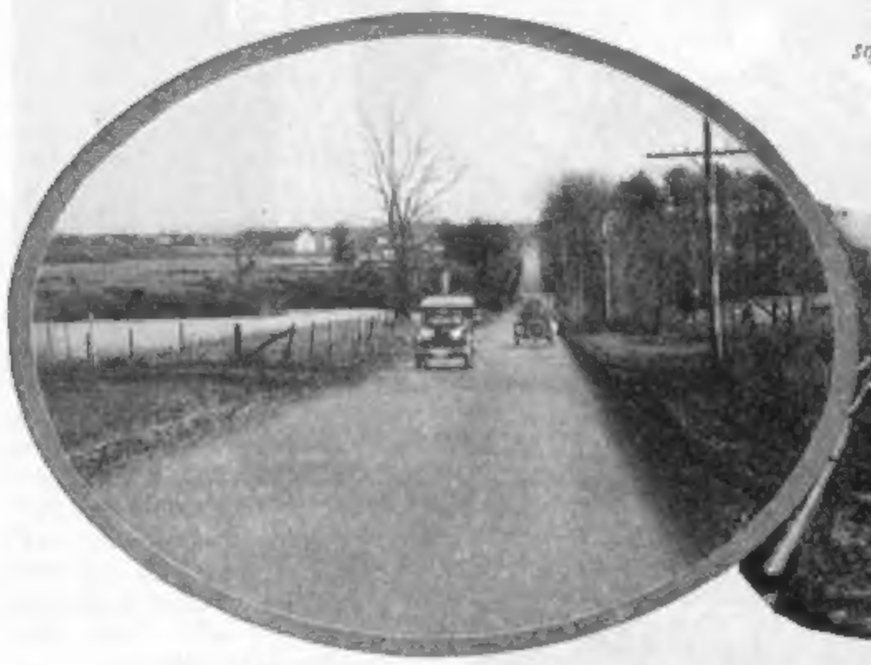
ATTENTION—Soda Fountains
Ask your jobber for DEL MONTE Fountain Crushed Pineapple packed especially for soda fountain use in very heavy syrup in No. 2 and No. 10 cans.

Note — DEL MONTE *Crushed* Pineapple and DEL MONTE *Grated* Pineapple are exactly the same thing. We use the two labels for the same product simply because some people know it under one name and some under the other. Accept either one of these DEL MONTE Products from your grocer with full assurance that you are getting the same luscious pineapple — specially crushed to save you needless work. Packed in No. 1, No. 2, No. 2½, and No. 10 cans.

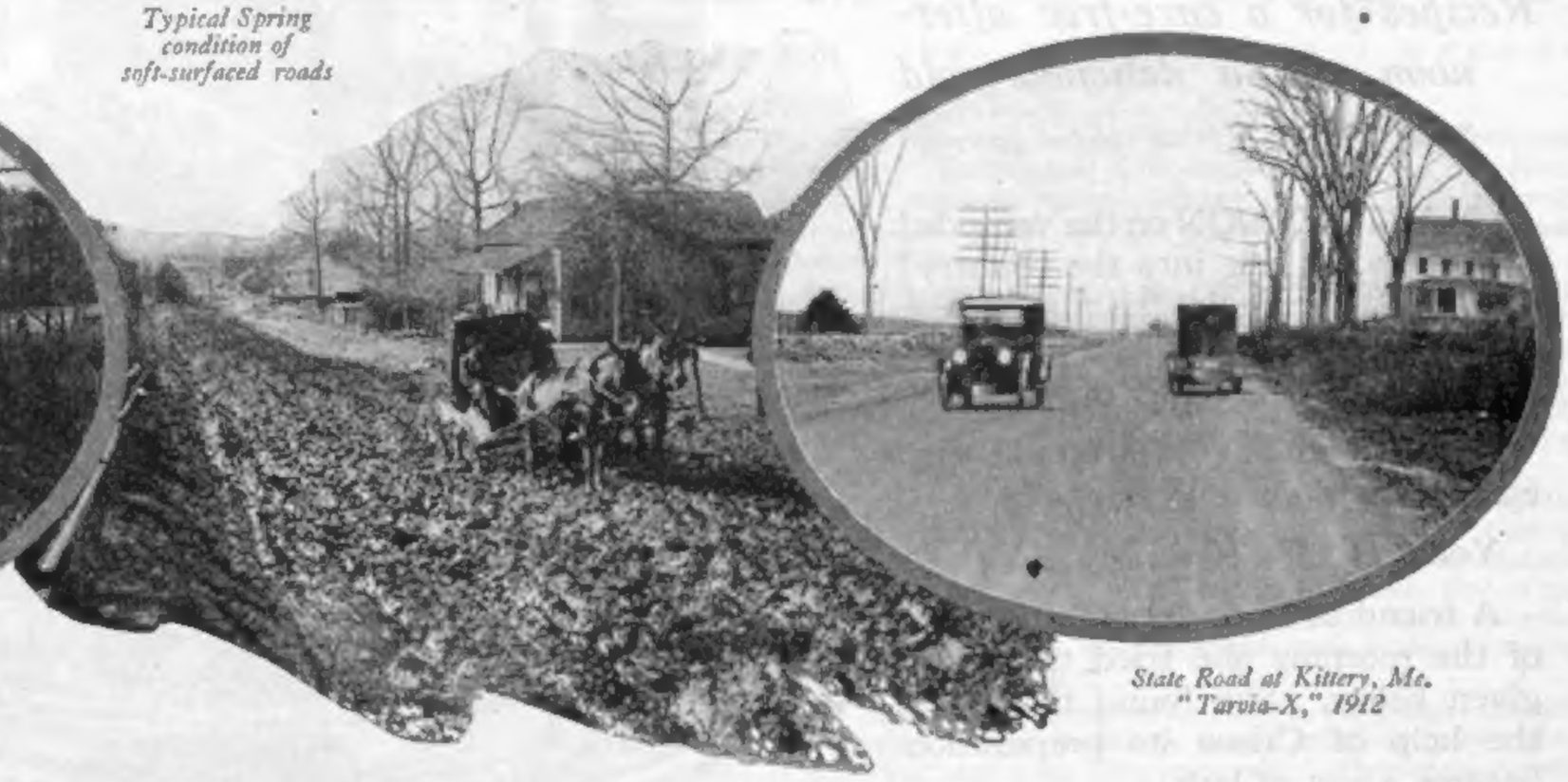
Harvester Road, St. Charles, Mo.
"Tarvia-X," 1920

Typical Spring condition of soft-surfaced roads

Carthage-Antwerp Road, N. Y.
Another Tarvia Highway



Glastonbury-Hartford Road, Glastonbury, Conn. "Tarvia-X," 1915



State Road at Kittery, Me. "Tarvia-X," 1912

Tarvia transforms old fashioned mud roads into all-year, mudless, dustless highways—

PRESIDENT HARDING recently declared that the problem of distribution "is one of the greatest economic problems, if not the greatest problem, of modern civilization."

When we realize that it costs from four to ten times as much to haul a ton of goods over bad roads as it does over good roads, we see at once how vital this road problem is to all of us.

The question no longer should be, "Shall we have good roads?" It should be, instead, "How *quickly* and how *cheaply* can we get good roads?"

The Road Commissioners of hundreds of towns and rural districts throughout the country have found from experience that Tarvia pavements are the most economical good roads it is possible to build.

In first cost a Tarvia road is only slightly more than plain waterbound macadam. The upkeep of Tarvia pavement is, all things considered, so much less than that of any other type of lasting road that the saving—over a short period of years—will offset the original cost of construction.

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Tarvia also offers an economical means of resurfacing old worn-out macadam, and of repairing and maintaining improved streets and highways of every kind. There is a grade of Tarvia for each of these purposes.

Tarvia
For Road Construction Maintenance and Repair

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want BETTER ROADS and LOWER TAXES, this department can greatly assist you. Booklets free on request.

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The Barrett Company

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

Out of the kitchen by noon!

Recipes for a care-free afternoon and a delicious cold supper.

AN AFTERNOON on the veranda! A motor ride into the country! Visits with congenial friends! These and other alluring prospects beckon to you these warm July days.

"Yes," you say, "If I could only escape the kitchen occasionally."

You can.

A friend of ours did. In the cool of the morning she tried the menu given below. She found that with the help of Crisco its preparation became a sort of lark.

We believe you'll agree, too, when you learn what treats you can make with this pure *vegetable* shortening. See if your family doesn't compliment you on the delicious natural food flavors which Crisco leaves undisguised.

Yes, in bringing out the fine natural flavor of foods you will find Crisco a most helpful partner. And you will find the following facts very important if you wish your summer foods to digest easily.

What Fats do Children digest well?

Doctors unite in this warning: "Carefully select hot weather foods for your children." Speaking particularly of the digestibility of fats, a well-known professor of food chemistry says:

"If the melting point of the fat lies much above the body temperature, the fat will not become sufficiently fluid to be readily emulsified and digested."

Crisco (pure vegetable fat) melts at 97 degrees—which is below body temperature.

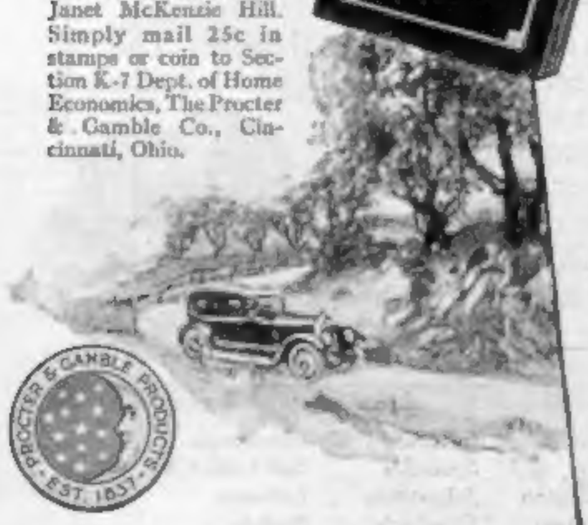
Think how easily your own little child will digest vegetable Crisco.

* * *

To assure delightfully uniform yet digestible cakes, pastry and fried foods order a can of Crisco from your grocer now. Today or tomorrow try the recipes given on this page. In welcoming Crisco for your own favorite recipes remember that you use ⅓ less of Crisco than you would of butter or animal fats.

Special Cook Book Offer

This unique book is entitled "The Whys of Cooking." It answers 164 puzzling questions about cooking and serving. Contains 143 delightful recipes. Gives 45 standards for cooking measurements. Illustrated in 4 colors. Written by the famous Janet McKenzie Hill. Simply mail 25c in stamps or coin to Section K-7 Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



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Small, medium and large sized cans Crisco is also made and sold in Canada

Try this
Cooling Summer Supper

Fruit Cocktail
Cold Meat
Escalloped Potatoes
(Bake them in the morning. Re-heat just before serving. To brown, scatter bits of Crisco on top.)
Quick Nut Bread
(See Recipe at Right)
Asparagus Salad
French Dressing
Cherry or Berry Pie
(See Recipe at Right)
Iced Beverage

Quick Nut Bread

3 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful salt
5 scant teaspoonfuls baking powder
1½ tablespoonfuls sugar
1 cupful nut meats
1½ cupfuls milk
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
1 egg beaten light

Sift well together first four ingredients. Add the well-beaten egg to the milk, then add the nut meats cut fine, then the two tablespoonfuls melted Crisco. Then mix all together and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Cherry or Berry Pie

First make a plain pastry from this recipe:

1½ cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful salt
½ cupful Crisco
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls cold water.
(sufficient for one medium size pie)

With a knife cut Crisco into sifted flour and salt until mixture looks like coarse meal, then add slowly enough ice water to make a paste that clears the bowl. Take half of dough, roll out on lightly floured board until about ¼ inch thick. Roll lightly from center outward. Use light motion in handling rolling pin. Line pie pan, letting pastry emerge ½ inch over edge. Mix one cupful sugar with one teaspoonful flour and a pinch of salt. Mix this thoroughly with fruit. Fill pie pan, add bits of Crisco, moisten edges with cold water. Roll the remaining half of pastry to a thin sheet. Cover the pie. Press edges close together. Trim with knife and a few slits in center. Bake ½ hour in hot oven.

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer.

For digestible and flaky pastry.

For crisp, digestible fried foods.

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MY LIFE

By EMMA CALVÉ

TRANSLATED BY ROSAMOND GILDER

Sweetness and strength, high tragedy and mirth,
And but one Calvé on the singing earth.
—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

IT WAS in France, ah, many years ago! The Midi sun, in all its blazing ardor, filled the still air with vibrant heat and light. Along a road which led past a château, high perched on its rocky hilltop, I was walking with a group of little girls, my companions in the convent where I was being educated. The castle we approached was the only one in the countryside, a proud place, noble and aloof. We thought it very beautiful, and used to gaze in awe and admiration at its towers and turrets silhouetted against the burning sky. On this particular day I seemed to see it with new eyes.

"Who knows?" I said to one of my companions. "Perhaps some day that castle will belong to me!"

My playmates looked at me in surprise, and then burst into laughter.

"What nonsense!" they exclaimed. "You own the château—you! Don't be so silly! It's not even for sale; but if it were, how could a poor little girl like you buy such a beautiful place?"

Calvé at Five

I laughed with them at the absurdity of the idea, and we went on our way, happily irresponsible and unconscious of the future.

Yet, after all, in that moment of prevision I had not been wrong. That castle was Cabrières, where I now live. The dream came true, though the way was long and hard. It led through years of strenuous work, through sorrow and suffering, through difficulty and despair. Sometimes there were stretches of happiness, where the birds sang and joy filled my heart. Sometimes the road led through the dazzling gateway of success, through triumph and achievement, to a goal not yet attained, for, though I own Cabrières and my childhood prophecy has been fulfilled, I find that, once started on the arduous path, there is no resting by the way. Each year brings new interests and possibilities, new striving for an unattainable ideal.

One day it occurred to me to write down a few of the most striking incidents that had taken place along this road, to record one or two of the scenes, sad or gay, humorous or pathetic, that had mottled with lights and shadows the pathway of my life. I have a vivid photographic memory, and I found that my pen could hardly keep pace with it.

Before I realized it, I had written what I have here. It is not a treatise on art or life, nor has it any pretensions to literary excellence. It is quite simply the story of my artistic career. I give it to the public with something of the perturbation of a young singer making her first appearance before the footlights.

The prelude is over. The curtain rises. But, after all, I am not a newcomer on the scene. I see many familiar faces in the audience, and I can say, before I begin my story, "Greetings, my friends and comrades!"

I

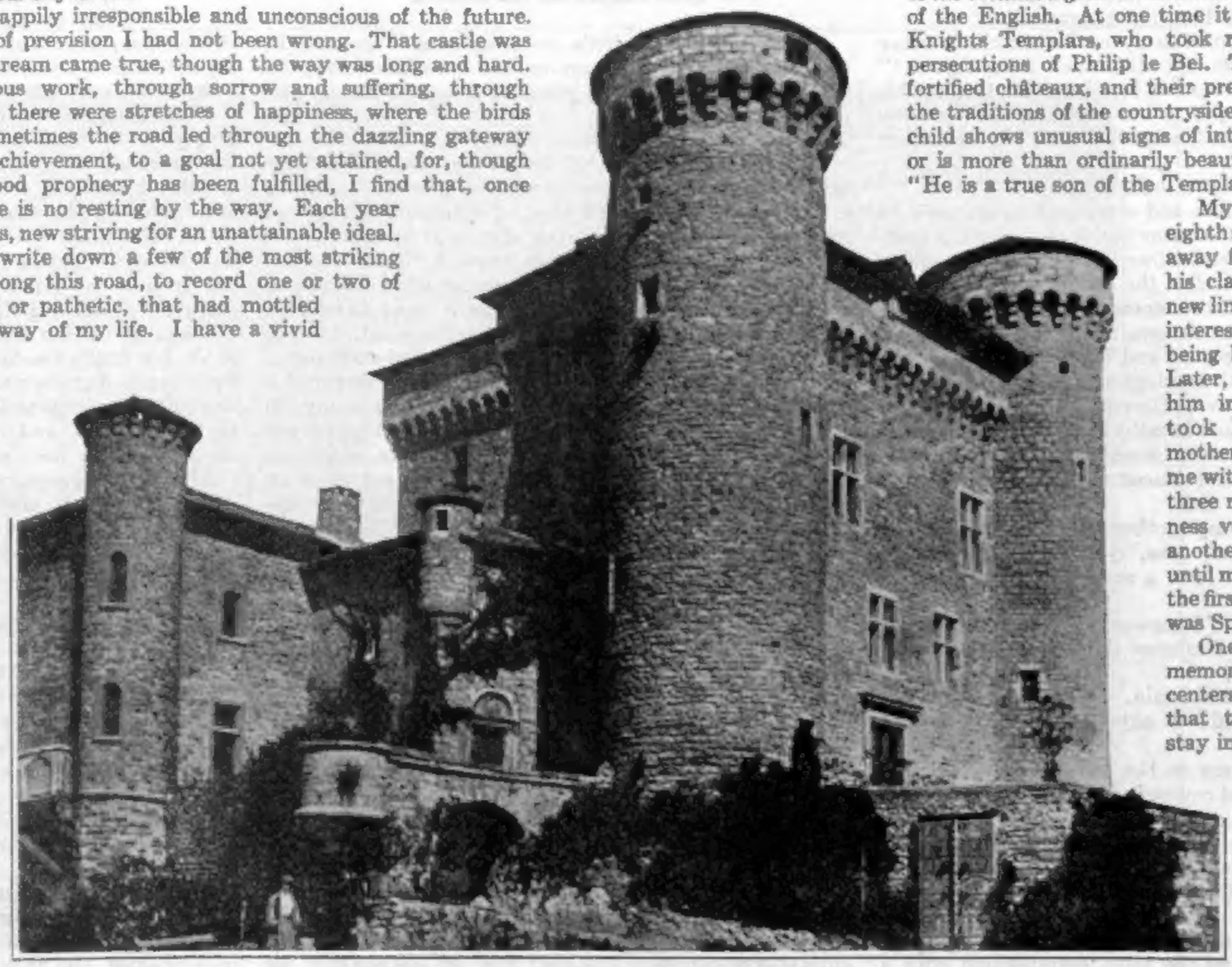
I WAS born in the Department of Aveyron, in Southern France, on a wild and rocky upland of the Cévennes Mountains, where my forbears had lived for countless generations. The country is rugged, desolate. Its limestone cliffs, its deep valleys and mysterious grottoes are filled with a romantic charm. To the south, a range of lordly mountains raise their peaks against the sky, crowned like royal princesses, with flashing diadems of stone.

This part of France is little known to the outside world. Only recently, since the Gorge of the Tarn has been opened to the public, have strangers visited our corner of Aveyron. To me it has always seemed beautiful. I love its lonely stretches, the strange colors of its rocks, its hills and valleys. It has about it something of the fascination, the melancholy of the desert, and so I call it L'Aveyron Pétré, thinking the while of Stony Araby.

This region was once the haunt of the Ruthenian tribes, whom the Roman legionaries conquered on their way northward through ancient Gaul. The Romans built their roads along the high plateau, imperishable roads that can be followed to this day. One of my learned friends has told me that Cæsar in his Commentaries describes this tribe of Ruthenians as "an indomitable race, living like wolves in their impenetrable forests."

Alas! The forests have disappeared; but we, the people, are still untamed, clinging to our traditions, deeply religious, passionately attached to the soil. As for me, I am immovable! My roots are in the past; I am part of that earth, those rocky mountains, that burning southern sky. Elsewhere I am in exile. I must return to that small spot of land, my little country on the mountain side, if I am to keep well, if I am to maintain my happiness, my courage and my voice.

For centuries my forbears lived in the old family house, or *oustal*, as it is called, at La Bastide, where I passed the second part of my childhood. They were stern and hardy men, owners of the land, cultivators of the soil. They cared nothing for money, preferring their independence, proud to pass on their property from father to son. The plateau of Larzac, where they lived, is one of the loveliest of the Cévennes. It has seen many battles since the days of the Roman legions—the wars of religion, the descents of the English. At one time it was inhabited by the Knights Templars, who took refuge there from the persecutions of Philip le Bel. They built themselves fortified châteaux, and their presence is still a part of the traditions of the countryside. To this day, when a child shows unusual signs of intelligence or character, or is more than ordinarily beautiful, it is said of him, "He is a true son of the Templars."



Château de Cabrières, the Castle Madame Calvé Dreamed of as a Child and Acquired as a Celebrity

My father, who was the eighth son of the family, broke away from the traditions of his clan and ventured upon new lines of work. He became interested in the railroad then being built in the Rouergue. Later, an associate involved him in an enterprise which took him to Spain. My mother followed him, taking me with her. I was then only three months old. One business venture following upon another kept my father there until my seventh year, so that the first language that I spoke was Spanish.

One of the most vivid memories of my childhood centers around an incident that took place during our stay in Spain. It illustrates, more vividly than any amount of description, the courage and energy which were striking characteristics of my mother's nature. She was free and fearless, a woman

of strong opinions and of a ready address. Though her heart was warm and generous, she was impulsive and willful, and had no hesitation in carrying into effect what she thought to be right.

At the time of which I am speaking Spain was in a condition of acute political excitement. Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, the last of the long line of claimants to the Spanish throne, had entered the country with a considerable army, and had organized and led a revolt against the existing government. War and rumors of war were all about us in the village where we were living. Carlist and government soldiers and the members of the ever-present *guarde civile* swarmed its streets. Feeling ran high in the Basque Provinces, where the inhabitants were unanimous in their support of Don Carlos, who promised them the regional privileges they so much desired. Very naturally my mother's sympathies went with those of her neighbors. She was keenly interested in all that went on around her; and even I, young as I was, had absorbed a little of the excitement and enthusiasm of the moment.

One day my mother and I were in our living room. She was occupied with some domestic cares, and I was lying on the big bed, taking my afternoon siesta. This bed was one of those large, old-fashioned affairs, built into a corner of the room, and quite as broad as it was long, so that I had ample room to roll about and amuse myself.

I was supposed to be asleep, but actually I was daydreaming and blinking at the sunlight which was filtering through the closed blinds.

Suddenly the door was thrown violently open and a man staggered into the room and fell in a heap on the floor. I cried out in terror and my mother leaped to her feet. She seemed to have grasped the situation in a flash, for she rushed to the door instantly and closed and bolted it. Then she turned to the man on the floor. He was wounded, but not unconscious, and in a moment she had helped him to his feet.

"Hide me! Hide me, for the love of God!" he exclaimed, gasping for breath and clutching his wounded arm. "They're after me, and I can't go another step!"

"Who are you?" my mother asked. "What has happened? I see you are hurt. What have you been doing?"

"Don Carlos!" the man cried. "I am a Carlist! There has been a scrimmage out there." He indicated the road leading to the next village. "The others got away, but I was shot in the arm. I have lost so much blood ——" The poor boy, for he was not much more than that, turned to my mother and clutched her arm desperately. "Hide me! Hide me! I can't go on!"

While he talked my mother had been binding up his arm with strips of linen from her workbag, and now she turned to me, where I sat, wide-eyed and frightened, on the big bed.

"Get up, Fantoune!" she ordered.

I can see her intent face and commanding presence to this day. In the haze that time has drawn over the long-past scene I can still feel the force of my mother's will as she dominated and controlled the situation.

"Get up, Fantoune!" she repeated sharply, and by the time I had got to my feet she was beside the bed.

Throwing back the covers and feather mattresses she made a place between the springs and the bedding where she could hide the fugitive. He crawled in near the wall, lying flat, so that he could breathe and so that the weight of the mattress and covers came on him only lightly. Then the coverings were replaced and the bed smoothed over.

"Now, *mon enfant*," my mother said, taking me in her arms and looking into my eyes, "you must lie down and go to sleep. Remember, not a sound, not a word from you!"

"*Oui, ma maman, oui!*" I answered in an awed whisper, my whole being strained to meet the demand that I read in my mother's eyes.

"Not a word!" she said again. "You have seen nothing! Do you understand? If anyone comes in, you have seen nothing!"

She had hardly put me on the bed in my old position near the outer edge, and covered me with a blanket, when we heard steps on the roadway outside. In a flash my mother was at the door, slipping back the bolt. Then she returned to the work she had dropped a few moments before and continued her occupation as though nothing had interrupted her.

She was only just in time. Lying on the bed, my heart gave a dreadful thud as the room reverberated with a cascade of violent knocking. My mother opened the door and I saw a flash of sunlight on steel bayonets and heard the clashing of the soldiers' accouterment. I shut my eyes and swallowed hard.

"You must go to sleep," my mother had said to me. And so, as the room filled with soldiers, and as my mother's voice rose in inquiry or protest, I tried to pretend at least that I was sleeping. I shut my eyes tight and breathed slowly, lying as still as a mouse.

I heard the men come near the bed. I thought my heart would burst as it beat against my side. Then my mother's voice came, strong and reassuring.

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Calvé Singing the Marseillaise

"Can't you see the little one is sleeping?" she said to the soldiers. "Certainly no one has been here! Why do you come, disturbing the peace of innocent women and children?"

"Sleep, sleep!" I whispered to myself.

It seemed an eternity that the soldiers stood around my bed. Then they must have gone to look into the wardrobe, in the scullery, for I heard doors opening and closing and rough voices arguing and expostulating in Spanish.

Is it surprising that the scene made a violent and unforgetable impression on my young mind? I cannot, of course, remember all the details, for it must have been when I was not more than four or five years old; but the intensity of emotion that I felt, the terror and excitement, are as vivid to me today as though it had all happened a few weeks ago. I experienced for the first time in my life a new emotion, a feeling of dreadful responsibility, for my mother had made me realize that for her sake, as well as for that of the poor wounded boy, I must not move or cry out. With all the strength that I had at my command, I obeyed her injunction; and I learned, in those few moments of intense experience, a useful lesson in self-control.

When the soldiers finally left the tension broke. I am afraid I cried hard; and I remember that for several days after I could not hear my mother refer to the incident without an inexplicable feeling of distress and almost physical anguish.

We lived for some time in this little village in Northern Spain, and my memories of those far-off days contain a sort of composite picture of our occupations and interests. I am conscious, first of all, of the heat of the summer sun, the parched streets, the sun-baked plaza, where a few poor pepper trees strove in vain to mitigate the heat of the day. In vivid contrast to the torrid atmosphere outside, our little house, thick-walled and solid, was a haven of delicious gloom.

I was, on the whole, something of a lizard, and rather enjoyed the scorching sunlight; but my mother kept me indoors during the noon hours, allowing me to go out only when she considered it safe. She would permit me to sit on the doorstep and watch the world go by from that vantage point.

What an interesting world it appeared to my young eyes! Stray dogs played in the streets. Passing beggars limped by. A boy driving a herd of goats to the well at the end of our street brought a breath of the rocky hills to our doorsteps. The *cacique*, the rich man of the village, occasionally hurried by, intent on his affairs. I think he was the only one that ever hurried in the whole township. Everyone else strolled or lounged from doorstep to doorstep. Perhaps his wealth was due to this ability of his to get somewhere quickly, or perhaps the habit had been acquired as an unfortunate result of his money. At any rate, he was the most notable figure under my observation; yet he had little interest for me, compared to the fascination I found in watching the gypsies who came occasionally to our village and who seemed to me the most interesting beings in the whole world.

When they came to sell baskets on the plaza and to trade their ill-gotten possessions with the housewives of the town, I would slip down from my perch on the doorstep and cautiously approach them. How beautiful and romantic they seemed to me! Their brightly colored rags, their sparkling eyes and animated gestures, their incomprehensible language, enthralled me. An added charm was, perhaps, derived from the fact that this was forbidden fruit. My mother had warned me repeatedly to have nothing to do with the *gitanos*.

"They steal little girls!" she assured me.

But I was not in the least afraid. I may even have thought that it would be rather amusing to be stolen.

Nothing about the gypsies enchanted me so much as their songs and dances. I positively thrilled with delight at the sound of the throbbing, rhythmic music. I could never get enough of it, and one day I decided to follow a band of gypsies to their camp.

I had been sitting, quietly watching them pack up their things and make ready to start. My mother was in the house and did not notice me get down from my perch and follow them. I trotted along the road in their wake, regardless of dust and stones, and with only one idea in my head—not to lose sight of my friends, who, though they walked slowly enough, had long legs compared to mine, and were some distance ahead of me.

Finally, one of them looked back and saw my small figure in the distance. They waited until I had joined them, and then asked me where I belonged. It was fairly late in the day by this time, and as they had reached their encampment they decided to have supper before taking me home. I was delighted to stay, and began right away to make friends with the girls and boys in the camp.

In the meantime my mother had discovered my absence. She looked for me everywhere, called in the neighbors and instituted a search. She asked everywhere in the village whether I had been seen. Finally, in a frenzy of anxiety, she rushed to the town hall and begged for help. The whole police force was called into action, and after interminable conversations and arguments a body of gendarmes was sent to the gypsy camp to see whether I had been carried off into captivity.

When my mother and the group of impressive guardians of the law finally reached me they found me as happy as a little queen, dancing and singing in the midst of the gypsy band like a true *gitanella*. I was most reluctant to leave my new friends, and had my mother not been there I should probably have refused to budge.

After this adventure I was watched more carefully. Although I often saw my friends, the gypsies, in the market place, I did not again attempt to join them. From the safe distance of my doorstep I admired their dances and listened to their songs, many of which I learned to sing myself.

Was it because of this that when I came to act Carmen I never needed to be taught the dances and gestures of the Spanish gypsies? Was it because of these years in Spain that I seemed to know by instinct how to carry the shawl, how to walk and move and dance, when I found myself impersonating the lawless *gitana* of Bizet's famous opera? I do not know, for who can tell what memories and associations remain in one's inner consciousness? Surely the impressions of childhood are a permanent and vital part of all one's later life, and of my early contact with these strange people undoubtedly some trace remains imbedded deep in my mind.

Not long after this, when I was in my seventh year, my parents decided to go back to their native land. I spoke only Spanish, and they had the greatest difficulty in the world forcing me to learn French. When I had finally

mastered my new language I was sent to a convent at Millau, not far from the home of my father's family.

The atmosphere of religion and mysticism in which I then found myself in the convent made a deep impression upon me. I became extremely devout, and when I was confirmed I was fully determined to become a nun. Apparently this kind of temporary vocation, or call to the religious life, is not unusual among singers and actresses. I know two very great artists who have been through the same experience.

My holidays were passed in the old family homestead, where my father's sister lived. Here I found everything that could delight the heart of a child. The old house, the rambling farm buildings with their cattle, the meadows, pastures and gardens were my playground.

My aunt's garden—how well I remember it! Ah, that delicious corner of paradise, where I spent the happiest hours of my youth, and where I dreamed the first dreams of my girlhood! It was built up behind the house in terraces, as are all gardens on the mountain side. Stone retaining walls divided it, and flagged steps led from one level to the next. Each terrace had its own particular use. One was for the vegetable garden, another for the fruit trees, another for shrubs and berry bushes.

On the highest terrace of all was the flower garden, my own particular haunt and delight. Modest flowers grew there; lilacs and marigolds, sweet Williams, forget-me-nots, and the lovely, odorous blooms of the wallflowers, particularly dear to my aunt, who used to call them by their old-fashioned name of *violiers*.

I would spend hours and hours on the upper terrace, warming myself like a little lizard in the sun, drinking in its strength and radiance. In the midst of my noisy, romping games I would become suddenly quiet, contemplative, overcome with a desire to lie on the warm sod and dream of vague and far-off things. Sometimes I would betake myself to the corner farthest removed from the house, where the beehives were installed. There I would remain standing immovable, as I had been taught, watching the bees at their fascinating task.

When I shut my eyes I can still see before me the picture of the sunset hour in that peaceful garden. My aunt is knitting her interminable stocking. Margarido, her faithful servant, distaff in hand, works with rapid, skillful fingers, singing those very folk songs which to this day I sing before another sun—the footlights! I alone am idle, watching, half hypnotized, the circling of the bees, which every evening gather in dark masses near their hives, buzzing and humming in unison, as though chanting an evening hymn.

"They are saying good night to the sun," Margarido would invariably remark.

My aunt would nod her approval, and I would open my eyes wider still with interest and astonishment.

Suddenly the angelus rang. My aunt recited aloud her evening prayer, to which I made, rather vaguely, the proper responses. We stood for a moment, watching the sinking sun, then turned and went into the house for our evening meal.

Margarido, my aunt's servant, was an orphan who had given herself, of her own accord, to the Calvet family in her early girlhood. It was an old and honored custom, in our part of the world, for girls who had been brought up in an orphanage or by the charity of some religious organization to choose in this way a home of adoption. They became proud servants in the families they selected, refusing wages and working freely and gladly in return for the good food, the comfortable lodging and the home which was provided for them. They were treated as members of the families, and sometimes became the mainstays, almost the mistresses of the households.

Margarido was one of these devoted and capable women. She was indefatigable; up at dawn, in bed the last of all; hard-working, industrious, loyal and good. Ah, infinitely good!

As for me, she adored and spoiled me. I heard later that as a young girl she had nourished a dumb and entirely unrequited affection for my father, who was hardly more than a boy when she first came to our house. Poor lovelorn little creature, silent and resigned! She turned her affection from him to the family as a whole, and finally to me, whom she cared for with a special and intense love that made her sometimes overindulgent in my regard.

She gave me everything I wanted—the best fruits of the garden, the most delicious of all the jams and jellies that she made. I shall never forget a basket of cherries she let me eat one day. They were delectable, the first of the season, treasures, but they nearly killed me!

She remained with my aunt many years after I grew up, and finally died at her post, very old, but as active and energetic as ever. On the day of her death she rose as usual and went about her business. Suddenly, in the midst of her household duties, she collapsed on the floor. My aunt rushed to her. It was too late. She had died instantly, without a plaint, working to the last moment, as she would have wished. My poor aunt did not live much longer. She followed her faithful servant to the grave a few months after Margarido's death. All this was, of course, much later. In my childhood these two dear women were in their prime, and surrounded me during my holidays with all the joys a child could wish.

At night the great hall of the homestead was as fascinating to me as was the garden by day. Vast and smoky, it sheltered all sorts of legends and dreams.

Here masters and servants assembled nightly for prayers. Here, in the long evenings, the women sat spinning in the flickering firelight. The old shepherd Blaise regaled us with ghost stories, each more dreadful than the last. The women crossed themselves. I trembled with terror, and finally went to bed to dream of goblins, gnomes and werewolves. My appetite for the marvelous fed upon these tales. I actually experienced a sensation of pleasure in being afraid.

Once back at the convent, it was my turn to make my comrades tremble. I told them the tales I had heard, with additions and amplifications of my own. I finally discovered a way of singing them in a weird minor key, a sort of melodious chant, which I improvised as I went along, and which added greatly to the effect.

Emma Calvé at the Age of Twenty

I remember hearing a colloquy between one of the sisters of the convent and a small comrade of mine.

"What is the matter with you, my child?" the sister asked. "Why are you crying?"

"Oh, *ma sœur!*" the child answered, all in tears. "What fun we are having! Emma Calvé is making us cry with her songs!"

I think it was from that day that I began to be an artist, for it was then that I learned to express my own emotions, to externalize them, to convey them to my listeners. How thrilled, how intoxicated with delight I was when I felt my little audience respond to my mood! Their applause gave me a hitherto untasted sense of power, an exaltation, an indescribable joy! Ever since that tender age I have been dependent upon the exhilaration which comes with success.

I appeared before my first grown-up audience on a graduation day at the convent. This time I could not make use of my ghost stories; but I had to sing, with all the care and dignity I could muster, Les Hirondelles by Félicien David and Le Lac by Lamartine.

The Bishop of Rodez, who was officiating on this occasion, turned to the mother superior as I finished.

"How beautiful!" he exclaimed. "What a lovely, what an unusual voice! And her face is extraordinarily expressive! She is an artist!"

— II

I LEFT the convent when I was about fifteen. My father was absent in Italy, and my mother, my two brothers and I remained in the little town where I had been educated. Our neighbors and friends were not long in making up their minds that I was to become a great artist. They talked of it incessantly and asked me to take part in all the celebrations and ceremonies that took place in the village. All this interest and attention impressed my mother. She became accustomed by degrees to the idea of my going on the stage.

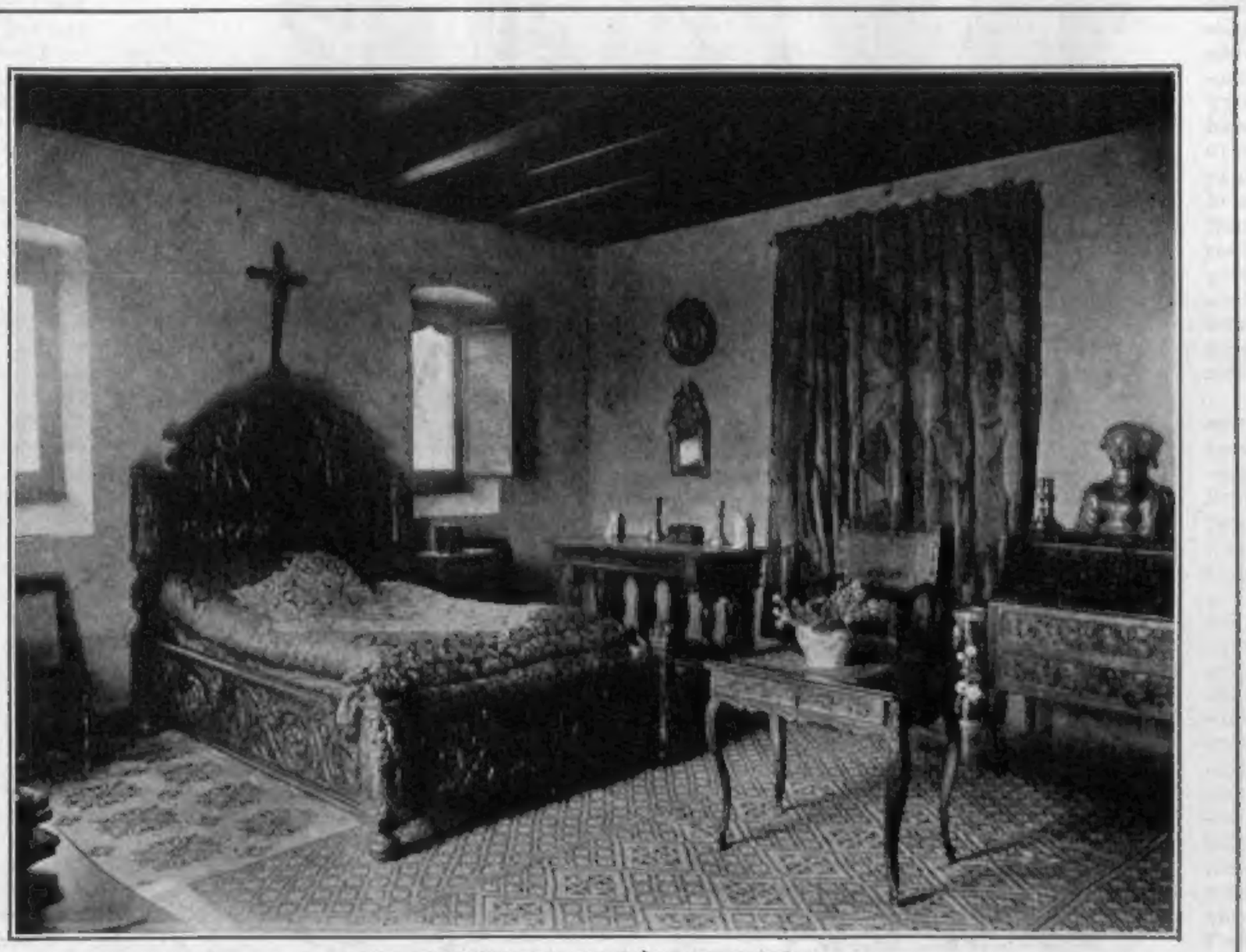
"Everyone tells me a brilliant future is in store for you," she said to me one day. "If you succeed we shall be able to give your brothers a better education. It's worth trying. *Le bon Dieu* will help us!"

She was advised to take me to Paris, for it was only there that I could learn to sing. It was a formidable undertaking in those days; but without further hesitation my mother gathered together her modest resources and started ahead of me to make arrangements for our move to Paris.

In the meantime I remained with my aunt and spent my days, as I had when I was a little child, in the garden of our old house. The bees still fascinated me as they had of old. They represented so many golden, lovely things! During my convent days they had provided me not only with delicious honey but with surprises of all kinds as well.

"I will buy you a pretty dress at the St. Jean," my aunt used to say. "Margarido will take the honey to

(Continued on Page 54)



One of the Rooms in the Château de Cabrières

THE DUKE AND THE DUCATS

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THERE are some philosophers who believe that heredity is everything; and then again there are others who dispute this, and claim that environment is all that really counts. In the case of Duke Bryan, for example, one faction would arbitrarily blame him on his great-grandparents, while the other would point back to his home and the neighborhood, and maintain that, like a blotter, he had merely absorbed what had been set before him. The Duke himself, however, would have resented both explanations equally. He was very positive that whatever he was, and whatever he had accomplished, were due to his own sheer ability, plus tedious practice. He would never have been willing to share his luster.

His first name was rightfully Fitzsimmons, because his father, who occasionally stevedored, had been privileged to shake hands with that speckled beauty on the very night that his son was born. To be sure, a year or two later there was a certain exhibition of boxing at Coney Island, and in view of the outcome the stevedore rather wished that he hadn't been so hasty; but it was too late now; and besides, Jeffries had never shaken hands with him.

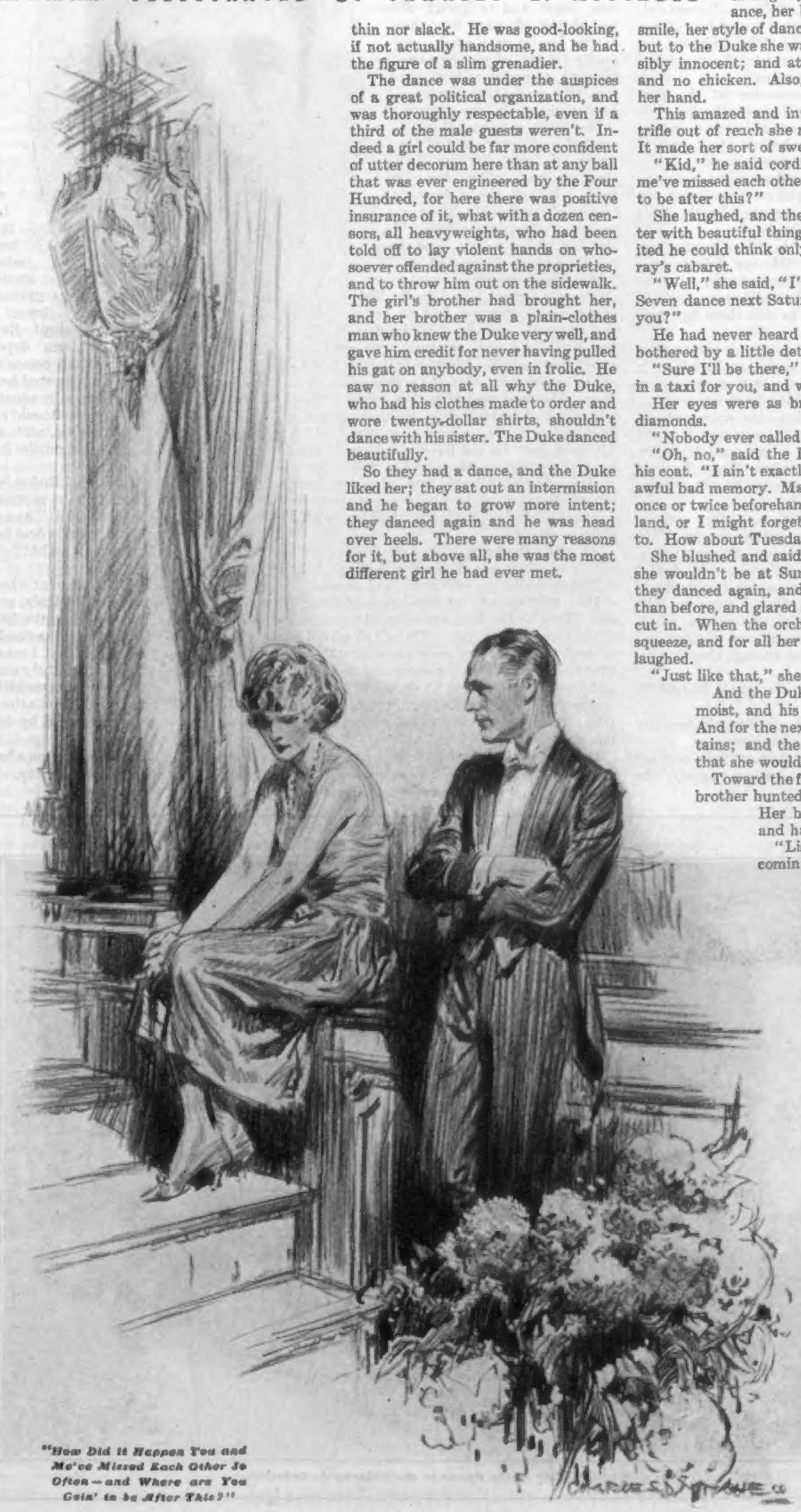
And in a couple of decades or so it was all the same anyway, because the Duke's acquaintances, including the police, never called him anything but the Duke. It was a nickname, but it was also a title; it meant that he belonged to the nobility, and also that he dressed the part. It meant that he would no sooner condescend to pick a pocket than an archbishop would scramble for pennies, and that if anyone had asked him to divert himself by a little second-story work he would have considered it as a deadly insult. Even to those who asked him kindly to assist in the dissemination of new, germless money, hot off the press, he turned a bilious eye. His specialty was nothing if not genteel; he made friends with lonely strangers, and played poker and other social games with them, and he was very lucky.

And then, when he was twenty-four, and his talent was just blossoming into true genius, he went to a dance and fell in love with a stenographer who took him for a gentleman.

Now according to her lights this girl was not entirely unjustified, for almost from the beginning of things the Duke had been busily discounting the philosophers. At public school he had shown more intelligence than all his ancestors in a lump; and from his garments and his manner you would have said that he belonged at least two avenues west of where he was born. Furthermore, his features were none of them typical. His chin didn't retreat, his eyes weren't small or placed too close together, his lips were neither thin nor slack. He was good-looking, if not actually handsome, and he had the figure of a slim grenadier.

The dance was under the auspices of a great political organization, and was thoroughly respectable, even if a third of the male guests weren't. Indeed a girl could be far more confident of utter decorum here than at any ball that was ever engineered by the Four Hundred, for here there was positive insurance of it, what with a dozen censors, all heavyweights, who had been told off to lay violent hands on whosoever offended against the proprieties, and to throw him out on the sidewalk. The girl's brother had brought her, and her brother was a plain-clothes man who knew the Duke very well, and gave him credit for never having pulled his gat on anybody, even in frolic. He saw no reason at all why the Duke, who had his clothes made to order and wore twenty-dollar shirts, shouldn't dance with his sister. The Duke danced beautifully.

So they had a dance, and the Duke liked her; they sat out an intermission and he began to grow more intent; they danced again and he was head over heels. There were many reasons for it, but above all, she was the most different girl he had ever met.



"How Did It Happen You and Me've Missed Each Other So Often—and Where are You Goin' to be After This?"

She was so different that whenever he looked at her his eyes widened like a child's when it catches sight of a new and bright and fascinating object. She was different in her appearance, her behavior, her speech, her laugh, her smile, her style of dancing. She was eighteen or nineteen, but to the Duke she was almost impossibly young, impossibly innocent; and at the same time she was a woman, and no chicken. Also, she wouldn't even let him hold her hand.

This amazed and interested him. By putting herself a trifle out of reach she multiplied his ardor a hundredfold. It made her sort of sweet and old-fashioned.

"Kid," he said cordially, "how did it happen you and me've missed each other so often—and where are you goin' to be after this?"

She laughed, and the Duke tried to compare her laughter with beautiful things, but because his pasture was limited he could think only of the Roman fountains at Murray's cabaret.

"Well," she said, "I'm probably going to be at the Jolly Seven dance next Saturday, anyhow. At the casino. Are you?"

He had never heard of the Jolly Seven, but he wasn't bothered by a little detail like that.

"Sure I'll be there," he said. "What time do I roll up in a taxi for you, and where do I roll to?"

Her eyes were as bright as—as a whole showcase of diamonds.

"Nobody ever called you a slowpoke, did they?"

"Oh, no," said the Duke, brushing invisible lint from his coat. "I ain't exactly a Philadelphia snail, but I got an awful bad memory. Maybe I better ramble up to your flat once or twice beforehand, so's to kind of get the lay of the land, or I might forget to tell the shofer where to drive to. How about Tuesday?"

She blushed and said that he might take a chance that she wouldn't be at Sunday school that night; and then they danced again, and the Duke held her a trifle closer than before, and glared at a city magistrate who wanted to cut in. When the orchestra stopped he gave her a tiny squeeze, and for all her innocence she only looked up and laughed.

"Just like that," she said.

And the Duke wondered why his palms were so moist, and his breath like a mountain climber's. And for the next few hours he lived on the mountains; and the only thing that worried him was that she wouldn't hold hands.

Toward the fag end of the evening, however, her brother hunted him out and had words with him. Her brother knew the Duke very well, and had diagnosed his symptoms.

"Listen, Duke. Mary says you're comin' up to the flat. What's the idea?"

The Duke's eyebrows went up the merest trifle. "Why, it goes as it lays, Tom. Any objection?"

"Have you put her wise to yourself?"

"I don't get you."

"Well, you see it's like this, Duke. Mary's on the level, and she thinks you're a friend of mine, so she thinks you're on the level—d'you follow me? Now, tonight she's been havin' a good time; she wanted to see what these gebees were like, and I didn't want to queer it, but I just want to tip you off. Nothin' to get mad about, Duke, but she's awful particular about folks. And she wouldn't like it."

"Wouldn't like what?" said the Duke, puzzled.

"Your lay."

There was a pause of several seconds. The Duke wasn't exactly angry, because astonishment had stunned all anger out of him. He was simply dumfounded.

"Well, that's damn funny, Tom," he said, and his voice was very low. "That's the first time in my life anybody put up a roar like that. What's the matter with me, anyways? There ain't any egg on my vest,

is there? I don't need a shave, do I? I never done any time, did I? I don't go round stickin' up cigar stores, do I? What is this—the bum's rush? Are you tellin' me to keep off the front stoop?"

"I'm just wisin' you up, Duke. Tonight was all right, but if you're countin' on a run of it I'm tellin' you she wouldn't stand for it."

When he chose, the Duke had an eye as cold as a pawnbroker's. "Well, suppose me and her settle it between us, Tom. That all right with you? I'm goin' to be up to your flat, Tuesday."

And then he went home and consulted the mirror, and the face of the man who looked out at him had unusual lines on it—lines of perplexity.

"Why, cripe!" said the Duke to the man in the mirror. "You'd think I was a roughneck or somethin'. What's bitin' him, anyhow? Ain't I a swell dresser? Ain't I a good spender? Cripe! He couldn't meant I ain't good enough for her! Huh! Never was a dame yet I couldn't had if I'd wanted 'em, only I didn't want 'em."

And yet, because he knew that Tom was a regular guy, and because he knew that Tom's sister was sort of old-fashioned, even if a pippin, he was vaguely disquieted.

He went up to call on her, but she wasn't spontaneous, and he realized at once that she was in the know. He also realized that Tom must have sized her up right; and this gave him a most peculiar sensation, as on a roller-coaster. And although two nights ago, and again yesterday, the possibility had piqued and stimulated him, it now began to creep under his skin.

"See here, kid," said the Duke, speaking from the throne, "I got somethin' on my mind besides hair, myself. Listen, there's one thing nobody says about me. I ain't one of these he-vamps. I'm serious. Ask Tom. Ask anybody; they'll tell you. I——"

"That's what Tom told me." As a matter of fact, it was the cause of Tom's uneasiness.

"Well, I've never fell yet. But there's something about you that gets me, and gets me hard, and I'm playin' it right across the board. You like me—oh, don't squirm; I got my growth, and I got eyesight—and I'm crazy about you. Well, where's the out about me? I guess Tom told you I play cards, didn't he? Well, what difference does that make?"

She had drawn away from him. "It makes all the difference in the world, Mr. Bryan."

The look in his eyes was that of a rejected potentate. He bristled.

"But, cripe! Why should it? It never has yet. This is gettin' my goat! Do I look any worse to you than if I was followin' the ponies? Do I look any worse than if I was in Wall Street? You're the only-only, Mary, and that goes from here to the finish, but what's the matter with me?"

So she told him as gently as she could, and the Duke listened until he was limp.

"Well," he said, subdued, "that's kind of rough. But isn't there some way we could fix it up?"

"I don't see how, exactly—do you?" Her eyes were sorry, but the Duke was blind.

"No, I don't. Not right now. But what's your limit?"

"How do you mean, Mr. Bryan?"

"Well, a bargain's a bargain, isn't it? I take you out Saturday night just the same, don't I?"

"Why—maybe you better not, Mr. Bryan."

His lips tightened a little. "Oh. I see. And if I show up anyhow, what do you do—slip me the cold and glassy?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that! I couldn't do that to anybody as long as he behaved himself."

"Thanks for the compliment. But you wouldn't let me take you?"

"I couldn't. Not now."

The Duke rose. "Well, I got to hand it to you for one thing, anyway. You put all the cards on the table. Tell Tom I was here, will you? Good night."

On the stairway he emitted a short laugh, not unsimilar to a bark, which was to express his complete and final renunciation of her. He told himself imperially that she didn't seem to know who he was. He was the pride of his bailiwick, the man with the most sensitive finger tips, the quickest eye, the most flexible wrists, between the two rivers. He made easy money, and a wad of it, and worked only when the spirit moved him, and the flesh was safe. His fame reached from the Battery to the Bronx; and if he had ever taken one step below the dead line into the financial district he would have been pinched on sight. This is a distinction which, among the elect, counts as a university degree, or the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

And this ignorant little pounder of typewriter keys, this simple kid who from all the evidence had learned nothing at all of the world—not even from her brother, who certainly ought to have taught her something by this time—she actually gave him the marble heart because he wasn't holding down a job, like a farmer with no brains. He banged the street door hard, and hoped that Mary heard it.

This mood persisted until he was in his room and smoking his last cigarette, and then it suddenly doubled on its tracks. He got up and paced the floor restlessly. He was thinking of the sitting room in Mary's flat; how cheerful and friendly and homelike it was—and so different from all the other flats he knew. It looked sort of like a window in one of those decorating joints in the Forties—wicker furniture, and some kind of bright flowery stuff for curtains, and no plush. There was a canary and a bowl of goldfish and a kitten. And books—incredible numbers of books—maybe a hundred. And Mary had worn a blue frock, the same tint as her eyes, and she had corn-color hair, and the sweetest mouth and chin in the world. He wished, now, that he hadn't banged that door quite so hard.

His inclination was to go to the telephone and explain to her that he hadn't been quite himself tonight, because he had a headache or his feet hurt him or something; but even in love the Duke was moderately cagy. Besides, she had said very harsh things about his profession, and that is a form of affront that no self-respecting man can forgive in a twinkling. He decided magnanimously to give her a chance to miss him and to discover what she had lost.

So in the morning he sent a messenger up to the West Side Casino and got the address of the treasurer of the Jolly Seven, and bought a ticket for gent only, including hat check. Thereafter he continued to let Mary miss him until after dinner; at nine he tried to ring her up, but the operator said that the party didn't answer. The Duke swore painstakingly and with traces of art.

On Thursday night he called her again; the party didn't answer. On Friday the line was busy, still busy, and still busy, until the Duke laughed long and loud and told himself that it wasn't worth bothering about. It was like buzzing around a butterfly. But on Saturday he made sure that his soup-and-fish was neatly pressed, and at the proper hour he climbed into it and persuaded his best ruby studs into an imported shirt, struggled into his fur overcoat, and rode forth to the West Side Casino.

The man who had brought her wore tortoise-rimmed spectacles, and looked apprehensive while he danced—as though counting the time—so that the Duke of Sixth Avenue was as thoroughly primed with advance knowledge as was ever the Duke of Wellington.

"Excuse me, please," he remarked pointedly to this cavalier after drawing him to one side, "but I guess you got your card all balled up—didn't you?"

The youth felt of his collar, which was already melting, and examined the Duke's contours.

"Why—did I?"

"I guess you must have," said the Duke with kindly indulgence, "because the next few dances is mine."

Some minutes later he demanded of her brusquely, "Who's that bird, anyhow? The one with the rubber-tired glasses?"

"Oh, he's a friend of mine."

"Was he the one you was with Wednesday and Thursday?"

"Why, how did you know?"

"I know a lot that never gets in the papers. So that's the kind of a guy you'd rather have hang around than me!"

She didn't answer at once. "I wish you were doing what he is, though."

"What's that?"

"Earning it."

"If you hate me so much you didn't need to dance with me, baby."

"I don't hate you. But I almost wish I could."

"Why?"

"You know, yourself."

He Went Up to Call on Her, But She Wasn't Spontaneous, and He Realized at Once That She Was in the Know

Their eyes clung together, and the Duke's wavered first. This was a phenomenon. Usually he could outstare the Sphinx, and make it blink.

"Let me take you home anyhow, baby."

"I can't. He brought me. I promised him."

"I can soon switch that."

"No! I don't want you to."

"Oho! So he's your steady, is he?"

"Don't be so silly!"

He was an experienced man, and he wasn't fooled for a second. "Well, can I come see you sometime this week?"

"Why ——"

The music had stopped; the Duke applauded until he perceived that he was doing a solo.

"I'll come anyway," he said in an undertone, "and if Four-Eyes is there first, he goes out on the pavement on his ear."

She caught his arm. "You shan't talk like that! He's a friend of mine."

Again the Duke wavered. Jealousy was expanding in him like yeast, and it turned him into a martyr. This is one of the signs.

"Sorry," he said huskily. "It was only a kind of a joke, baby. I hadn't any call to butt in, anyhow. Want I should beat it?"

She hesitated. "After one more dance. The next one. Because he really did bring me—and you were horribly rude to him—but if you want to you can come up and see me Monday."

The Duke, recognizing the convention, bowed penitently; but he found a way to reach the ear of the orchestra leader with a word, and his hand with a ten-dollar bill.

"Play encores on the next one till I tip you the wink to lay off, Jack," said the Duke subtly. "Are you on?"

The leader was on; so that the next waltz ran for forty minutes by the clock, and the Duke went home exalted.

He had put one over on Four-Eyes, and he had received an invitation to call. That was something. Yet during that waltz she had repeated almost verbatim certain things that she had said before, and they stuck in his memory. She had said quite frankly that in some few items he wasn't so attractive to her as the bird with the goggles. And that hurt. He wondered vaguely where that bird stood with her, anyhow. He would like to attract that bird into a secluded spot and pull his nose so far around that he'd sneeze in his ear.

He mooned about the Tenderloin for two days, and some of his friends asked him if he were sick. Then at last came Monday night, gloriously on schedule, and the Duke, who inventoried at least two thousand dollars as he stood, counting jewelry in sight and haberdashery blocked out, was again in the fairy sitting room, and Mary was smiling at him.

Deliberately he crossed over and sat down beside her.

"You mustn't," she said.

"Why not?"

"I—I don't want you to."

"Then it's a standoff," said the Duke, "because I do want to." Daringly he covered her hand with his; there was a brief fluttering resistance, then surrender. "Now, listen, kid," said the Duke soberly, "I want to be reasonable. What is there could fix this up?"

There was a silence. "I wish I knew. I was crazy about you too. I thought you were wonderful. And if you'd only been like everybody else I know—if you'd only had a job and ——"

The Duke recoiled. "A job! Cripe! What does that get you? You got to pay rent, you got to eat, you got to wear clothes, you got to have a little amusement—what does a job get you? That's for the guys that ain't got nerve enough to play a lone hand, like I do."

"Isn't there anything you could do that's clean—and decent?" He winced.

"A bird named McCarty—Tom knows him—'s been tryin' to get me to take a half interest in a restaurant. But, cripe! Don't I look better to you than a ham slinger?"

"It's honest, anyway."

"Yes—and he wants seven and a half grand for it. That don't grow on lamp-posts. And I'd have taken him up, at that, if I'd had the coin."

"Why would you?"

"Because it's a sure thing, and that's all I play. It's a bankrupt lease, and a swell stand."

"Tom told me you make ten thousand a year. You ought to have saved a lot."

"Listen, baby. I got a hundred and eighty in my jeans, and that's the family bank roll."

"Not really!"

"Think I'd lie to you?"

"But what do you do with it all?"

"Cripe! How do I know? It goes." He leaned toward her. "Mary, I'm down to my last card. I ain't somebody else, I ain't Willie-Off-the-Yacht, I'm Duke Bryan. Straight goods—where do I stand?"

Her head was averted. "Haven't I told you often enough?"

"But, dearie, a man's got to live!"

"A man can be square, though."

"I'd want you to have things; I'd want you to have everything there is. I make ten now; I can make fifteen. Ain't that enough?"

"Not the way you make it. Never."

"Don't it mean somethin' that I'm the top of the heap?"

"Not that heap. Never."

His expression was almost pathetically incredulous, as though a bourgeois were finding fault with royalty only because it was royal.

"Well, why don't it? It always has before."

"You'd have to cut out gambling, and work like everybody else."

His universe came tumbling about his head. His brain was whirring and he was sore distressed. But Mary was very near to him, and it's a mean man who won't make a promise.

"Well, suppose I cared enough to—think it over?"

"Do you really care as much as that?"

"Just suppose I did. Then what?"

She raised her eyes to him. "You see, I've felt the way about you—you say you feel about me. So—if ——"

"If I quit the game? Is that what you meant?"

"Yes."

"Go on from there."

"Why ——"

"Suppose—just suppose—I told you I'd never throw another card, never roll the bones—and I love 'em, kid, the soft roll, the galloping dominoes, oh, cripe! how I love 'em, and they're always workin' for me—suppose I said that. Then what?"

"Then I'd wait for you."

His heart was hammering. "Honest, would you? What about the guy with the glasses?"

"I'd wait years and years if I had to. He was only the best until I met you."

"Why would you wait?"

"Don't make me tell you."

"I want you to tell me."

"I can't."

"You've got to."

Helplessly she raised her eyes again. There were depths in them.

"Because I love you," she said, "and I want you to cut it out. I'd rather have you than him—if you'd only let me."

She swayed toward him; the Duke caught her in his arms and went to Paradise against her lips.

"Give me a chance to think it over, baby."

She struggled against him. "Let me go! Please! I shouldn't have done it! You can't kiss me again! I don't ever want to see you again—until you'll tell me you'll cut it out as long as you live. I care too much. I couldn't see you again!"

The Duke caught his breath. "You're askin' such a lot, baby."

"Too much? Because if it is—why ——"

"I can't tell yet." He released her and got to his feet. "Well, we dealt 'em face up, anyhow, and I'm goin' to think it over."

But toward midnight he sat in a game of stud with an old friend and two fresh acquaintances, and ran his bank roll up to six hundred dollars. At this juncture he felt that up in Mary's flat he had made rather a fool of himself.

It struck him forcibly as he reckoned his winnings that when a woman with finicky ideas expects a man to change his whole method of life simply to suit her, she expects much. As though he would forswear his purple and fine linen, his open-handedness and popularity, because Mary happened to be behind the times. She didn't seem to appreciate that he was a prominent character, with some small influence in the precinct, and no inconsiderable number of admirers. He moved in the best of all possible society; and Bald Jim Plant, the millionaire bookmaker, and Lulu Latour, who got nearly a thousand a week on Hammerstein's Roof, and Young Buffo, the lightweight champion of the world, were dignitaries who called him friend and brother. As a matter of fact Lulu was dippy about him and wanted to marry him just as he was. He wondered what Mary would think if she knew it.

And yet, as he visualized Mary in her little flat, so cozy and comfortable and homelike, the Duke was meditative. He told himself that Tom was lucky to have a dump like that to go home to. It oppressed him to think that maybe Four-Eyes would have a dump like that to go home to sometime, unless the Duke himself took a brace. Mary was so different. The white lights would never appeal to her; she was quiet and sort of domestic, and—nice. That was it; she was so awfully nice. Merely to look at her made him feel as though he had just taken a bath. He wondered what Four-Eyes thought of her. And she was so pretty, without any of the vividness which his other lady friends bought at the cut-price drug stores. She was so sweet and flowerlike; and she had kissed him. Kisses weren't by any means unknown to him, but Mary's had breathed an individual flavor. When he remembered it he preferred to be alone, and not to have somebody hanging over his table and asking him if he had heard Bald Jim's latest—which was quite likely to be Bald Jim's worst.

And then he wondered if she had ever let Four-Eyes kiss her; and that made him fretful and impatient.

He wandered over presently to see his friend McCarty, who was a retired lieutenant of detectives, and had the option on the restaurant. Times were too good, and McCarty hadn't found a partner; people wanted a greater return on their money.

"But for fifteen thou," said McCarty persuasively, "we could knock 'em cold, Duke. These new dances is goin' to get 'em, and get 'em good. I'd have the best floor and the best nigger orchestra in New York. Tea from four to six, and dinner from seven on, and supper at eleven, and you got to wear your open-face suit to get past the lookout, and it costs a dollar a throw for cover charge. No paddin' the checks, no rough stuff, everythin' quiet and refined, a fancy chef out in the kitchen—and you take a slant at the location, Duke!

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"Duke, Take It From Me, It Don't Pay. You Know Me. I Been Through the Mill"

WELCOME HOME

By Dorothy Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IF AT any time you happened to be hunting around for an average New York couple you couldn't make a better selection than my friends the Lunts. They are just about as average as they come.

The Lunts may not go so far as to say that they helped buy the island from the Indians, but they do feel that they have every reason to regard themselves as dyed-in-the-wool New Yorkers. Mr. Lunt has been living here for going on fourteen years now, and Mrs. Lunt is virtually a native, having come on from the West with her family that time her father got the good offer, when she was twelve years old.

I shouldn't want to come out with the bald statement that the Lunts live as quiet a life as any couple in the city. You have to be pretty well up on your statistics before you can go around talking that way. But I will step right up and say that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Watson Lunt plod along in about as homy and unspectacular a manner as you would want to see. In fact, their high point in riotous living was touched five years ago, when Mr. Lunt nerved himself up definitely to take the plunge and sign it J. Watson.

In the first place, they are not exactly in the position of having it to throw around. Mr. Lunt is in the advertising business, and anybody will be glad to tell you where that was shot to, during the past few seasons. He is generally considered quite a boy in his own line of work. It is practically an open secret that it was he who thought up the slogan, "Good-by, Button Troubles," for the Anti-Button Suit people; though it is perhaps not so widely known that the famous line, "Ask the Prince of Wales," used by the Never-Slip Sleeve-Garter Company, was one of his brain children. He would be the first to say that he deserves no particular credit; it is simply that his mind happens to work that way.

There They Can Sit, in Their Own Living Room, and Hear a Lecture on Diseases of the Cranberry and How to Fight Them

Thrilling Hours With Radio

HE HAD been connected with a small and determinedly doggy advertising agency for some time. There was a stretch of months when the phrase "connected with" would have been putting it rather too firmly. It would have been more in line with the facts to say that he was hanging on to the agency. For things down there were looking so thin that the office force regarded itself as but one jump ahead of the boys on the park benches. Indeed, Mr. Lunt got into the habit—from which he will doubtless never wholly recover—of looking on every pay envelope that did not contain the official raspberry as just so much velvet.

Even now that business is beginning to get the roses back in its cheeks, Mr. Lunt is scarcely able to present any parks to the city. His is what you could call a fair salary, but couldn't really hail as fair enough. The Lunts make both ends meet, and let it pass at that. There is no chance of tying them in a large and dashing bow. What with the rent of the four-room apartment, and the wages of the handmaiden who returns to the bosom of her family every evening, Mr. Lunt is glad to be able to call it a month twelve times a year.

So you will be among the first to see for yourself that the Lunts can contribute little towards keeping the white lights blazing on Broadway of an evening. Eleven o'clock usually finds the apartment dark, and Mr. and Mrs. Lunt fairly into the swing of the night's gay round of sleep.

Now and then they run so wild as to go to a movie—the movie house around the corner from them gets all the big feature pictures only a month or so after the Broadway film palaces are through with them, and you are pretty nearly always sure of a seat, if you make the theater by quarter past seven—and twice a month, say, they attend, in a body, some show that they have heard highly spoken of by their friends. The Lunts conscientiously read the newspaper dramatic reviews every morning, and ache for them when they are out of town and unable to procure a New York paper. But they regard them purely as reading matter. When they want dramatic criticism they ask their friends.

Occasionally they break out in a game of bridge with some other average New York couple, for a stake of half a cent a point. The losing side carefully copies down the sum lost on a slip of paper, and carries it over till the next meet, to be played off then.

The radio, which has recently come into their lives, has done great things for the Lunts. Now that Mr. Lunt has, with considerable difficulty and frequent muttered mention of biblical characters, got the apparatus installed, they are never at a loss for an evening's stimulating pleasure. There they can sit, in their own living room, and listen to some kindly soul over in the Newark broadcasting station tell How Johnny Musk-Ox Went to Old Daddy West Wind's Party, or they can hear a lecture on Diseases of the Cranberry and How to Fight Them, that keeps them right on the edge of their seats. As Mrs. Lunt says, she hasn't the faintest idea what science is going to do next.

Every few weeks Mrs. Lunt puts on the black evening dress she picked up when one of the Fifty-seventh Street shops was having its sale, and Mr. Lunt dons his vintage dinner coat, and they go forth to a social gathering at the apartment of one of their friends. Conservative dancing is indulged in, to the strains of the phonograph. Between dances the ladies exchange amusing anecdotes of the bright things said by their children and the stupid things got off by their maids, while the gentlemen punctiliously offer one another cigarettes and solicitously ask if it doesn't seem to be getting pretty warm. Over the refreshments things open up appreciably, and there is much hearty laughter over references to purely local incidents. Any strangers to the crowd who happen to have been invited can do little about helping the banter along.

On Sunday mornings Mr. Lunt gets in a lot of good wholesome sleep, so that he will be in condition to grapple with the puzzle page of the Sunday paper. Once that is off his mind he and his wife make an exhaustive study of the newspapers. Then Mrs. Lunt gets caught up on her correspondence, and Mr. Lunt, with the interest of the dilettante, endeavors to make the mainspring of the living-room clock listen to reason, or has a try at nailing together the place where the bookshelves have sprung.

It sometimes happens that one of their more prosperous friends asks the Lunts to make a day of it and come for a motor ride in the country. The friends would be surprised did they know what a treat a Sunday in the country isn't, to the Lunts. As Mr. Lunt often says, there is no use talking, he likes his Sundays at home.

Gayety Always on Tap

MRS. LUNT gets in a good deal more social life than her husband, for she can work it in in the afternoons. Intimates gather at her apartment, or she visits one of theirs, to put in a few rubbers of bridge or a few yards of sewing on lace-edged crêpe-de-chine underwear. In either case the afternoon comes to a climax in watercress sandwiches and tea.

You know, the curious thing about the Lunts, and the thing, perhaps, that goes farthest toward making them an average New York couple, is that they are not at all worked up over the calm of their existence. I don't recall ever having seen their eyes brim with bitter tears over all the widely advertised gayety going on about them, in which they have no part. In fact, they really seem to go ahead on the idea that they are sitting comparatively pretty.

There is to them, as to the other average New Yorkers, something strangely reassuring in knowing that the hotels, the theaters, the dance clubs and the restaurants are always right there, ready and waiting for the time when the Lunts may have the price and the inclination to give the gay life a fair trial. In the same way there is a pleasant security in the thought of all the museums and the art galleries, the concert halls and the lecture chambers, always in action. The Lunts are easily the next-to-the-last people to patronize them, but there is something soothing in the knowledge that, in case they should ever see the light, there they are, all set. It gives them a feeling like having money in the bank. Or at least something like that.

Once a year, however, the Lunts lay aside the cloistered life, and burn up Broadway. This is on the occasion of the annual metropolitan visit of Mr. Lunt's Aunt Caroline, from the town where he spent his boyhood days. There are times when, dreaming idly in

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She Meets Them at the Train, Bubbling With Exclamations of How Glad They Must be to Get Out of That Horrid Old New York

SCRAPPER O'DOON

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

ALL week the converters blow; four of them—roaring. Number One, up! With a blast of heat and a poisonous hiss Number One sits back on his tail, cascading sparks, belching red fumes—a Chinese dragon suddenly roused from sleep. Number Two, reared high, is warming to wrath, a baleful violet fire hot in his throat. Number Three raves, a Chinese dragon gone berserk. Fearfully voiced is Number Three, a wild yellow flame of full-kindled hate leaping and raging before him; hell tongue ablaze, licking forth hungrily out of his terrible gullet. Number Four, down! Down, you, you burly old spark-snorter! Who are the masters here, dragons or men? Number Four sucks in his fiery forty-foot tongue, blows a short, pale, greenish flame of malign compliance and lies down, cringing and surly, hissing and spitting defiance, filling the dragon house with a blaze like the sun's and a million drops of crackling molten venom. No empty threatenings, either, are these of Number Four. He will take toll from these keepers of his, never fear; has taken it many a time. And these keepers, these dragon masters? What sort of lads are they? Yellow-skinned, yellow-fanged devils? Mandarin giants, versed in black magic; with Vulcan shoulders sweat streaked and loaded with bulging thews; knotted armed, corded legged, grotesque and terrible, slant eyed and flat faced, flailing about with barbed cats? Not much!

Under a Typhoon of Kicks and Gouges and Vile Twists and Stampings, O'Doon Sought Those Ruesniaks Out With His Hands, and Broke Them One at a Time

Fred Harley, steel blower, is dragon master. Call him that, and he'd get it, all right, and a mighty pride would stir him; but you'd never know it. Fred would give you the laugh.

"Dragons?" he'd say. "Them pots?" And he'd squirt a contemptuous stream of brown saliva out over the pouring platform toward his flaming vessels.

Fred Harley has sense, and he knows as well as you know that one of these days—a thousand years hence, maybe—some inspired pen will write a saga called Steel and its Men; an epic alongside of which the long-winded heroics of the Iliad and the Odyssey will jingle like nursery rimes. But "Dragons? Them pots?" is all the blank verse you'll get out of Fred Harley. A quiet, small man Fred is, mild faced and white with mill pallor, with a head that glistens with an altogether unepic baldness in the glare when he shoves back his hat to peer at his pets across the mill through his lenses of dark blue glass. At a little drop of Fred's hand one of his lever men leans on an iron handle before him. No spike-balled cat-o'-nine-tails is needed, it seems. Fred Harley's magic is far more potent than any persuasive that might be brewed in a jade bowl from rotten soy leaves and the entrails of night-slain frogs. Occidental magic Fred uses on dragons, not Oriental—the magic of guts, go-get-it and brains. And at that little gesture of his Number Four comes lumbering down with a final flare that makes the evil shadows crouch back into black corners, where they lurk here and there throughout the long Bessemer mill.

All week the converters blow. All week the hot-metal dinkeys charge helter-skelter about from cupola runner to mixer, from mixer to hungry converters; hustling great pots of slopping iron before them with as little regard as though they were kettles of soup. All week the ingot molds come banging in on their squat little trucks at one end of the pouring stage, empty and black and sober, to be snatched out again at the other end, staggering drunk, filled with a wine that makes them sparkle with life. All week the pot-bellied mixer gobbles in thousands and thousands of tons of hot stew fresh from the blast furnaces, to vomit it forth again into the dinkey-harried ladles that serve the ravenous vessels. All week the Bessemer building is a place of flame and blaze, of flare and blinding brightness; a place of roaring air blast and grinding crane gears, of clanking dinkeys and clattering mold trucks, of scorching heat and dripping sweat and shouting men and screaming signal whistles; a place too full of light and work to harbor evil. But each week brings Saturday night, and on Saturday night an hour or two after twelve the mill shuts down. And then

Then, just a little before the dawn, at the time which has been so aptly called the dead of the night, there comes to the Bessemer plant the graveyard hour. Number One has ceased to snarl and spit and at last lies quiet, his wide mouth growing dull red. Number Two is still, hot fumes still trailing upward out of his gleaming throat. Number Three has poured his last heat and stands on his head, disgorging his load of fast blackening cinder onto the iron truck centered beneath him. Number Four turns horizontal, filling the mill with the last cloudburst of molten rain. The final ladle is drained. The final mold lumbers out of the darkening house. And then, at the dead of the night, at the hour when sick people die ——

Quiet, oppressive beyond description after that week of turmoil, settles. Darkness, made unbelievably drab and unclean by the flickering of sickly arcs high up among the roof trusses, comes creeping into the mill. Stillness incredibly pregnant fills up that long, once clamorous steel-beamed house. A ghost voice calls, down in the dimness yonder, faint and detached. A footfall scrapes somewhere, echoing. And the mouths of the four great vessels that have roared yellow flame all week grow dull, and duller.

All week, while the vessels blew, there was too much hustle and brightness for the thriving of evil in this place. But now, at the hour when sleep is nearest to death, and the dead are nearest to waking; now, just a little bit before dawn, at the graveyard hour ——

At seven on Sunday morning, by which time the vessels will have sufficiently cooled, there will swarm into them the other turn; and all Sabbath day the quiet mill will echo with the rap of masons' hammers as the burned-out converter linings are replaced. All Sabbath day they will hammer and tap and upset endless bucketfuls of fire-resisting mortar onto endless flat layers of refractory stone—all Sabbath day and much of the night; for this is the dreaded twenty-four-hour turn that shifts the day force to night and the night force to day. Sometime, an hour or so before midnight, Sunday, a cordwood fire will spring up in one of the vessels, and then in another, and then in another, announcing by their dull red light and their dull soaring sparks that the relining is done, and the wet masonry being dried out. And sometime, an hour or two after midnight, the hot-metal dinkey will be heard fussing about importantly back in his den beneath the cupola tapping floor, and will presently come blustering out into the silence, puff chestily down through the dark to Number Four, and scatter the shadows by dumping a seidel of sparkling suds into the vessel's maw; upon which another week of merciless rawhiding will begin; a week in which the devil would have the job of his young life finding in that long house a single pair of hands idle enough to work any hellment for him. But late on Saturday night, when the mill shuts down, when the dank dawn breezes just begin to stir, at the graveyard hour, then ——

Then life under the feeble shadows cast by the gibbering arcs seems absent—except for a weak stir of half life, perhaps, down there by the overpour pits. There young Jimmy Doan, labor foreman, who six short months ago fought a spectacular way through maroon jerseys to the cheering of fifteen thousand, now fights sleep; fights sleep as he growls at men whose bodies sag with the load of six nights' scorching labor; fights sleep doggedly, just as he fights that other hopeless, endless, unapplauded, unspectacular fight—to turn over the mill one time, just once, to his buddy on the other turn, clean and fresh and orderly as it should be. Except for the sluggish stir of Jimmy Doan's men a sinister silence flutters batlike about through the long mill at the end of that roaring week; and as though afraid of something, the lever men and the vessel men slink home, leaving their burly dragons to glower,

masterless, silent and sullen and empty bellied there in the dark, watching and leering with bloodshot eyes.

In an hour or so the colorless steel-plant dawn will come blowing in through the sooty louvers, bringing the light that evil abhors, listlessly herding the shadows out of black corners where they lie crouched; but now, as small inexplainable sounds echo ominously in the dismal silence after that week of heroic uproar; now in the dead of the night, at the graveyard hour ——

Jimmy Doan was fairly happy. And taking into account the yearning that filled Jim's heart for the sight of a seal brown jersey and the sound of a mellow bell telling the tranquil hours to a grove of spreading chestnuts whose shadows lay black and inviting on a velvet-lawned mountain side, you have got to hand it to Jim. But Jimmy Doan, in whatever kind of a dump he happened to land, whether on his feet or plunk on the back of his neck, managed always, somehow, to find many things that made of the world an elegant place for Jimmy Doan to live in. And the main thing that he found at Lakeside Steel, which compensated for many a rough hour's going, was the fact that he was almost invariably mistaken there for an Irishman. So if you know anything about Lakeside Steel you will know that the social side of Jimmy's mill life was one glad sweet song.

Old S. B. Carnahan—accent on the "na" if it's just the same to you—was general super at Lakeside Steel; as truculent a Leinsterman as ever wielded a spear in the ranks of the ancient Gailiana. Most mill men will swear to you that the "S" of his signature stands for Satan, and by that name he was almost unanimously known wherever steel language is spoken; and whenever he took a fresh steel plant under his wing, he surrounded himself, as soon as might be, with short-nosed men.

"Are you Irish?" old Satan asked Jimmy Doan as Jimmy stood before him, newly graduated and verdant as any freshman, in happy ignorance of the steel-works beating that awaited him provided his candidacy for a job at Lakeside were successful.

"No, sir," Jim answered.

"Well, then," growled Satan from behind a rather poorly concealed grin, "why in the hell did you come to me for a job?"

"You had your sign out," stated the applicant. "And one of them got posted on Packer Hall bulletin. Remember what it said?

WANTED: A half dozen of this year's metallurgy crop who are not afraid to work twelve hours or more a day, seven days a week, fifty weeks a year, indefinitely. This means what it says.
(Signed)
S. B. Carnahan,
Gen'l Supt.
Lakeside Steel.

"It didn't say anything about brains being necessary," Jimmy went on, "so I thought I'd like to take a whirl at you."

S. B. coughed to hide a chuckle.

"Well," he told Jimmy, "we've really got no serious objection to brains here; but what we wanted you rah-rah boys to get between the lines was that guts with a modicum of brains will get you somewhere in steel, but that no amount of brains without guts will move you an inch. That, and the idea that it wasn't any *thé dansant* you were being invited to attend. Do you know what it means to slug twelve hours a day with the boss on your tail every minute, and no Sunday rest to look forward to; every day the same thing only worse, month after month after month? Do you know how long the average college man stands up under that?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy. "When do I go to work?"

S. B. ignored the question and asked another.

"Look here," he said rather wistfully, "you're sure you're not Irish?"

"No, sir," replied Jimmy positively. "I never did have much luck. My great-great-granddad's name was Friederich Donau, Fritz Danube, of Donauwörth, whose posterity settled in Pennsylvania. Isn't that a deuce of a note?"

Satan shot back his chair and stared in horror.

"For that," he decided, "you get shot at sunrise." Then, "No," he relented. "With a nose that short and a lip that long I'll venture that one of old Fritz's grandsons married a girl named Nora. I'll take a chance at you. When did you say you wanted to go to work?"

"If it's up to me to say," stated Jim, "I've been on your pay roll three hours. I've been waiting to get in here to see you since eight o'clock, Mr. Carnahan."

Satan bore down on a button.

"Some crust!" he admitted admiringly. "Here, you"—to a black-browed boy who answered the ring—"take Mr. Doan over to the Bessemer mill and tell Pop Kinelly I said to put him to work. Hey, Doan!" Jimmy turned.

"They tell me you shot a sweet straight arm into that maroon gang last fall. Where did you get the most, down at school, anyhow, in the classroom or out on the field?"

"On the field," came instanter.

"Huh!" exploded S. B. "And what hazelnut of knowledge did you root out of the gridiron mud?"

"That God hates a quitter," answered Jim quietly.

"Remember it!" snapped S. B. "You'll need to in this game!" And he ended the interview by whirling about on his chair and leaning on another button.

So Jim went into the game that makes more good men quit cold than any other game in the world, and he hadn't played it a month till the referee had counted up to nine over him a half dozen times; but he hugged that gridiron truth to his chest and gritted his teeth and shook the fog out of his head, and managed to scramble up on his feet each time before his towel flew into the ring.

There were helps. And Jim, as has been hinted before, had the happy faculty of digging out whatever helps there were, and using them. One that he had was a mental picture he carried about through the mills with him of a girl named Aideen Carnahan, a girl he had met at the Senior Prom. The girl who made you think of a leopardess when she moved. Since that night of the dance Jim had never seen her again, and but once before—that evening when the team had run down to the natatorium after a basketball game with Carnegie Tech; but he had never forgotten her. No man ever could quite erase the picture from his mind. Let him come to slippers and cane, and a grandchild on each knee, with years of single devotion to a beautiful wife behind him, and once in a while there will flash upon grandpop's memory screen some motion of limb or sway of the supple body of Aideen Carnahan.

An imperious creature. Cold as a glacier. With a face too long, and a mouth too thin, and a body too spare, if a young girl's body can be too spare. Facial beauty she had; but of such a kind that it took the health and the charm of youth to put it across. Yet in spite of a dagger tongue and a long cold face, and a lack of warm curves to her long, flat, broad-shouldered body, she had the men-folks knocked flat and laid out in windrows before her.

There were reasons aplenty. For one thing, she didn't make up. Not because of any scruples against it, but because of the magnificent self-sufficiency of the girl; because of her assumption that Nature had done so by her that to practice artifice were the height of folly. Aideen Carnahan knew that her long face was white with the unusual healthy pallor that Maev, the wild warrior queen of old Connacht, had, and that a spot of red on her cheeks would spoil the vivid contrast of them with the thin scarlet line of her mouth; knew, too, that her deepset far-apart eyes needed no other shadow upon them than that which was cast by wonderful copper brows. So the gentlemen swarmed, each of them sure that he alone had caught beneath that cold exterior the glimpse of a spark which, once touched off, behooved the lucky igniter of it to be the world's champion lover. And as every man who ever courted a woman thinks he is that, her suitors were legion.

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Millions of Sparks! Smothering Clouds of Fumes! And the Vicious Bang of Liquid Iron Exploding Where It Runs Into Little Puddles of Water

WHEREAS, THE WOMEN

By George Kibbe Turner

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

BY HEAVEN—said the fat foreman—you ought to seen them stare. A woman in overalls right in there amongst them—painting automobiles with the rest!

"Say, what's the grand idea?" they says, coming over to Six Hour Kelly, the union president, at noontime. For they were all kind of leery there lately about what the management was liable to do to them. "What's the plan now? Are they going to run in women on us?"

"And that's only a beginning," says Six Hour Kelly, glancing up with that still sidewise gaze he had.

"Is that a fact?" they says.

"Ain't they running them in all over the country into everything now?" he tells them. And they all cursed out the women.

"It's time someone come along and put them where they belong," says old George Cooper. He was the oldest living member in the union, and a kind of an old bachelor. Some woman must have done something bad to him sometime. For he hated the women special and unusual. "It's time," he says, "something was done."

"You're just right on that," says Six Hour Kelly.

"I am," says old George, looking at him hard and steady over that old white-and-yellow mustache of his. "For I tell you fair and square, and I make no secret of it—if the women keep pushing on and pushing on into men's work and business the way they've done these last few years there's going to be bad trouble all over between the sexes."

"You'll think so," says Kelly, looking up slow and sidewise when he got done talking, "unless we can head off the management from doing what they're after with this one. There'll be trouble here all right."

"What kind?" they says.

"What kind?" he says. "You know as well as I do. It's just one more of their schemes to take away from labor the gains and advances we made in the war. It's women now. And this one's just the entering wedge." And he showed them what was up.

"What'll we do?" they says. "Give her the run out?"

"No," he says. "You'll leave her to me!"

And so they went on back to work again, cursing and swearing and suspicious at this woman and women in general—breaking into overalls, taking away men's work and livelihood all over today. But they done no more at the time. They shut up and left it in the hands of that there Six Hour Kelly, their president. For they knew he was the one to handle it.

A wise boy he was, and crafty and hep to all the different games of the employers. A tall lean feller, and silent generally. Yet a grand persuading talker when he wanted to be. 'Twas him that got through all them gains against the management during wartime—more money and shorter hours and big pay overtime and against speeding up. Six Hour Kelly they called him, because he come out and showed them plain and simple how six hours a day and five days a week, like the miners wanted, would cure up most all the labor troubles now. And he got his name and reputation from that.

"I got the dope," he tells them that next day.

"What is it?" they asks him, anxious.

"And what to do about it."

And they begged him to tell it to them.

"You know who this woman is," he answers back.

"Her name is Perkins," says another one.

"Raw Rhubarb, it should be," says one more, "from the looks and appearance of her face."

"Milly Perkins," says the other one.

"Yes," says Six Hour Kelly. "And she's the daughter of old man Perkins, that dropped out of the shop and died last winter. And she says she's got to work somewhere to get a living."

"Let her go somewhere else, where a woman belongs then," says old George Cooper. "This ain't no place for her."

"She can't place herself nowhere else, she claims," says Six Hour Kelly, looking up.

"Aw, let her stay!" says one feller. "She don't look dangerous to me."

"That's where you're wrong," says old Cooper, starting bristling up. "That's where you're wrong. Let them just stick their heads and ears in anywhere and they're dangerous."

"She won't be dangerous," says Six Hour Kelly; "not if you handle her the way I tell you to. She'll be a help!"

"I warn you!" says old George.

"Nor we won't lose her her job, neither," says Kelly, addressing the other man, who wanted her kept on.

"I warn you," says old man Cooper, finishing up. "The less you have to do with them the safer you'll be."

"Aw, shut up, George," says one of them. "Let him talk."

"Go on, Six Hour," says the rest, grinning. For they seen he had another one of his deep schemes hatched probably that he was always working out. "What'll we do to her?"

"We'll let her stay right on at work," he says, "without no protest. Like good generous-hearted men should do."

"Yes," they says, waiting.

"And then we'll give her a glad and glorious welcome into the union."

"The union!" says old George, in a hard frozen voice.

"How can you keep her out—or any other working painter—under our present agreement?" says several.

"The next thing," says old Cooper, bitter, "you'll have them all in tying ribbons to the chairs in the Labor Temple, and little silver bells on all the cuspidors."

"And next," says Kelly, going on after he was done again, "we'll elect her an officer in the union."

"An officer!" they says—surprised now, the whole of them.

"Yes," says Six Hour Kelly. "A joint associate lady president."

"Joint lady president!" they says. "What's a joint lady president, and what are the duties of that office?"

"We'll work out the duties," he says, "later, when we create the place."

"Yes—and bust up the union!" says George.

"Go on," they says to Kelly. For they knew for sure now he had another one of them deep schemes of his under way.

"And next," he says, with that still laughless look he had on his face at such times, "we'll start up and inaugurate the Milly Perkins movement."

"The Milly Perkins movement!" they says.

"The Milly Perkins movement, yes. For fair play for women!"

"Fair play for women!" they says.

And old George Cooper gave a groan.

"Fair play, yes," says Six Hour Kelly. "For women against the men. And a grand farseeing movement all over this country, and the whole entire world. For the grand, high, noble principle of equal pay for equal work."

"Go on," they says, smiling, yet puzzled too. "Where does all this fit in on us?"

"Don't you see it yet?" says Kelly.

"We do not," they says.

"Then I'll explain it to you," he tells them, and started out and done so—the rest all keeping still and listening around him.

"You know what the game is," he says, "of the management—and the capitalists all over. It's to make us lose and forfeit all the gains that labor won during the war; and especially to attack and bust up that one great principle that we seen and worked out during wartime for spreading regular employment to all the toilers all the year, by having short days and short weeks—each one stretching out the work, so all can share."

And of course they all remembered that, for it was the thing he was always preaching to them.

"And now they're out again—attacking us with this woman, trying another tack. For you can see their idea plain if you give it but the slightest thought," he says, going on—"what they're trying to do with this big raw-boned Perkins woman. They're just merely trying it out with her to see if women can do our work here, or any part of it."

"Yes."

"And when they see they can, what'll they do? They'll either replace us or cut us down to women's wages. It's a slick scheme, and what's more, we'd have one wild time beating it—with labor fixed the way it is now."

"What'll we do then?" they says, anxious, for they seen what he said was true.

"What can we do but just one thing?" he says. "Come right out and declare free and strong and open for the equal-pay, equal-work principle. Start up and push on the Milly Perkins fair-play movement through all the women of the country, every possible way we can."

"But what ——" they says again.

"By advertising and resolutions," he goes on.

"Resolutions!" they says. "What good are resolutions?"

And old George Cooper gave a low sarcastic grunt.

"Say, listen," says Six Hour Kelly. "Are you dumb? Who is it has the most to say about buying automobiles? And specially the high-priced ones like this here? And about the looks and painting of them, more specially still? The women, ain't it?"

"Yes," they says.

"Well, then," says Kelly, working out his scheme for them, "suppose we elected her lady president—just to put and set it in all the women's minds all over as something strange and new!"

"Yes," they says.

"And then suppose we pass our resolutions strong for equal pay for equal work—as started here by this here high-minded company—and fair play for women all round the world, and sign them with my name and her name side by side as president and associate president and send them out to all the women we can think of—the women's clubs and political parties and fraternities and sororities, all over this grand land, asking them to write and resolve back whether or not they would indorse our action and the action of the company, and push forward shoulder to shoulder with us here the grand movement for equal pay for equal work for women all over."

"Yes," they says.

"Then when or how would the management here dare to drag in more women here expecting to cut down their pay later—or force ours down by means of them—when the minute they done so we could start the women screaming murder and treachery all over the land—spoiling their sales all over? It would just knock the whole thing in the head where it stands, wouldn't it?"

"You'd think so," they said, smiling.

"Do you mean you'd leave her in here working right along?" old George Cooper asked him, speaking again.

"I do," he says.

"There's where you make one grand big mistake!"

"What would you rather have," says Six Hour Kelly—"one woman here for a lesson and example, or women swarming in all over the place?"

"One's all too many," says George, "as you'll find!"

"And the beauty of it all is, boys," says Six Hour Kelly, going on, disregarding him, "not only what it'll do here for us but what it'll do all over to the women, where they're breaking in everywhere, grabbing off men's jobs, as you'll see when you think of it. For the more they resolve for equal pay the less jobs they'll be liable to get. For who'd pay equal pay for a woman when they could get a man? Nobody—you know that. So then, if this thing should ever get started good and rouse the women right, you'd see an odd strange sight—you'd see the women all up hollering themselves out of a job from Maine to California."

And they laughed hearty, thinking of it, and slapping him on the back. "One grand idea!" they says, laughing still—all but old George Cooper.

"You think you're smart and cunning," he says, coming in, "fooling and managing and playing with millions of women. But you ain't—and I'll warn you of it plain and simple. No man yet ever managed one, let alone millions. And you're headed for disaster and bad trouble if you start mixing it up with them. For there never was a man yet that could compare with a woman in slick lowdown trickery and deceiving—not even you yourself!"

"I'll take my chances," says Six Hour Kelly. "I've seen and studied thousands of them; and there's one thing you can always count on—you can always lead them where you want to by playing up to their pride and vanity."

"That's where you're wrong again," says old George Cooper. "Flatter them up, and they get pleased with themselves more than ever and think they own the earth. And the next thing, they're loose! Loose entirely, and God only knows what they'll do then!"

"Aw, shut up, George," they says to him.

"And by the millions, too," he says, gloomy.

"Aw, hang up, shut off," they says, "on the mournful noise. Six Hour knows what he's talking about."

"And I'll go off," says Kelly, "to frame it up—to interview her and work up the resolutions."

So he went and seen her, and first off she was kind of leery and suspicious—like it seemed it was her nature to be.

"I don't know as I want to come in there alone with a lot of men," she says when he asked her about joining the union.

And then he showed her how she nor anybody couldn't afford not to organize and join the union, and convinced her finally, and then went on and took up the president idea—and fixed that finally, though at first she talked off.

"Well, I'll take it," she says, "if they all want me to so much, though I don't care much about it. And yet, for that, I don't see no good reason why a woman shouldn't make as good and capable a president as a man."

"There ain't any," says Six Hour Kelly, hearty. "And that's just the idea we want you to come in with us on, and spread around like I'm telling you," he says, going on giving her more about his idea for pushing on the equal-pay-for-equal-work idea all over—that everybody should help!

"For there ain't no reason why a woman shouldn't get as much as a man if she does the same work—that you know of, is there?" he says.

"Not a one," she says, short, "except men's cussedness."

And he seen by now just what she was—one of those raw-boned old maids that make their boast of getting along without the men, and fighting them whenever they can.

So he thanked her and spoke kind and cordial to her on what they'd do together, and then went out and wrote the resolution that was going to start off the great world-wide Milly Perkins movement, and it run something like this:

Whereas, the women of this grand united democracy, having now been given and accorded the ballot all over today, are entitled to free and equal fraternity in all other things, no less;

And Whereas, at this time the wise enlightened management of the Octo Automobile Company has introduced into its industry the broad farseeing policy of bringing in and standing up shoulder to shoulder together women with men, in the painting of automobiles, with no wrong discrimination as to pay, hours or conditions, as in the dark and unenlightened past;

And Whereas, Union 250 of the Amalgamated Automobile Painters, Decorators and Varnishers of America stands firm as a rock for the grand ennobling principle of equal pay for equal work amongst the sexes, ever stretching forth a warm hand of welcome to its fellow sisters;

And Whereas, in order to establish its unalterable position on this grand principle before the public, it has elected its sister member, Miss Milly Perkins, to act as associate lady president, an office not heretofore so common in unions, but yet destined to play a great part in the future of unionism;

Therefore, Resolved that Union 250, hereby desiring to indorse the wise, high-minded policy of the Octo Automobile Company, and also to further and push on the great cause of equal pay for equal work amongst the sexes, does now hereby resolve and decree that this action be spread upon its minutes and be forwarded to all women's organizations, wherever situated, that may be interested and concerned in the future of womankind, in the hopes that they will forward and give all possible publicity to the desire of American unionism to cooperate in all ways with the grand forward movement for fair play for women and equal pay for equal work amongst the sexes.

(Signed) JOHN HENRY KELLY, President,
MILLY PERKINS, Associate President.

"That'll fix 'em!" says the boys when they heard it.

"It'll fix you, you mean!" says old George.

And then they elected her joint lady president, and passed the resolutions unanimous, with just only old George Cooper standing out against them.

"I've seen fools," he says, bitter, "but I never before seen them that would start out looking for trouble, rousing and inflaming up women by the millions!"

They almost put him out finally, but it only made him all the more warning and gloomy.

"Don't you hate to see them?" he says in the shop next day, looking over, dark and moody, to where she was standing at her work. "A woman in overalls," he says—"there ain't no meaner sight in Nature! And yet they're slipping and insinuating themselves into them—and trousers and politics and men's business generally all over today. And we standing letting them. And you know what that means.

"You know what that means," he says. "It means bad trouble ahead between the sexes. It means they're loose and have got their heads. And that means destruction for this country—or any country that they once get loose in.

"Look at Rome," he says, for he was a great reader. "Everybody knows what it was bust up and ruined her. It was women—women's rights and women's laws and women scrapes and women mixing and interfering into government. Just women getting loose all over for the first time in history that destroyed the greatest nation yet and brought it down to nothing. And we're going the same way—only ten thousand times worse and faster. And any man of sense can see it and fear it, without going out and stirring them up to more trouble by appealing to the worst appetites and passions and prejudices of millions of them."

"Aw, shut up, you loon," they says. "Most likely nothing might come of this at all!"

But there did; it started right away. For Six Hour Kelly had laid his plans far and deep, and sent his notices out everywhere. And the first they knew the papers were talking it up all over, starting with that one that had the longest story on it on a Sunday—illustrating it with drawings of her they made themselves in their office, and calling her little Milly Perkins, getting the idea most likely from the looks and appearance of her name.

"Little Milly Perkins!" they were saying, and laughing around the shop. For of course she was big and strong and bony as a derrick.

"That's the way with things like this," says old man Cooper. "You never know what direction they'll take or where they'll land."

"They'll land all right," says Six Hour Kelly. "Don't you fret. It's going big all over. And the management is wild about what we've done to them—heading them off. And we've had successful schemes before. But in my opinion this is the grandest move we've made yet to keep and protect and consolidate all the gains we've made in the war—for more pay and less toil and more leisure for the worker—that they're all the time working to take away from us. And it's only beginning. For the women are only just starting to come in."

It started though right after that—the women answering and resolving back to the resolutions they sent them. And the union received them, a whole mail bag of them. And they had her—the new joint lady president—get up and read them at their meeting, all hands keeping their face straight. And the first one she started in on was from the women's clubs of Massachusetts, that ran on something like this:

Whereas, the women of Massachusetts for long and untold centuries have ever stood strong and firm for the best there was;

And Whereas, recognizing that the grand old Bay State—first in religious liberty, first in civil liberty, first in the abolition of human slavery, first in the education of woman, and in all other great movements, too many to speak of here—cannot now look backward from the cause of humanity and of womanhood, by far its best and most precious part;

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COMMON STOCK

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PUHR

GERALD CORWIN emerged from the elevator, glanced apprehensively about the ornate lobby of the hotel and walked swiftly toward the dining room. But as he handed hat and cane to the checker a huge, ungainly figure bulked before him and a mild, pleasant voice brought misery where a moment before there had been contentment.

"Gonna eat now, Corwin?"

Gerald sighed resignedly. Too thoroughly a gentleman to display consciously his frank distaste, he was yet too poor a dissembler wholly to conceal it. He merely nodded and strode disgustedly in the wake of the obsequious head waiter, with Jim Hanvey waddling cumbersomely in the rear.

Corwin was disgusted with the whole affair, and particularly that phase of it which placed him under the chaperonage of the ponderous and uncouth detective. Not that Jim had been obtrusive, but the man was innately crude, and Corwin despised crudeness.

"The Stockholders' Meetin' Takes Place in Just About One Hour, an' as a Friend I Advise You to Beat It an' Beat It Quick"

One could readily understand his antipathy. The two men were as dissimilar as an orchid and a turnip. Corwin, about thirty years of age, was tall and slender and immaculate, shrieking the word "aristocrat" in every cultured gesture. He was unmistakably a gentleman, a person to whom aesthetics was all-important, and he could not fail to consider Jim Hanvey thoroughly obnoxious.

Jim was all right in his way, perhaps, but never before had Corwin been forced into intimate association with a professional detective. He was resentful, not of the fact that Jim Hanvey was a detective, but because the man was hopelessly uncouth. Jim was an enormous individual and conspicuously unwieldy. He wore cheap, ready-made clothes that no more than approximately fitted his rotund figure. He smoked vile cigars and wore shoes which rose to little peaks at the toes. But Corwin felt he could have stood all that were it not for Jim's gold toothpick.

That golden toothpick, suspended as a charm from a hawserlike chain extending across Jim's vest, had fascinated Corwin from the commencement of their journey to Los Angeles. It was a fearsome, flagrant instrument, and Jim Hanvey loved it. It had been presented to him years before by a criminal of international fame as a token of sincere regard. Otherwise unemployed, Jim was in the habit of sitting by the hour with his fat fingers toying with the toothpick. Gerald had once hinted that the weapon might better be concealed. His insinuation resulted merely in debate.

"Stick it away? Why?"

"A toothpick ——"

"Say, listen, Mr. Corwin; have you ever seen a handsomer toothpick?"

"No, but ——"

"Well, I haven't either. That's why I'm proud to have folks see it. It's absolutely the swellest toothpick in captivity."

No arguing against that, but from the first hour of the acquaintanceship Corwin reviled the fates which decreed that for two weeks he should be under Hanvey's eye.

The thing was absurd of course. Corwin, fearless and no mean athlete, was well able to take care of himself and fulfill the delicate mission with which he had been intrusted—a mere matter of securing a proxy from Col. Robert E. Warrington and returning with it to New York in time for the annual meeting of the stockholders. He was not a simpleton and there was no doubting his integrity. Why, then, this grotesque and goggle-eyed sleuth?

Matter of fact, Jim had appeared wholly disinterested since their departure from New York. All the way across country he had slouched in their drawing-room, staring through the window with his great, fishy eyes. Those eyes annoyed Corwin. They seemed incapable of vision. They were inhuman, stupid, glassy eyes which reflected no intelligence. Corwin fancied himself the victim of a stupendous hoax; it was unbelievable that this man could rightfully possess a reputation to justify the present assignment.

The meal was torture to the fastidious younger man. There was no denying that Jim enjoyed his dinner, but the enjoyment was too obvious. Jim caught the disapproving glance of his companion and interpreted it rightly.

"'Sall right, Mr. Corwin. Eatin' ain't no art with me. It's a pleasure."

Corwin flushed. Suddenly he discovered that Jim was not listening. Hanvey had turned slightly and was gazing into a mirror which reflected a section of the huge dining room. Corwin followed the direction of his gaze and saw that the object of his scrutiny was a man of medium size but muscular figure who was searching for a table.

Hanvey was interested, and as an indication of that interest he blinked in his interminably deliberate manner, lids closing heavily over the fishy eyes, remaining shut for a second, then uncurtaining even more slowly. And finally, when the newcomer had seated himself, Jim nodded toward him and addressed Corwin.

"Yonder's the answer," he said.

Corwin shook his head in puzzlement.

"To what?"

"Me."

"I don't quite understand."

"See that feller who just come in?"

"Yes."

"It's him."

Corwin inspected the newcomer with fresh interest. The man was of a type, one of those optimistic individuals who futilely struggle to acquire gentility and who fondly believe they have succeeded. In every studied move of the man one could discern mental effort. Even the hypercorrect raiment was subtly suggestive of a disguise. There was nothing flagrantly wrong with the man, just as there was nothing quite as it should be. Corwin, himself not an overly keen student of human nature, could yet fancy the stranger's manner of speech—careful, precise, stilted, rather malapropian, with here and there a moment of forgetfulness, with its reversion to downright bad grammar. He turned back to Hanvey.

"Who?"

"Billy Scanlan, alias Gentleman William, alias Flash Billy, alias Roger van Dorn, alias a half dozen other things. He's done time in Joliet and Sing Sing. He's a good friend of mine." The faintest suggestion of a smile played about the corners of Jim's mouth. "An' he's why your crowd hired me to trail you out here."

It was quite plain to Hanvey, but Corwin was puzzled.

"I don't yet understand."

"You don't? Gosh, son, there couldn't anything be any plainer! We ain't never discussed what brought you out here, but I know all about it just the same; an' since you prob'ly won't answer no questions, I'll tell you what I know. The Quincy-Scott gang started a drive recently to grab off the control of the K. R. & P. Railroad from McIntosh and his crowd. Before McIntosh woke up the Quincy bunch had corralled every loose vote, enough to give them a control in the forthcomin' stockholders' meetin'. When McIntosh got wise he knew that his only hope was Colonel Warrington out here in Los Angeles, the colonel ownin' about ninety thousand shares of common stock. So he telephoned the old bird and found out that he wasn't interested in the fight one way or the other; that he'd already been approached by the Quincy-Scott combination an' had turned 'em down cold an' final, which seemed to indicate that with a little proper persuasion he'd be willin' to deliver a proxy to McIntosh. It bein' 'most time for the meetin', an' things bein' pretty desperate, they sent you out to get the proxy from the ol' gent, his proxy gettin' there meanin' victory for McIntosh, an' its failure leavin' the vote control with Quincy an' Scott. Ain't it so?"

Corwin was staring at Hanvey in amazement. The pudgy detective had been speaking disinterestedly, casually, but he had the most intimate facts at his finger tips. Corwin nodded before he thought, then bit his tongue.

"I'm not at liberty to say whether or not you're correct, Mr. Hanvey."

"Sure you ain't. You're dead right, son. Don't you never spill no beans to nobody no time. I wasn't tryin' to pump you. I got the dope straight from headquarters. I was just tellin' you so you'd understand that I know why I was sent out with you, an' so you'd understand too."

Hanvey paused, and as though that ended the matter he extracted from an elaborately engraved and sadly tarnished silver-plated cigar case two huge black invincibles,

one of which he reluctantly extended to his companion. Corwin declined, and Jim sighed relievedly as he tenderly returned the cigar to its place. He lighted the other, inhaled with gusto and blew a cloud of the smoke into the air.

"I still don't understand, Mr. Hanvey."

Jim jerked his head toward Scanlan. "Billy's been sent out by the Quincy gang. His job is to keep that proxy from getting to New York in time for the stockholders' meeting."

"O-o-oh!"

Corwin's jaw hardened, his sinewy frame tensed and a fighting light blazed in his fine, level eyes.

Jim grinned.

"They ain't gonna try no rough stuff. That ain't Bill Scanlan's way of workin'. He's one of the smoothest con men in the known world, but he ain't rough—not Billy. He's smooth as butter."

"Then how ——"

"Easy enough, son. He'll be on the same train that carries us back east, an' before we get to Chicago he'll swipe that proxy. At least that's what he's figurin' he's goin' to do."

Matters were clarifying slightly in the brain of young Corwin. But his curiosity was still unsatisfied.

"If I may ask, Mr. Hanvey, how do you know that he is the Quincy-Scott agent?"

Jim shrugged his fat shoulders.

"Easy enough. Y'see, it's this way: When the good Lord manufactured me he forgot to hand me out any good looks an' he slipped me entirely too much figger. But he didn't find that out until too late, so what he did to make up for it was to give me a mem'ry. I've got a mem'ry like a cam'ra, son. I just naturally don't forget things, an' I've sort of built up the rep of knowin' more professional crooks than any other ten men put together. McIntosh knew that the other crowd would engage a professional crook to get the proxy away from you, it not bein' no job for an amachoor. He was sure to foller you out here, an' the way he was plannin' to work was to scrape an acquaintance with you, you never suspectin' nothin', which would have made things pretty easy for Billy. I just trailed along to sort of point out to you the feller you wasn't safe with, an' Billy Scanlan is him."

Gerald Corwin felt a fresh respect for the fat man with the bovine expression, and a bit of his resentment vanished at the same time, for he now understood one or two things which before had left him wholly puzzled and more than a trifle resentful.

They finished their meal in silence. The check paid, they rose and started from the dining room, but Hanvey took Corwin's arm.

"C'mon over an' lemme introduce you to Billy. It'll sort of make things easier for him, bein' introduced formal-like, an' the poor feller's got a tough-enough job on his hands as it is."

Startled but obedient, Corwin followed, and he saw the expression of incredulous amazement, not untinged with apprehension, which flashed into Scanlan's face as they paused by his table.

"Hello, Billy!"

Scanlan rose slowly. His jaw was set and it was plain that he was struggling to orient himself to this bizarre situation. He strove to make his tone casual.

"Hello, Jim!"

Hanvey was exceedingly gracious.

"Lemme introduce my friend Mr. Corwin. Mr. Corwin is the feller you was sent out here to watch, Billy. Mr. Corwin, shake hands with Mr. Scanlan."

Awkwardly the two men—one an innate gentleman and the other a student at the school of gentility—shook hands. Corwin was a trifle sorry for Scanlan. The man seemed afraid of Jim Hanvey.

"I'm pleased to meet Mr. Corwin."

"Sure you are." The voice of Hanvey chimed in genially. "Didn't you come all the way from New York just for that? An' wasn't you wonderin' how you was gonna work it? That's me—always ready to help out a friend, Billy—so I up an' introduces you fellers."

"It's real kind of you, Jim"—Scanlan was choosing his words with scrupulous care—"but I don't quite—er—comprehend what you're driving at."

"No?" Hanvey's bushy eyebrows arched in surprise. "I'd sure hate to think that you wasn't tellin' me the truth, Billy."

"I really don't understand your—a—innuendoes. I'm in Los Angeles on a vacation and without no definite objective."

"Sure, Billy, sure! I know that. You're a gent of leisure, you are. But if you could grab off that fat wad the Quincy-Scott people hung under your nose, you wouldn't have no objections, would you?"

Scanlan's hand dropped on Hanvey's shoulder and he gazed earnestly into the eyes of the detective, Corwin for the moment forgotten.

"Honest, Jim, I'm runnin' straight. I ain't plannin' a thing. So leave me be, won't you?"

"I ain't aimin' to bother you none, Billy. Goodness knows, you're too much of a gent to be in jail. Only it just struck me that I was doin' you a favor by introducin' you to Mr. Corwin, him an' you both bein' genuine swells an' li'ble to have a heap in common."

Suddenly reawakened to consciousness of Corwin's presence, Scanlan pulled himself together.

"Mr. Hanvey is bound to have his little joke, Mr. Corwin. A very interesting chap, isn't he?"

Corwin inclined his head gravely.

"Very."

Hanvey regarded them amusedly.

"You fellers like each other?"

They nodded.

"That's fine! I'm sure glad!" He turned away, then swung back suddenly. "By the way, Billy, we're leaving on the California Limited Friday morning, ten o'clock. We've got Drawin'-room A in Car S-17. I'm tellin' you so you can get your reservations early on that train. Eastern travel is awful thick these days."

They parted from the bewildered Scanlan. In the sanctuary of Hanvey's room Gerald Corwin voiced his displeasure.

"You are probably a very great detective, Mr. Hanvey ——"

"Naw! Not me! I'm just a fat, lucky bum."

"But it strikes me that you volunteered some valuable information unnecessarily."

"To Billy?"

"Yes."

"How so?"

"About our reservations east. Why did you tell him the correct day?"

"I never lie to a crook," said Jim gravely. "It ain't fair. Besides, if they're good enough crooks to be worth lyin' to a feller ain't gonna get away with it. Billy will check up, an' once he found I'd lied to him he'd lose all confidence in me."

"But I don't see what difference it makes."

"That's 'cause you're a business man, son. Detectives an' crooks know the value of tellin' the truth."

"You didn't have to tell him who I was."

"No-o, that's true. But it saved him a heap of trouble."

"I don't understand your desire to save him trouble."

"It's this way, Mr. Corwin: The less trouble Billy has to take the more time he'll have for thinkin', an' the more he thinks the worse off he is. Thinkin', son, has ruined a heap of happy homes, an' don't you forget it."

Hanvey was right. At that moment Billy Scanlan was slumped in a chair in the hotel lobby, smoking cigarette after cigarette and wondering what it all meant. He knew Jim Hanvey of old, was familiar with the working methods of the ponderous, slow-moving, quick-thinking detective; and he knew that Jim had told the truth. Of course he'd check up, but that was a mere formality. All the more prominent criminals knew that Jim Hanvey did not lie. That was one explanation of the high esteem in which they held him—because he played fair.

Scanlan was worried. He had been intrusted with a definite mission, one well suited to his peculiar talents. His job was to secure from Gerald Corwin the proxy which Corwin was to receive from Col. Robert E. Warrington and to deliver that proxy to the men who were fighting to wrest control of the K. R. & P. from the McIntosh interests. That was all. The sky was the limit so far as he was concerned. His professional reputation was at stake. Besides, the reward offered by the Quincy-Scott crowd was stupendous, and Billy was sadly in need of ready cash—and plenty of it.

The presence of Jim Hanvey complicated matters somewhat in the way of accomplishing a task already difficult and delicate. But Billy was game and not entirely averse to matching wits with the Gargantuan detective. So he waited patiently in the lobby, watching the elevator bank, and eventually he was rewarded when Gerald Corwin descended, walked swiftly to the street and hailed a taxi.

As he drove off, Scanlan stepped into another cab.

"Follow that chap ahead. Keep about a block in the rear. When he stops you stop."

As Scanlan drove off, he glanced over his shoulder in time to see the ungainly figure of Jim Hanvey climb laboriously into yet a third taxi. He did not quite fathom Jim's motive in following, but he didn't care particularly. He knew that Jim knew he'd trail Corwin. So much for that.

Corwin's taxi driver, evidently aware that his fare was unfamiliar with the vastness of Los Angeles, selected a circuitous

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Then Suddenly He Turned It Over and Thumped It With a Heavy, Spatulate Finger. His Pursy Lips Creased Into a Smile. "Think We Got Somethin', Jon"

THE OLD GUARD DIES

By Alexander Porterfield

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING

MR. JACK CRONYN was sitting in the big bay window of his club in Pall Mall, reading an afternoon newspaper. He was a large, thick-necked, red-faced, rather handsome man of fifty, clean-shaven, scowling, very carefully dressed, and he wore white spats and a flower in his buttonhole. He was smoking a good cigar and he read the latest news as if he despised it.

It was a pleasant sort of day, soft, warm and exceedingly bright. Illimitable sunshine filled the tall smoking-room windows, which were open, and let in little promises of summer and subdued sounds of the street, but Mr. Jack Cronyn sat with his back to them as if he despised the sunshine too. The fact was, his whole bearing seemed to suggest an enormous contempt for his fellow members, many of whom were reading their newspapers, rather than any interest in his own; occasionally he looked at his watch. At half past three he rang a bell at his elbow; a waiter replied with obsequious alacrity; Mr. Jack Cronyn, however, continued to read in his newspaper. He read a long article on Shakspere and the Spanish Inquisition to the end, said "Bosh!" in a loud, truculent voice, and finally looked up.

"Taxi," he added curtly.

The waiter bowed and withdrew; Mr. Jack Cronyn laid aside his newspaper, stood up, stared disdainfully through the bay window into Pall Mall, pulled down his waistcoat, and then strolled slowly after him out of the room. He stopped in the hall to examine the glass, tapping it suspiciously, and, having satisfied himself it was perfectly steady, passed on. Immediately a small boy in buttons brought him his hat, his admirably rolled umbrella and his gloves. The hall porter emerged from the dingy little compartment he occupied at the door and delivered several letters to Mr. Jack Cronyn with an air of majestic privilege and persuasiveness; these Mr. Jack Cronyn stuffed into his pocket without looking at them. He was bowed into the sunshine of Pall Mall; the great doors swung to smoothly behind him; as he descended the steps to the street another small boy opened the door of his taxi. No delay disturbed the superb punctuality of these proceedings, nevertheless Mr. Jack Cronyn paused on the lowermost step and made a single, disapproving, scepter-like movement with his umbrella.

"Top down," he directed.

"This Room," Said Mr. Jack Cronyn, "Gets on My Nerves. It's Perfectly Hideous!"

He remained waiting on that lowermost step for this to be accomplished, tall, formidably inattentive, frowning. His umbrella hung negligently from one arm. He looked at nothing, but his eyes had a hard, cynical expression in them as though warning the weather that, while it might deceive the entire universe with a little fictitious sunshine, it was unable to deceive him. Mr. Jack Cronyn was prepared for almost any emergency; he was going to see Lady Victoria Poole that afternoon; still, that was no reason for being caught and bored by some casual acquaintance beforehand. Thus he pretended to see nothing, not even the taxi which drove up and stopped directly behind his taxi, though the fair young man who jumped out of it made a vaguely comprehensive gesture of relief and recognition upon seeing him. In this, however, Mr. Jack Cronyn was not especially successful. The fair young man advanced towards him without the slightest hesitation, cheerfully undeterred by his tremendous inattention, triumphant, businesslike and blithe.

Mr. Freddie Hill—for that was the fair young man's name—was a slim, erect, engaging, rather military-looking young man with clear blue eyes, a good many freckles, and the unmistakable aspect of one who has a great deal to do with horses.

As a matter of fact he was not Mr. Freddie Hill at all, but Captain Freddie Hill; he was in a famous regiment; he was also Mr. Jack Cronyn's nephew. Like Mr. Jack Cronyn, he was very carefully dressed; he wore the tie of his famous regiment; he reeked delicately of bay rum and Russian leather. He saluted Mr. Jack Cronyn in a semi-military and lively manner.

"'Fraid I'd miss you," he remarked, "what with one thing and another."

Mr. Jack Cronyn grunted and gazed darkly into the sunshine of Pall Mall; he detested his nephew. He considered his sister to have married beneath her; neither she nor the originally offending Mr. Hill managed to survive this ordeal, but Mr. Jack Cronyn had never forgiven Freddie; he sent him to Eton, then Sandhurst, and then put him in his famous regiment, gave him a good allowance, and had as little to do with him as possible. This was characteristic of Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"Look here, sir," Freddie went on with undiminished cheerfulness, "can I see you a moment?"

"Can't you?"

"I mean to talk to for a moment."

"Then why the devil don't you say what you mean in the first place," said Mr. Jack Cronyn loudly, "instead of beating about the bush?"

Captain Freddie Hill became pinkishly dashed and pensive.

"However," said Mr. Jack Cronyn, "what is it?"

"As a matter of fact," replied Freddie, "it's it's jolly important."

"It's about money then, I'll be bound," grumbled Mr. Jack Cronyn. "Well, I can't talk about it now. I've got a very important engagement this afternoon and I'm late."

"The fact is, I bumped into a patch of bad luck at Newmarket this week," continued Freddie.

Mr. Jack Cronyn remarked sardonically that a fool and his money were soon parted.

"And I'm overdrawn at my bank, so I thought possibly you might — "

"Did you?" interrupted Mr. Jack Cronyn grimly. "Well, you've no business to think anything of the kind, sir. I may be your uncle after all, I can't help that!—but I'm not a congenital idiot. I've something better to do with my money than simply chucking it away."

He said this with immense conviction and very loudly. He said nothing at all about the enormous cost of his racing stable at Epsom, where his trainer, Mr. Stokes, annually expected to produce an animal worthy of Mr. Jack Cronyn's unfaltering confidence in the Guineas, the Derby and at Doncaster; in this, however, they were each annually disappointed. He said nothing about backing Ally Sloper against the field for the Grand National in 1914, and losing all he won and a great deal more besides the next day at Lincoln. He said nothing about losing fifty thousand francs in the course of one evening's play at Cannes. Indeed, these vexatious details entirely escaped his memory, for, though he firmly believed that racing was a magnificent British institution and veritably the sport of kings, and included a few commoners in his consideration, he did not include Captain Hill.

Consequently he said, "It's damned nonsense, sir!" and let it go at that, and scowled at the soft blue London sky overhead.

His gaze took in the pretentious architecture, the pavements, the vistas of Pall Mall, softened by the misty glamorous April sunshine, but he was far too exasperated to note any of these familiar things.

And presently he heard Freddie Hill explaining that it wasn't that ——

"Look here, my lad, don't contradict me!" said Mr. Jack Cronyn. "I won't have it."

"But I'm not contradicting you."

Then what the devil was he doing?

"Well," said Freddie, "you see, I've only got my pay and the allowance you give me ——"

"It's a very good allowance," interpolated Mr. Jack Cronyn, scenting a demand for a larger one and preparing to refuse that demand immediately. "A very good allowance indeed."

"And I thought—that is, we thought ——"

"We!" exclaimed Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"Two heads are better than one; besides," said Freddie Hill with infuriating mystery, "we've been thinking of it for a jolly long time."

"Thinking of what? And who's been thinking it with you?"

"Who?" repeated Captain Freddie Hill. "What?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jack Cronyn in rapidly increasing irritation and resentment. "Can't you understand plain English? Who's been thinking what and why? That's what I want to know."

"Why, we have. We thought you'd possibly give us a leg up, so to speak."

Mr. Jack Cronyn made a gesture of concentrated fury. The veins in his neck were becoming more and more manifest, he grew more red-faced, he seemed actually upon the point of explosion. He controlled himself only with difficulty and it was some time before he could speak.

"Idiot! *Who?*"

"Well, I don't know whether I ought to tell you or not, but the truth is, sir," said Freddie hurriedly, "that I'm well, dash it all, you might as well know since I've really come to tell you about it ——"

"What?"

"I'm married," said Freddie Hill simply.

"Married? Married?"

Freddie nodded.

"A few days ago. It's secret, of course; because her people would kick up the dickens of a row if they knew, and—as a matter of fact, if they thought you—er—you wouldn't help us along a bit in the usual way."

Mr. Jack Cronyn at once became purple in the face. He shook his fist at his nephew, he hammered the pavement with his admirably rolled umbrella, he stamped and ramped and raved until the veins stood out in his neck unbelievably. He wouldn't add another penny to his nephew's allowance. He'd have nothing to do with it—nothing!

If his nephew had been infernal idiot enough to marry some infernal fortune-hunting chit of a girl, that was his lookout. If his nephew liked to make a conspicuous fool of himself he could please himself. But there were limits. This was one of 'em. He wasn't going to countenance such preposterous silliness. He, Mr. Jack Cronyn, would have nothing whatever to do with it, and that was that.

"But, sir," protested Freddie, "she's not a fortune-huntin' chit of a girl. She's ——"

"I don't care a rap who she is!" exclaimed Mr. Jack Cronyn passionately. "Not a rap, sir!"

"But ——"

"Not another word! I won't hear another word about it. You've got your allowance. I shan't stop it. But I'll not add another penny, sir—not another farthing! And that's my last word."

And with that Mr. Jack Cronyn climbed into his taxi and banged the door to behind him savagely. The small boy in buttons peered through the window from the running board.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Jack Cronyn puffed out his cheeks, scowled more terribly than ever, coughed and could not cough, and seemed to be again upon the verge of that tremendous internal explosion, when he cried out suddenly and with astounding violence: "Home!"

He was far too exasperated to go to Lady Victoria that afternoon. In fact, he was far too exasperated to remember he was sitting in a taxi and not in his own motor car; and affairs were not greatly mended by the small boy in buttons presently asking where Mr. Jack Cronyn lived when he was at home—he was a very small boy and he had been in the club's employment merely a short time. Still —

It was all infuriating and ridiculous, one thing after another. And, besides that, a particularly disquieting idea came into Mr. Jack Cronyn's mind just at that moment.

As a matter of fact Mr. Jack Cronyn lived in a large red-brick house in Queen Anne's Gate, between an ex-Lord Chancellor and an Admiral of the Fleet. That is, he inhabited two or three rooms of this enormous mansion which overlooked the whole of St. James's Park; the remainder of it was left to a shuttered darkness, the penetrating devastations of London weather, and the occasional scrutiny of the butler, footmen, chambermaids and caretakers, scrub-women and people who came to see about the lights, rugs, pictures and old furniture.

Mr. Jack Cronyn was rich—immensely and miraculously rich. He was ruthless. He was inordinately proud, he exulted in his ancient lineage, he despised people whose fathers or grandfathers or great-grandfathers had accepted peerages. There was a story that the Cronyns were descended from a Saxon king; Mr. Jack Cronyn subscribed to that story, and exulted in it; he also exulted in the fact that he was a commoner, like every Cronyn since the Conquest. When he met bishops, actor managers, admirals, field marshals, dukes, ambassadors, eminent jurists, daughters of dukes—and of marquises, if they were pretty enough—cabinet ministers and chimney sweeps, he nodded to them, bringing two fingers to the brim of his hat. Everybody else he ignored. He was distinguished by no gifts of any kind, sort or description, yet his dinner parties were among the supreme events of the season. His presence in a theater on the first night of a new play was considered a superb and marvelous omen. His photographs appeared continually in the illustrated weeklies—pictures of him talking to the king at Ascot, playing tennis with the Grand Duke Gregory at Monte Carlo or driving his splendid four-in-hand through Hyde Park. Everybody referred to him as Jack Cronyn; it was doubtful, however, if he had been called Jack since he left Eton, except possibly by two or three tremendously beautiful and illustrious young ladies. He was ruthless, domineering, irascible, anything you please—but he did like tremendously beautiful and illustrious young ladies. They were delightful to look at. And they pretended to listen.

Nevertheless, there were two serious and vexatious shortcomings in Mr. Jack Cronyn's life. One was the marriage of his sister with a man named Hill—a fellow in an ordinary infantry regiment, a nobody. The other was a curious, haunting, ever-present suspicion of a certain illusive irony in existence. Mr. Jack Cronyn walked through St. James's Park every other Sunday on his way to church, rain or shine; he contributed lavishly to hospitals, homes, funds, establishments; the Armenians and the unfortunate tea tasters of Tchernigoff never appealed to him in vain. He surrounded himself with the gay and youthful. He did everything—and went everywhere. But he could not shake off his fear of death. He could not bring himself to have anything to do with any of its preliminaries; for instance, he could not be persuaded by any mortal means to make a will. To the urgent, insistent, eloquent representations of Messrs. Tod, Blenkinthrope, Sanders & Tod, his solicitors, Mr. Jack Cronyn turned a deaf ear.

Yet the thing had to be done some time or other; indeed, it was the connection of this serious and vexatious shortcoming in his otherwise richly ordered existence with the other serious and vexatious shortcoming, which had occurred to him the previous afternoon just as he was telling that infernally dull-witted boy at the club where he lived, and which troubled his tranquillity so uncomfortably.

Mr. Jack Cronyn squirmed in his splendidly upholstered easy-chair as he thought about these things. The serene sunshine of another clear blue-and-white April afternoon filled the library of his house, where he sat, smoking a cigar and swearing to himself. St. James's Park was delicately green, and splashed with color; borders of tulips and daffodils were red and gold and white; a baffling scent of lilac and wet new-turned earth hung in the soft sun-steeped air.

"Oh, damn!" exclaimed Mr. Jack Cronyn savagely.

There was no way out of it. The will had to be made and signed. Messrs. Tod, Blenkinthrope, Sanders & Tod had to be summoned. Otherwise—well, if anything should happen to him his nephew would come into the entire Cronyn property.

The mere thought of this enraged Mr. Jack Cronyn. He swore very hotly that such indeed should not be the case. He scowled vindictively into the April sunshine and shook his fist at it and rang the bell. A pretty thing—bothering about wills on such a day! And suddenly Mr. Jack Cronyn was aware that London was at its loveliest, that in that soft glamorous haziness of mist and sunshine chimneys and gables and housetops and wires took on the turreted aspect of some high enchanted city, that there was magic in the soft murmur of traffic coming up distantly from Whitehall. He became tremendously resentful; he rang again for Merkleson, his butler.

Merkleson appeared presently, haughtily obsequious, deferential, correct, magnificent, and debased himself with the air of one exceeding his privileges—as became a butler of Mr. Jack Cronyn's.

That gentleman still stared into the sunshine of St. James's Park. Then he said, "Merkle-son!"

He said this in the voice Napoleon might have used when he demanded pen and ink in order to sign his abdication. He made a single impressive gesture, and paused. It was faintly apparent that Merkleson himself had something to say.

"What is it, Merkleson?"

"Lady Victoria Poole, sir, wishes to know if she can speak to you on the telephone?"

"Can, Merkleson? Can?"

Merkleson bowed—rather as Lord Bruce bowed when George IV corrected him for making a false quantity in quoting a line of Greek.

"These little inaccuracies, Merkleson —— However, I'll speak to Lady Victoria here."

(Continued on Page 77)

"But, Sir," Protested Freddie, "She's Not a Fortune-Huntin' Chit of a Girl. She's ——" "I Don't Care a Rap Who She Is!" Exclaimed Mr. Jack Cronyn Passionately

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents

XIX

By H. H. Kohlsaat

THE telegram Governor Roosevelt sent President McKinley the end of June, 1899, pledging his support to McKinley for renomination in 1900, which led to an invitation to bring Mrs. Roosevelt and spend Sunday at the White House, brought about a great change in McKinley's feelings toward Roosevelt.

Some of Roosevelt's friends had irritated McKinley and Hanna in bringing him forward as a candidate against McKinley for the Presidential nomination in 1900. When Roosevelt pledged his support all opposition for renomination disappeared. McKinley had the field to himself.

There was a strong demand for Roosevelt, especially in the West, for Vice President on the ticket with McKinley. His spectacular career as colonel of the rough riders endeared him to the young men of the country.

Senator Platt wanted to get Roosevelt out of the governor's office in New York, and seized the opportunity offered by the boom for him as Vice President to realize his hopes. Roosevelt and most of his friends fought the effort to shove him into the Vice Presidency.

In February, 1900, I wrote him, strongly advising him not to be a candidate. His reply was as follows:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY,
February 9, 1900.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I thank you heartily for yours of the 8th inst. with inclosed clipping. The Vice Presidency was one of the few things I made up my mind it was not needful to write you about. I am not going to take it on any account. Mr. Payne, of Milwaukee, and Senator Lodge, as well, are anxious that I should, but it is the very last office I would want or care for. In two or three days I shall announce this publicly.

Faithfully yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

March twenty-first I received the following telegram:

Can you not stop off here to take lunch or spend the night? Very anxious to see you. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

We were together several hours and thoroughly discussed the Vice Presidency and some tax matters which were disturbing Senator Platt and the banking interests in New York City.

June sixteenth he wrote me the following letter, in part:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY, June 16, 1900.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I shall have to face a rough fight here next fall, because the lunatic Goo Goo, the wealthy corporation corruptionist and the basest variety of machine politician will all join my ordinary party foes in trying to beat me. But I have never hesitated in my belief that it was far better to chance such a fight and go down than to take an office for which I really had no special fitness and where there was nothing for a man of my type to do.

Hastily, but always faithfully yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A few days later the Republican National Convention was held in Philadelphia. I did not attend, but sent him a wire urging him not to take the Vice-Presidential nomination. He received it during the session and sent word he would not accept under any circumstances.

Mark Hanna was bitterly against his nomination, but McKinley was inclined to favor him. George W. Perkins, of New York, told me he telephoned McKinley, strongly advocating Roosevelt's nomination. He said he thought he influenced McKinley to telephone Mr. Hanna to throw his strength to Roosevelt, as he believed his nomination would strengthen the ticket.

Mr. Hanna favored Senator Dolliver, of Iowa; John D. Long, of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy; or, anybody, rather than Roosevelt. He later told B. B. Odell, of New York, he would throw his votes to him if New York wanted the Vice Presidency. Mr. Odell declined the Vice Presidency and threw away the chance to be President!

Two or three years later Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler told me the following story:

"Frederick Holls and I had been out for a walk with T. R. during which he had insisted with all the emphasis at his command that never, no, never, would he be browbeaten by Platt and Quay into accepting the nomination for Vice President. When we got back to the Hotel Walton we stood at the bottom of the elevator shaft, and after waiting several minutes were told that the elevator was out of commission for a bit, and that we must either wait or walk upstairs to our rooms on the seventh floor. While we were waiting Lemuel Ely Quigg and Frank H. Platt joined us and after taking Roosevelt aside for a few minutes walked him up with them to a room on the mezzanine floor. There he talked with Senator Platt personally. An hour later T. R. rejoined us in our headquarters, his tail feathers all down. The fight had gone out of him and he changed his former tune to that of 'I cannot disappoint my Western friends if they insist,' 'I cannot seem to be bigger than the party,' and so on. The deed had been done, and the rest you know." The face of history might have been changed if that elevator had not gone out of commission!

McKinley and Roosevelt were nominated and elected, defeating William Jennings Bryan for the second time, by a vote of 7,207,923 to 6,358,133, a plurality of 849,790.

When McKinley and Roosevelt were inaugurated March 4, 1901, someone asked Senator Platt if he was going to attend the inaugural exercises. He replied, "Yes, I am going to Washington to see Theodore Roosevelt take the veil!"

■

SATURDAY, August 31, 1901, Vice President Roosevelt was in Chicago on his way to Minnesota to deliver a speech at the state fair.

I invited a few friends to meet him at dinner in the Chicago Club. As I left him in his hotel room he said he would like to attend service in a Dutch Reformed Church Sunday morning. I called for him and took him to a small unfinished brick church on the West Side. When we got into the carriage he pulled the Sunday Tribune pink sheet out of his breast pocket and said, "There was a prize fight last night. I did not want to attract attention by reading it at the breakfast table in the hotel!" He had not finished it when we reached the church, so put it in his pocket.

We arrived while the minister, Dr. Peter Moerdyke, was praying. The usher looked critically at Roosevelt as if he could hardly believe it really was the Vice President attending services in their little church, which held probably one hundred and fifty people. When the prayer ended I introduced him to Roosevelt. We were shown into the front pew. During the singing of a hymn the usher stepped up to the pastor and probably assured him it really was the Vice President!

Roosevelt sang louder than anyone else in the congregation, and made the responses in a vigorous voice. Doctor Moerdyke's text was "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."

At the close of the sermon the pastor said: "We are honored by having with us today a fellow member of our church, the Vice President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt. I am going to ask him to speak to us."

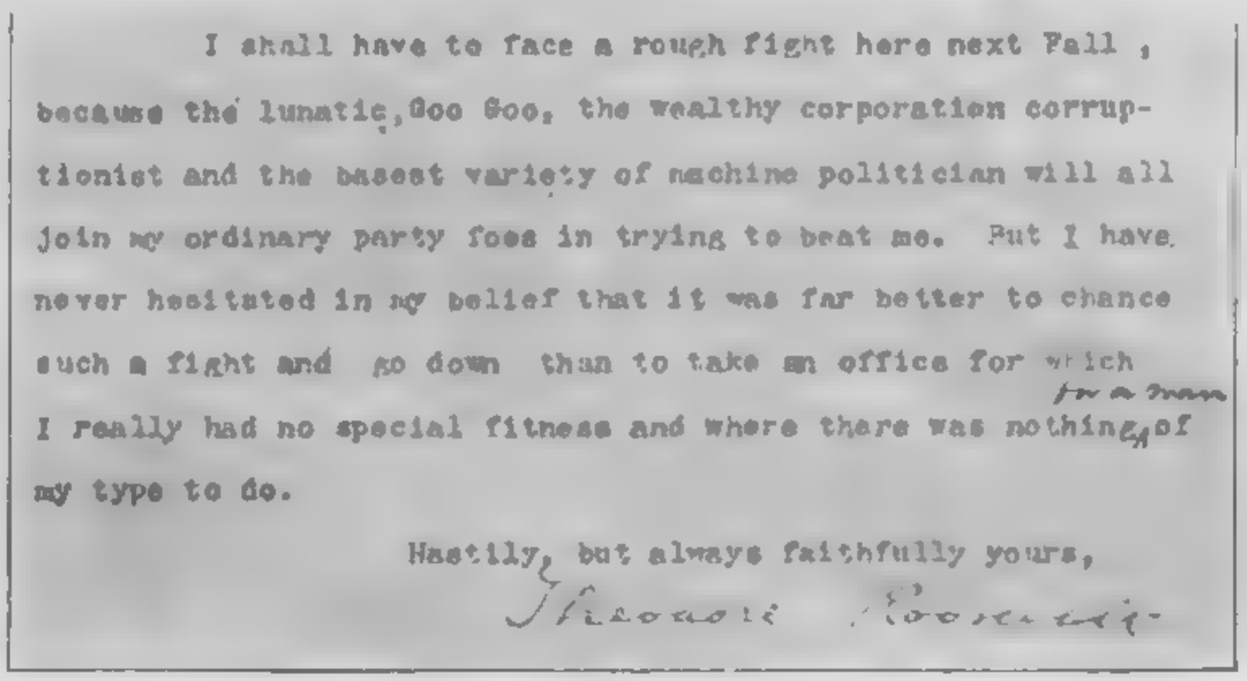
Before he had finished Roosevelt literally sprang out of his seat and mounted to the pulpit and began to talk on the text of the morning.

He threw his fists right and left—upper cuts and under cuts—evidently his subconscious mind was dwelling on the prize fight. He ran to the farther side of the pulpit and struck out with so much vehemence that he terrified a child of two or three years of age, eight or ten feet away. It screamed and not only startled the congregation but embarrassed the poor mother. She picked the youngster up and started out of the church. Roosevelt said, "Sit down, please madam. Don't go out. I have six of them of my own at home, and am used to crying children!" The woman took her seat, but the child continued to yell and finally compelled Roosevelt to stop talking. He left the pulpit and shook hands with each person present.

When we left the church quite a crowd outside cheered him as we drove away. A block or two from the

PHOTO. BY C. M. GILBERT, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

Colonel Roosevelt and His Family Photographed While He Was Governor of New York



I shall have to face a rough fight here next Fall, because the lunatic, Goo Goo, the wealthy corporation corruptionist and the basest variety of machine politician will all join my ordinary party foes in trying to beat me. But I have never hesitated in my belief that it was far better to chance such a fight and go down than to take an office for which I really had no special fitness and where there was nothing for a man of my type to do.

Hastily, but always faithfully yours,
Theodore Roosevelt

church he pulled the pink sheet out of his pocket and resumed the story of the fight, remarking, "By George, that was a bully fight. Sorry I missed it!"

XXI

PRESIDENT McKINLEY and Mrs. McKinley visited the Buffalo fair in September, 1901. On the fifth the President delivered a memorable address in the fair grounds. He called for a greater participation in world affairs and putting an end to isolation.

He held a reception in the Temple of Music—one of the fair buildings—on September sixth, and shook hands with hundreds of men, women and children. A man approached with a handkerchief covering his hand. As the President held out his hand a shot startled the crowd. Under the handkerchief was a pistol. McKinley was shot in the arm and stomach.

The secret-service men grasped the lunatic, Leon Czolgosz, and were treating him roughly. When McKinley saw it he asked them not to hurt him.

After examination the President was taken to the home of John G. Milburn, president of the Buffalo fair. For several days it seemed as if he had a chance to recover, as the following telegrams would indicate:

BUFFALO, September 8, 1901.

H. H. KOHLSAAT, Chicago.

I wish to contradict false dispatches that I predicted the President would not live. His condition this morning greatly improved. If this continues a day or two we may hope for speedy recovery. M. A. HANNA.

BUFFALO, September 9, 1901.

H. H. KOHLSAAT, Chicago.

All now firm in belief that the President will speedily recover,
MYRON T. HERRICK.

Secretary Cortelyou wired me the doctors' bulletins daily. The last two telegrams received from him were as follows:

BUFFALO,
September 14, 1901. 1.10 A.M.
H. H. KOHLSAAT, Chicago.
The President is dying.
GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

BUFFALO,
September 14, 1901. 4:34 A.M.
H. H. KOHLSAAT, Chicago.
The President passed away at a quarter after two o'clock this morning. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

If the President's physical condition had been good he might have survived his wounds, but the doctors said after his death they doubted if he would have lived two years, as several organs were badly diseased.

McKinley made a brave fight, but became weaker daily and passed away early Saturday morning. In semiconscious moments he repeated several times "Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee." Once he had said to me, "If it was not for Ida"—his wife—"I should like to go the way Lincoln did." He had his wish.

I left Chicago Saturday night, arriving in Buffalo Sunday morning, and telephoned Senator Hanna, who was a guest of his friends, the Hamlins.

I asked him how to get into the Milburn residence for the funeral exercises, as the house was surrounded by militia. He asked me to go with him. We went in the rear gate and entered the house through the kitchen, where I took a seat until Secretary Cortelyou took me into the small library where the casket was placed.

Among the few men in the library when I entered was Charles G. Dawes, whose grief could not have been greater had his own father been in the coffin.

President Roosevelt, who had been sworn in the day before, came in with six out of eight members of his cabinet. They were Elihu Root, Secretary of War; Ethan A. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior; John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy; James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture; Charles Emory Smith, Postmaster General; Philander C. Knox, Attorney General. The other members of the cabinet, John Hay, Secretary of State, and Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, were in Washington.

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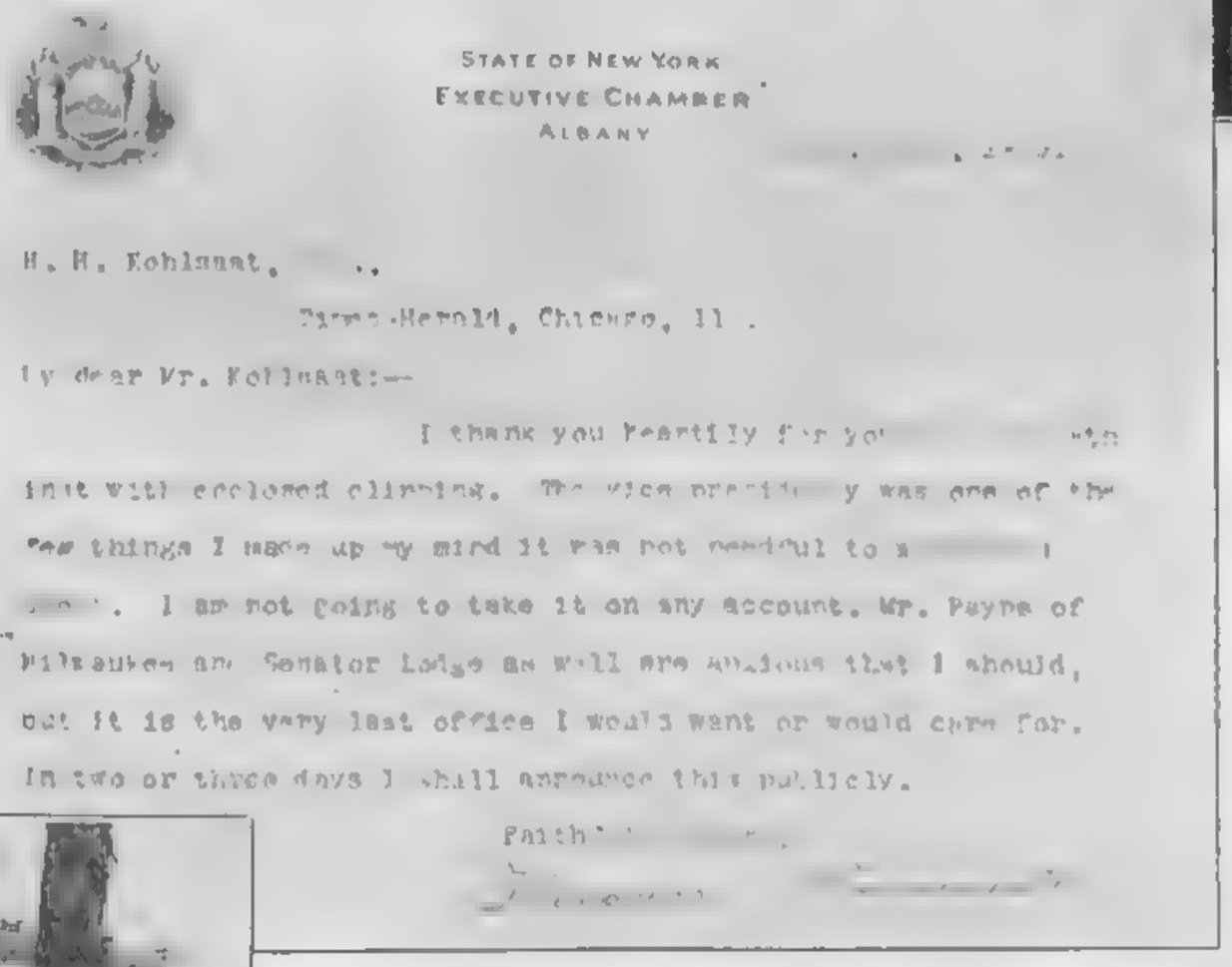
Roosevelt, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, on the Algonquin, Charleston, S. C.



STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

H. H. Kohlsaat,
Times-Herald, Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat:—

I thank you heartily for your [illegible] init with acclaimed climbing. The vice presidency was one of the few things I made up my mind it was not needful to [illegible]. I am not going to take it on any account. Mr. Payne of Milwaukee and Senator Lodge as well are anxious that I should, but it is the very last office I would want or would care for. In two or three days I shall announce this publicly.

Faithfully yours,

As the President and his cabinet seated themselves beside the casket poor broken-hearted Mark Hanna limped in and took a chair at the foot of the coffin. For a while he rested his head on his hand, with elbows on knees. Finally he sat up straight and with folded arms put on a brave face.

There is an impression that Mark Hanna controlled William McKinley. That is not so. His attitude was always that of a big bashful boy toward a girl he loves. It was not the power that it brought Mr. Hanna that made him fight for McKinley's nomination and election. It was the love of a strong man for a friend who was worthy of that affection.

Before the services began President Roosevelt came to me and said, "Come to Ansley Wilcox's house on Delaware Avenue at three o'clock. I want to see you."

After the services in the Milburn residence the casket was taken to the City Hall, where thousands passed the bier before midnight.

At three o'clock I gave my card to the colored man at the Wilcox home. The house was old-fashioned—a hall with rooms on both sides. My card was carried into the room on the right. Across the hall were the members of the cabinet. I was soon shown in; after shaking hands with Roosevelt he turned to a gentleman by his side and said, 'Woodrow, you know Kohlsaat, don't you? Mr. Kohlsaat, let me introduce you to Woodrow Wilson." After a moment or two Roosevelt said, "Woodrow, would you mind stepping into the library for a few minutes. I want to talk to Kohlsaat on an important matter."

In 1901 Mr. Wilson was professor of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton University. A year later he was made president of the institution.

After Mr. Wilson left us Roosevelt said, "I am going to make two changes in my cabinet that I know will please you. I am going to let John Hay go, and appoint Elihu Root, Secretary of State. I am also going to ask Lyman Gage for his resignation."

I answered, "Why do you think it would please me to have Hay go?"

He said, "Why, Hay's position on the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was what brought you and me together."

I said, "John Hay is a warm friend of mine. Instead of sulking when the treaty was defeated he was man enough to amend it to allow fortifications, and it was finally ratified. And," I continued, "what have you against Lyman Gage?"

Roosevelt snapped his teeth and said, "He always gets his back up against the wall and I can't get around him."

I said, "Don't you know I am responsible for Mr. Gage being in the cabinet? McKinley did not know him. He appointed him inside of five minutes after a long-distance telephone from Chicago to Canton, in January, 1897."

I continued, "Yesterday, when you were sworn in, you issued a statement that you were going to carry out McKinley's policies, and now you propose to fire his Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury! Saturday the stock exchanges of the country closed when the news came of McKinley's death. Today's papers report there is great uneasiness as to what will happen when they open tomorrow. Why? Because you are considered a bucking bronco in finance, and now you propose to let Gage out of the Treasury Department, and heaven only knows whom you will appoint. It will probably cause a panic and it will be known for all time as the Roosevelt panic."

Roosevelt looked at me a moment, made one of his characteristic faces and in one of those falsetto notes of his said, "Old man, I am going to pay you the highest compliment I ever paid anyone in my life. I am going to keep both of them!"

(Continued on Page 43)

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General Wheeler, Colonel Leonard Wood and Colonel Roosevelt

ON THE SHELF

By Viola Brothers Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"She's Got a Grandmother Complex. She's Always Inventing Grandmothers. You See, She Hasn't Any"

MA BENHAM sat up in bed, wide awake, ready for anything the day might demand. As her hand encountered the lavender satin comforter, however, ready to toss it off, she remembered, and with a rather beaten movement drew it back. She was always forgetting. Every morning when Fuller tapped at Tom's door she would start up—and then remember that she was no longer a useful citizen leading a useful life in Toledo, but an old woman disintegrating from sheer uselessness in a beautiful house on Fifty-fourth Street, New York.

She looked out of her window at the made-over brownstone houses opposite. Fifty-fourth Street near Fifth is still asleep at 7:30 on a spring morning. Ma Benham sat hunched forward in her bed until Minna, in a black dress and a little white apron, brought her breakfast on a tray. After which Minna turned on her bath and handed her her brush and comb. It was like that all day. The *few* things she could have done somebody always did for her. Her shoulders sagged wearily as she contemplated the empty day stretching cheerlessly ahead of her—a duplicate of all the other empty days of the past five months. If she had known it was going to be like this she would never have left Toledo. It seemed an age before Minna appeared with the tray. How Ma Benham loathed tea! But the doctors had forbidden coffee. Why had she listened to their drivel about heart and blood pressure and arteries? On account of Tom and the girls mainly. They had been so worried. And when Tom had proposed giving up his bachelor quarters and all living together with Isabel and her husband she had hated to disappoint him. It had been hard, selling out her home. But, after all, she had figured it would be fine having all her children together again—sharing their interests once more, seeing them every day. And Eve was twenty-eight and eager to leave Toledo and live in New York, where she had a sister as socially prominent as Isabel Morrison. But if Ma Benham had known how things were going to be she never would have listened to any of them. Could any sudden death caused by sticking to her own home—her own sphere of usefulness in the town where she had all her interests and her friends—have been worse than this gradual atrophying of all her faculties?

To some women, she reflected while she dressed, this life of idleness would be heaven. Her own two daughters asked for no better lot. And Frankie Carlyle was angling desperately for Tom mainly so that circumstances might not compel her to relinquish her life of ease. But they were used to nothing else. They could be busy for days over the purchase of a hat.

Ma Benham thought back over her own girlhood in her father's home above the little dry-goods store; over the early years of her married life with a husband who had had big dreams but no money; then her widowhood—making dresses to bring up her three babies. After Isabel's marriage, Alec Morrison had taken Tom into business with him and they had prospered and things had been quite easy for Ma Benham then. She and Eve had moved into a modern little apartment and kept a maid. Still, Ma Benham had never been idle. When her war work was finished she had taken charge of a workroom supplying clothes to the devastated countries of Europe. Tons of clothes had gone out of Ma Benham's workroom. It was known all over the country. Ma Benham received the thanks of the Queen of Belgium through the Belgian ambassador. She was interviewed for the newspapers. She was a well-known figure in Toledo. And then, all of a sudden, to be pushed off into space like this with nothing to cling to ——

Tom looked up from his breakfast and smiled as she came round the table and kissed him. Tom was thirty-six but looked younger, with his thick snuff-colored hair brushed straight back from his unwrinkled forehead. He was so unspoiled. He had Ma Benham's eyes—gray and black lashed—but there the resemblance ended. Tom was inclined toward roundness and Ma Benham was very thin, especially since her illness.

"What brings you down this early, ma?"

"No reason to sleep late. Go to bed early and don't have a thing to do all day." Increasingly of late she had found herself answering well-meant questions like that with asperity.

"But you're feeling better, aren't you?"

He looked at her anxiously. He had had great hopes that the change and rest would do her good. Instead, she looked older, frailer than ever.

She changed the subject. Unreasonably, it annoyed her when they inquired about her health.

"Where were you last night?"

"Took Frankie to the theater."

"She'll get you yet, Tom."

"I don't know. I suppose a man must get married some day."

"All right, but why don't you look around a bit instead of letting Isabel railroad you into this? Why, Tom, you could have anybody on earth!"

She had seated herself beside him, and he reached over and covered her hand. "You would say that. Frankie's quite a thoroughbred."

"So's a racing horse, but you don't want to live with one. She's a parasite." But she did not remove her hand; rather, returned his pressure.

"Don't be too hard on her, ma. She may not have me. And I won't even ask her if that's what's making you unhappy."

"I'm not unhappy, Tom. The trouble with me is I'm growing old and I won't be nice and resigned about it."

"Old? Why, Grace Benham, you're a chicken! Sixty-two isn't old."

She shook her head. Something like tears smarted the back of her eyes.

"Last year I didn't think so either. But I'm old. That's all there is to it, and I don't like it."

"You worked too hard in your workroom out there."

"I don't believe it. I don't believe work hurts anybody. It's stopping that hurts. Why, the year after Eve was born and I had the three of you and no man and no money—everybody said I would kill myself. But I never was sick a day. Managed to raise you all and made a good job of it. Only now you all think I'm too feeble-minded to turn on my own bath."

"Ma—you were so good to us—and now you want to cheat us out of the right to take care of you. If you'd only take things easy, the way the doctor said! I know it's hard at first, but if you'd only give it a fair trial!"

She followed him to the door and he stooped to kiss her good-by with a clutch at his heart. She looked such a pathetic little figure standing in the big hallway. He wished he could find something to occupy her mind. But she just wouldn't take an interest in anything. The girls had often told him so.

Morrison & Benham were wholesale distributors of artistic novelties. Morrison was the artist of the firm, so he never went to the office before 10:30. Ma Benham stayed in the breakfast room toying with a copy of House and Home until Alec and the girls came down. Eve was dressed in a blue tailored dress stitched in red. Belle was wearing a trailing negligée of corn color trimmed with cream lace. Both girls were brunet and slender; but Belle, although thirty-two, looked younger and prettier than Eve. Neither would have looked handsome after two days on a desert island, but both made up well.

They kissed their mother dutifully and not unaffectionately on the cheek and sat down at the table. Alec was already behind his paper. Belle and Eve discussed last night's theater party. Ma listened, but it did not interest her much. It was always about the same.

"What was the matter with Frankie?" Eve asked. "She seemed cut up."

"Oh, she lost money in the afternoon. She's such a fool."

"Of course she's a fool," said Alec from behind his paper; "only people who win ought to play cards."

"Idiot," remarked his sister-in-law. "But Frankie oughtn't to gamble."

"She's just phoned," Belle announced. "She's coming over to lunch. She's awfully low."

"Why doesn't she go to work if she's really so poor?" Ma Benham asked with a trace of sharpness.

"She's not poor," Alec corrected her; "she's just broke."

Belle could not imagine a girl like Frankie Carlyle working.

"Besides, what could she do?"

"You bet I'd find something to do if I were in my twenties and had my health," asserted Ma Benham.

"Frankie's thirty, and she's never done anything in her life. She belongs in a home. If Tom only wasn't so slow —— She'd make him a splendid wife."

"I don't think!" Ma Benham's neck stiffened perceptibly.

"She's good-looking, smart, wide awake, travels in the right set. What do you want for your darling boy—an angel?"

"No, I want a real woman. Not a parasite that'll just be marrying him to keep from going to work. I hate parasites."

"Mother Benham"—Alec twirled his little pointed mustache—"if you are insulting my wife ——"

"Mother," broke in Eve, "you're not like yourself at all. You never used to snap people up that way. You're just making yourself needlessly unhappy. You've certainly got everything in the world to make you contented and not an earthly thing to worry about. I bet there isn't a woman out home that doesn't envy you."

"I'd be all right if you didn't all go round with thermometers. All I need is something to do."

"Do?" asked Belle. "What do other women your age do?"

"Play with their grandchildren," said Ma Benham.

Belle sighed. "What are your plans for today?" she inquired indulgently.

Plans! Ma Benham curbed her desire to be sarcastic. She knew how well they meant it.

"I'll take a walk in the park and watch the children play."

"Don't you want the car? I'll be sending François back ——"

"No, thank you. I'd rather walk. I have some sewing to do first."

"I had Miller sew the hooks and eyes on your dyed waist, if that's what you mean. No need for you to strain your eyes when I have Miller "

"But I like to do it, Belle," Ma Benham protested feebly.

"Nonsense. You sewed enough to last you a lifetime. I should think the very sight of a needle would make you ill."

"Wouldn't you like to wrap me in wadding and keep me in an even temperature?"

"You can joke about it," said Eve, "but it's no joke for us to have you sick. Why don't you see the picture at the Rialto this afternoon?"

"Heavens! I'm so sick of movies - "

"There's a lecture on Russian music at the club, if you'd like."

"No, thanks." Ma's tightly shut lips showed what she thought of the club.

"Well, of course," said Belle wearily, "if you won't interest yourself in anything ——"

Ma went upstairs to her room and looked round rather helplessly. It was in perfect order. There was absolutely nothing she could do to it. She opened her underwear drawer and rearranged the neat piles of garments. All her life she had begun the day by first putting away her clothes. She opened the closet and took down a hanger and regarded her dyed waist regretfully. The hooks and eyes were all neatly sewed on. She could have cried. She had counted on half a morning's work.

Ma Benham sat in an easy-chair in the window and opened the morning paper. She had always loved to snatch a hurried reading of the paper out of a crowded day. Now that she had nothing else to do, however, and the paper had become a regular morning rite, Ma Benham did not enjoy it so much. It was like making a meal of strawberries.

She read the paper very carefully—including the death notices. She never recognized a name, as she had in Toledo, but she used to speculate on whether the women of sixty who died had been seized with some sudden illness or had merely died. They probably didn't mind much either way. Except, perhaps, those who had grandchildren.

She read the advertisements too. Not that she ever bought any clothes. The girls quarreled with her because she said one black silk dress was about the same as another and refused to buy anything except a suit. However, she read the ads because for so many years she had read them to keep abreast of the fashions and to figure where she could save half a dollar on a suit for Tommy—and whether it would be cheaper to make Belle a coat or pick one up at a sale.

She dallied with the idea of going for a walk. But she lacked the ambition to start. She supposed that was old age. She never really felt like doing anything any more. She picked up a book listlessly. Reading, too, had gone back on her. For so many years it had had the zest of a stolen pleasure. But now—well, it seemed a poor way to spend the day, just reading.

At one o'clock she went down to lunch. Eve was still wearing her blue tailormade, but Belle had changed to something black and draped. Frankie Carlyle was a pretty, just-beginning-to-fade blond girl, whose pale bobbed hair and whose figure were girlishly youthful but whose face was thinning under the cheek bones and about her rather pointed nose. She used scarcely any make-up except a black penciled rim about her gray eyes and continuing the short curved line of her brows, and an elaborately applied coating of mascaro on each of her scanty lashes. She wore a blue suit, of which she could not remove the coat because the sleeves of the frilled blouse underneath had succumbed to too many launderings.

Ma Benham did not really dislike Frankie; only she did not want her as a wife for Tom. She felt even friendly today when Frankie spoke of taking a job. The girls found the very notion too absurd.

But later, while they were getting their wraps, "I've got to get a job," she reiterated to Ma Benham. "I'm desperate. I'm seven hundred in the hole and no earthly chance of making it up. I can't stand the strain any longer."

At that moment Ma almost liked her. "What kind of job do you want?"

"Oh—I don't know—I'd do anything."

"Can you do anything?"

"No," admitted Frankie ruefully, "not a darn thing."

"Why don't you take a business course?"

"It costs money. And takes time. I've got to do something right away. The girls don't realize it, Mother Benham, but I've touched bottom. Also my last relative."

"Have you looked in the papers?"

"Why, no—I ——"

"Don't you think you might find something?"

"Oh, I'm such a dub. I wouldn't know what to say. What good are friends anyway?" she burst out irritably. "Wouldn't you think somebody'd exert herself and say 'Frankie, here's a job you can get'? I can't just go to a strange man and say 'Give me a job,' because he'd say 'What can you do?' and I'd have to admit, nothing. But if somebody'd only say to somebody 'I know a nice girl and she's desperately in need of work and she'll do anything'! And I would, too, Mother Benham; I really would."

After she had gone Ma Benham picked up the Want Ads. Of course if she had been in Frankie's place she wouldn't have waited for somebody else to get her work. But girls like Frankie were brought up so badly. And there was an ad that had caught Ma Benham's eye earlier in the day—Mother's Helper. As Belle had said, Frankie belonged in a home. Of course it was a servant's position—still, this particular ad had been worded so attractively that Ma Benham had noticed it. There it was. The woman distinctly said she did not want a servant, but someone with whom she could trust her children part of each day while she went to business. Ma Benham realized it might be difficult to convey to Frankie just what she felt about this particular ad. Besides, by the time she could get hold of Frankie the place might be filled. Whereas, if she looked into it—and she had nothing better to do—then she could speak to Frankie about a concrete proposition. Hadn't Frankie said that was what she wanted somebody to do for her?

Ma Benham called the number on the telephone. Yes, a low voice belonged to Mrs. Wylie who had advertised. No, the position was not yet filled. What was the name, please? Carlyle, Ma replied. Would Miss Carlyle come up and talk it over? Ma did not attempt to explain over the phone. She merely said she would come.

As she hung up the receiver Ma's heart began to beat and something like animation raced through her veins. She felt fine. She had some place to go.

She felt a little like a bad boy playing truant as she crossed Columbus Circle and slipped down the stairs into the Subway. Her pulses were thumping and she looked behind her several

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"It's Too Bad," Said Tom, "Your Children Don't Understand You and Take Care of You So You Could Stay at Home Like Other Old Ladies"

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 22, 1922

The War Finance Corporation

THREE influences have combined to convert the pessimism of the American farmer into optimism: The rise in prices of agricultural products, the decline in costs of operations, and the ameliorating interventions of the War Finance Corporation. The rises in prices have not been reflected to the farmer in full measure. For example, the rise in the price of wheat came after most of the crop had left the farm. But the higher price has a positive value, since it stands as the promise of the return on the new crop. With the increased prices the grower contrasts the lowered costs of production, and the margin gives him ground for hope and confidence. Reduction in freight rates should go far toward completing what is desired in the clarification of price relations, though much still remains to be done in the direction of lowering of prices of finished goods consumed by the country people. The operations of the War Finance Corporation have helped greatly during an interim period of disorganization of business. In the timeliness, rather than in the dimensions, of the acts of this body are the largest effects to be noted.

To date, the War Finance Corporation has advanced more than three hundred and fifty million dollars in aid of agricultural producers. The law does not permit the corporation to loan to individuals. It loans to banks, loan companies, cooperative associations and export companies. Loans have been made for the benefit of practically every farm product, and in every state. Sometimes the loans have directly averted bankruptcy, or at least ruinous liquidation of products. Stability has been restored to marketing operations. Confidence has been reëstablished between bankers and farmers. The willingness of the corporation to make loans has led banks to follow them. Marketing, manufacturing and exporting of farm materials have been brought back into normal channels. Everywhere one hears praise of the directors.

Applications for loans receive sympathetic consideration. The business views of the corporation are catholic and progressive. The treatment is symptomatic, but the experts make careful diagnoses before applying treatment. One by one, stumbling groups of producers are helped to their feet. The corporation has carefully avoided the attitude of paternalism, and studied avoidance of the appearance of Government in business is clearly in evidence. The operations of the corporation bring out the need of middle-term credits for farmers. But they do not breed expectation of government credits, once conditions are restored to the plane of normal processes. There will be no backwash of governmental lending or price fixing. Congress has prolonged the life of the corporation. This is much safer than passing bloc legislation for credits to agriculture. The one procedure cultivates the self-reliance of farmers; the other makes them tenants of the Government. It is a cause for congratulation that the operation of the War Finance Corporation has been in the hands of men who believed in individual initiative in agriculture as the basis of national prosperity.

Illogic in the Logician

THE Hon. Bertrand Russell, of Cambridge University, has long been a leading writer on subjects mathematical and philosophical. In 1914 he delivered as the Lowell Lectures an inquiry on Our Knowledge of the External World that was highly praised. Previously he had published original contributions to mathematics. During the war he was a pacifist and conscientious objector. Two years ago he made a tour of Russia, and published an apologia of communism, in which the communists found little comfort. His position is that of an advanced socialist of evolutionary type.

In a description of the future ideal state he makes the following statement:

> As regards distribution, what is paid for each kind of work must be fixed by a public authority, with a minimum of what is required for bare necessities, and a maximum of what will give the greatest incentive to efficient work. . . . What is essential is that a man should not be able to extort profit by his possession of means of production, whether land or capital. But Socialism certainly has as its ideal equality of income, subject only to such modification as may be imposed by the special needs of various classes of workers.

This is a hedge unworthy of a philosopher. The necessity of "a maximum of what will give the greatest incentive to efficient work" is an old capitalistic principle that forced recognition in Soviet Russia. What is the efficient man to do with the maximum, the high wage or salary necessary to induce him to extend himself? He may not invest it in land or in the tools of production, because that would enable him to "extort profit by his possession of means of production." The man of large income could hoard money, a provision against a rainy day. Presumably he could not bequeath hoarded money to heirs. He could invest his surplus income in works of art, in endowing institutes of learning. That has been done in capitalistic society. He could spend his large income in luxurious living. Indeed, that is about all Mr. Russell would leave to be done with large incomes. Luxurious living is now a common way of disposing of large incomes.

The inequality of income of which the older socialists complained was really inequality of standard of living. But precisely this is made obligatory on the man of efficiency in the new society of Mr. Russell. This is certainly a fine twist to "equality of income." Marx believed that equality of income and of standard of living was vital to his system, and that men would work unequally, but each to his uttermost, for the same return. Mr. Russell, forced to concede that greater incentives are required by men of larger capacity, grants such incentives, but compels the recipients to spend the incomes, with the result of producing inequality of standard of living, the abolition of which was the chief object of socialistic theory. This is surely a surprising inconsistency in a logician. Can it be that even a logician cannot remove the inconsistencies from socialism?

Americans will be interested in an interpretative comment. Our Government has made certain stipulations with respect to our relations with Russia, dealing in no wise with European politics but solely with elemental matters like security of life and property. Mr. Russell compares us with people of affairs in other countries, referring to "the big capitalists of America, who are more naïve, more untouched by modern thought than any other set of men, with the exception possibly of a few Central African negroes."

Whether we are judged from personal contact and observation or by ratiocination is not stated. This African insularity doubtless explains many of our peculiarities. This may be the reason why our Government, reflecting its big capitalists, is naïve enough not to want to lend Europe any money. It may also explain why Mr. Russell prefers to write for American rather than English periodicals. It gives him opportunity to try his theories on raw material. But in all probability we shall be as naïve and "untouched by modern thought" after we have read the writings of the Hon. Bertrand Russell as we were before.

Fists Across the Sea

THE other day an English court sentenced one Horatio Bottomley to seven years at penal servitude. Mr. Bottomley was a member of Parliament, and was long editor of a weekly publication. His claim to notoriety arises largely from his hatred of America and Americans and from his efforts, persistently exercised through the columns of his paper and from his seat in the House of Commons, to make his fellow countrymen detest and execrate ours. It was not for this, however, that Mr. Bottomley was sentenced to seven years of penal servitude, but for what laymen might regard as a lesser offense. His case is now on appeal.

England has no monopoly of publicists of this species. In America we find specimens of the genus highly placed in the yellow, the pink and even in the quasi-respectable press; in the House, in the Senate and in public life.

Writers and editors are not to be hastily lumped in with the venomous species because what they write or print sometimes proves disagreeable reading in countries not their own. To stand up for the rights of their country and of their countrymen is part of their bounden duty. The length, breadth and depth of fair discussion are theirs by right; and it is not to be forgotten that this right was won for the English-speaking world only after centuries of struggle, by sturdy English writers, printers, parliamentary reporters and petit jurymen who laughed at prison bars until they saw the thing through. Fair discussion of international issues does not include wanton mischief-making. Fair discussion does not monger malicious stories reflecting on foreign nations, which though not known to be lies bear every mark of untruth. Its bounds are those of decency and of good faith.

We still recall with pleasant feelings of gratitude Robert Browning's excuse for being late to an appointment. The poet explained that he had remained overlong at his club in order to blackball a London editor who was notorious for his efforts to stir up animosities between England and America. The poet-philosopher knew that the blackball in social, in business and in political life is the surest exterminator of these trouble-makers.

Red and Black

VIVID language and graphic symbols may not change the facts of existence, but they are a help to the readier understanding of truth. When it is stated that a business enterprise "has been operating in the black since March" or "we threw the red ink out of the window in February" the essential condition of business profits and losses is brought home to the least interested. For years it has been a common practice to use red ink instead of black in showing a loss or deficit on corporate books, but not until the heavy losses of 1921 did the contrast in colors come to have a widely understood meaning.

Fortunately the last few months have witnessed a procession of accounting officials on their way to the window to throw out the bottles of red ink. There has been steady pruning of overhead, a weeding out of workers of every grade from laborer to president, provided the wages or salaries paid bore an inflated ratio to the service rendered.

There has been an intensification of sales efforts, a finding of new markets and new uses for products. But greater by far than the work of man, more efficacious than the exertions of the most brilliant managerial genius, has been the slow but certain reaping of Father Time.

No doubt there are many evidences of business improvement whose recital would make a more impressive showing of economic learning and analytical power, but none are more convincing than the change from red to black.

AN OUTLINE OF POLITICS

By Will Payne

I BEGAN to participate actively in politics under shocking conditions. This was in Nebraska in the '80's. By gang rule a lawyer of my town was elected to the State Senate. He chose me as his secretary. Thus I was enabled to observe the operations of a corrupt political machine from the inside.

My town boasted fifteen hundred inhabitants and actually had more than half that many. When I arrived there a few years before, at the age of fourteen, it was so new that the shingles were just getting weather-stained and a pleasant smell of new lumber and fresh paint pervaded the air.

In time I knew the local political machine rather intimately. All lawyers and editors were ex-officio members of it. American political experience pretty much began on the shore of Massachusetts Bay with political affairs in the hands of preachers. With no disrespect to the cloth one may note the historic fact that they made a mess of it. Thenceforth, until quite recently, political affairs were mostly in the hands of the legal profession—which, to give the devil his due, did somewhat better at it. In the '80's, all over the United States outside of big cities with their legal specialists, the shingle of any disciple of Blackstone might have read this way: John Smith, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Politics

Looking back, it is surprising how much law that small frontier community had need of. For our eight hundred bona fide inhabitants I can count up six or seven lawyers, and probably I have forgotten a few. Besides lawyers and editors our machine included Dele Morrow, the druggist; Sam Stout, the postmaster; Let Warner, a grocer; and my uncle, the town banker. Those come to mind now; doubtless there were others.

It was as thoroughly capitalistic and bourgeois a machine as ever existed. Only the vested interests were represented in it, said interests consisting of the bank, two drug stores, three groceries, a furniture shop, and other items of like nature. I am sure the notion of admitting a laborer or even a mechanic would have struck the machine members with surprise. All members of it were capitalists. Dele Morrow and Let Warner, for example, were probably worth four or five thousand dollars apiece, and Sam Stout, the postmaster, owned a good story-and-a-half frame house with an L, painted bright yellow. There were capitalists who did not belong to the machine—because their tastes did not run in that direction. As they looked at it, the rewards were not worth the bother.

A Matter of Taste

YET the rewards were considerable. For one thing there was the precious satisfaction of being on the inside and having a finger in the pie—of slipping into the snug little convocation at Judge Hammond's office, or my senator's, or in the back room of the bank, and confidentially talking over the prospective candidates and fixing up the slate, while mere citizens remained in outer ignorance. And there was the sportsman's reward of playing an exciting game.

Any game whatsoever is exciting to people who are interested in it. I have seen a very capable man get all wrought up over a rare postage stamp. Colonel Roosevelt spoke contemptuously of golf because it didn't interest him; but many an able citizen has got more excited over a golf score than he ever was over the colonel's political propositions. The political game interested some capitalists very much; they belonged to the machine.

A lank Yankee farmer named Dan Paddock, living seven or eight miles south of town, was an outstanding figure in county politics. After many a hard day's work he hitched up and drove miles to a caucus or to one of the more informal gatherings of the machine. I observed him several times at county conventions and the like, where he was either chairman or a conspicuous figure on the floor. Any child could see that he was simply reveling in it, eating it up. He never sought an office, so far as I know, but he loved the game.

Nearer town lived old Ben Hewitt, one of my choicest farmers. He didn't care a rap for politics, but he loved draw poker. I see him now, the steel-bowed spectacles pushed far up on his benevolent forehead, judiciously scanning his hand at one of the sociable little gatherings in the back room over the harness shop—wicked, and happy as a clam.

It would be well after midnight when he quit. The weather might be inclement or the horses might be tired, in which case no decent man would make the poor beasts stand for hours at a hitching post; so old Ben would plod the two miles home on foot. Dan Paddock got his emotional reactions out of politics. Ben Hewitt got his out of draw poker. No one can account for tastes. Mostly, belonging to the political machine was a matter of taste—just as it is today.

The county machine was a product of the various local machines. Probably Judge Hammond and my senator and Dele Morrow, or Sam Stout, would meet similar representatives of seven or eight other nefarious local organizations and thresh out the great question whether the county treasurership was to go to Smithville or Jonesville that year. Nine-tenths of the burning questions which racked and fevered our county machine were of a geographical nature. There was only one political party to speak of. Here and there eccentric individuals called themselves Democrats; but there were not enough of them then to make a party to be reckoned with.

So the great question was whether the nomination for a certain office should go to Jones of Smithville or Smith of

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SEEING AMERICA LAST. OUR GENERATION SAW IT FIRST

THE VAN ROON

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

X

THE next morning was Friday, and Foxy Face, true to the appointment he had made with S. Gedge, Antiques, came at ten o'clock with a friend. A quarter before that hour William had been sent to the King's Road, Chelsea, in quest of a Jacobean carving table for which his master had a customer.

June, in anticipation of the event, took care to be busy in a distant corner of the shop when these gentlemen arrived. As on the occasion of Louis Quinze-Legs' previous visit, Uncle Si lost no time in going himself to fetch the picture, but his prompt return was fraught for June with bitter disappointment. By sheer ill luck, as it seemed, his stern eye fell on her at the very moment he gave the picture to Mr. Thornton's friend, a morose-looking man in a seedy frock coat and a furry topper.

"Niece," sharply called S. Gedge, Antiques, "go and do your dusting somewhere else."

There was no help for it. June could almost have shed tears of vexation, but she had to obey. The most she dared venture in the way of appeasing a curiosity that had grown terrific was to steal back on tiptoe a few minutes later to retrieve a pot of furniture polish she had been clever enough to leave behind. Like a mouse she crept back for it, but Uncle Si flashed upon her such a truculent eye that without trying to catch a word that was passing she simply fled.

Fear seized her. She felt sure that she had seen the last of the picture. Her distrust of S. Gedge, Antiques, had become so great that she was now convinced that money would tempt him to anything. Twenty miserable minutes she spent wondering what she must do if the picture was disposed of there and then. She tried to steel her heart against the fact, now looming inevitable, that she would never see it again.

At last the visitors left the shop. June then discovered that her fears had carried her rather too far, and that for the time being, at any rate, Uncle Si had been done an injustice.

He shambled slowly into the kitchen and to June's intense relief the picture was in his hand.

"Niece," he said threatfully, "understand, once and for all, that I won't have you hanging about the shop when I am doing business with important customers."

The sight of the picture was so much more important than the words which came out of his mouth that June felt inclined to treat them lightly.

"I'm telling you!" said the old man fiercely. "Mark what I say! I won't have females listening with their mouths open when I'm doing business. And don't laugh at me, else you'll have to pack your box. Here!" Uncle Si handed her the picture with a scowl. "Take this back to where it came from; and just remember what's been said to you, or you'll find yourself short of a week's pocket money."

Adjured thus, June was a model of discretion for the rest of that day; and yet she was the prey of a devouring curiosity. She would have given much to know what had taken place in the course of the morning's traffic with Louis Quinze-Legs and his friend. It was not until suppertime that she was able to gather a clew, when Uncle Si mentioned the matter to William. He was careful to do so, however, in the most casual way.

"By the way, boy," said the old man, gravely balancing a piece of cheese on the end of his knife, and fixing June with his eye as he did so, "that daub of yours—I've had Mr. Thornton here to look at it."

"I hope he liked it, sir," said William with his eager smile.

Uncle Si pursed his mouth. Then he went through the rest of his performance, which on this occasion ended in a noise through closed lips like a hornet's drone, which might have meant anything. June felt an insane desire to give the old wretch a punch on his long and wicked nose.

"What did he think of the cloud?" asked William. "And the light of the sun striking through on to the water?"

All the Same It Was a Rare Experience to Walk Abroad With William

"He says it's a very rough and dirty, and in bad condition, but if I could buy it for two pounds he might be able to show me a small profit."

"I should think so," murmured June, holding a glass of water in suspense.

Uncle Si laid down his knife and looked at her.

"You think so, niece!" he snarled. "Have the goodness to mind your own affairs, or you and I will quarrel. That's twice to-day I've had to speak to you."

June covered a retreat from the impossible position strong feelings had led her into by emptying her glass in one fierce draught.

"You see, boy," said Uncle Si, turning to William with a confidential air, "this—this picture"—it seemed a great concession on his part to allow that the thing was a picture at all—"is without a signature. That makes it almost valueless."

William smiled and gently shook his head.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but it is signed in every line."

"Rubbish! No theorizing—this is a business proposition. And I tell you that without the signature this pity of pretty-pretty just amounts to nix." The old man gave his fingers a contemptuous snap. "That's what it amounts to. But as you've taken the trouble to bring it all the way from Suffolk and you've spent a certain amount of your master's time in trying to get it clean, as I say, I'll spring a couple of pounds to encourage you. But why I should I really don't know."

June was hard-set to refrain from breaking the peace which followed with the laugh of derision. Happily, by a triumph of will power, she bridled her tongue and kept her eyes modestly upon her plate.

"Now, boy!" Uncle Si made a series of conjurer's passes with his spectacles. "Two pounds! Take it or leave it! What do you say?"

William did not say anything, yet one of his shy smiles was winged to June across the table. She promptly sent back a scowl quite feral in its truculence, which was counteracted by a world of eloquence and humor behind it. There was no other way of intimating that Uncle Si must not learn too soon that the picture was now hers.

William—no fool, if he chose to use his wits—was able to interpret this wireless. Thus he began to temporize; and he did so in a way delightfully his own.

"What difference, sir, do you think the signature would make to this little gem?"

The old man gave his assistant a look almost superhuman in its caution.

"Heh?" said he.

The question was repeated.

"Depends whose it is," was the testy answer. "You know that as well as I do. If it's Hobbema's it might be worth money."

"It isn't Hobbema's."

"Ah!" said S. Gedge, Antiques. "Interesting to know that." Had he been on winking terms with his niece he would have winked at her; as it was he had to be content with a sarcastic glance at the tablecloth. "But how do you know?" he added, idly careless.

"Anyone can see it isn't."

Anyone could not see it wasn't a Hobbema, and that was the snag in the mind of the old man at this moment. Neither Mr. Thornton nor his friend Mr. Finch was quite certain it was not a Hobbema; they were even inclined to think that it was one, but in the absence of proof they were not disposed to gamble upon it.

"How do you mean, boy, that anyone can see it isn't?"

"That bit of sunlight, sir." The voice of William was music and poetry in the ear of June. "I doubt whether even Hobbema could have painted that."

"You tell that to the marines," said S. Gedge, Antiques impatiently. All the same he knew better than to discourage William in the process of unbosoming himself. The young man was continually betraying such a knowledge of a difficult and abstruse subject that it was becoming a source of wonder to his master. "Maybe you've found somebody else's signature?" The tone was half a sneer.

"Yes, sir, I rather think I have," said William quite calmly and simply.

"You have!" A sudden excitement fused the cold voice. "When did you find it?"

"It would be about half an hour ago."

"Oh, indeed!"

This queer fellow's casual tone was extremely puzzling. Why should he be inclined to apologize for having discovered the name of the artist, when it was of such vital importance? The explanation of the mystery at once presented itself to the astute mind which asked the question.

"Then I expect you've been a fool. If you couldn't find Hobbema's signature you had no right to find the signature of anyone else."

William was out of his depth. He could only regard his master with eyes of bewilderment. But June was not out of hers; she was careful, all the same, not to regard Uncle Si with eyes of any kind. She merely regarded her plate. And as she did so a little shiver that was almost pain ran through her. Uncle Si was such a deep one that she felt ashamed of knowing how deep he was.

"I don't understand, sir," said William in the way that only he could have spoken.

"Boy," said his master, "you make me tired. In some ways you are clever, but in others you are just the biggest

(Continued on Page 26)

HAVE SOUP EVERY DAY FOR LUNCHEON

Delicious Vegetables in every spoonful!

Just taste it! Every time you dip your spoon into Campbell's Vegetable Soup you are rewarded with luscious, hearty food

Fifteen tempting succulent vegetables, substantial cereals, rich invigorating meat broth in a thick, filling soup, heavy-laden with tastiness and nourishment! It's a joy to be hungry and have Campbell's Vegetable Soup to give your appetite such fun! Dainty little peas, baby limas, Chantenay carrots, golden turnips, diced potatoes—whites and sweets—chopped cabbage, full-ripe tomatoes, sugary corn, crisp celery, alphabet macaroni, barley, French leeks, okra, fresh parsley, and other choice ingredients are all blended into this one delightful, popular soup. Order Campbell's Vegetable today.

Nobody can say I'm a dummy
For with Campbell's I always am chummy.
At night or at noon
I'm right there with my spoon
Taking care of my round little tummy!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

idiot that ever happened. I should have thought a child would have known that this has either got to be a Hobbema or it has got to be nothing. The best thing you can do is to go upstairs right now and take out that signature."

"But I understood you to say, sir, that the picture has no market value without a signature."

"No more it has, you fool! But there may be those who think it's a Hobbema. And if there are it is up to us to help them to keep on thinking so."

June hung breathlessly on every word that passed. She watched William shake his head in slow and grave perplexity.

"But anybody can see that it isn't a Hobbema!"

"Anybody can't!" said the old man. "Mr. Thornton can't, for one, and he's a pretty good judge, as a rule. Mr. Finch is more doubtful, but even he wouldn't like to swear to it."

William shook his head.

"Boy, you are a fool. You are getting too clever; you are getting above your trade. Go at once and take out that signature, whatever it may be, provided it isn't Hobbema's, and I'll give you two pounds for the thing as it stands. And let me tell you, two pounds is money."

William shook his head a little more decisively.

"I'd have to paint out the trees," he said, "and the water, and that cloud, and that bit of sunlight, before I could begin to touch the signature."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a Van Roon," said William in a voice so gentle that he might have been speaking to himself.

S. Gedge, Antiques, laid his knife on his plate with a clatter. He gave an excited snort.

"Van Fiddlestick!"

William's smile grew so intense that June could hardly bear to look at him.

"Every inch of it," said William—"and there are not so many—is Van Roon."

"Why, there are only about a dozen Van Roons in existence!" said the old man, a queer little shake coming into his voice.

"There's one more now, sir." William's own voice was curiously soft.

XI

"IF YOU go on like this," said S. Gedge, Antiques, after a pause full of drama, "you will have to have a cold compress put on your head. Do you mean to tell me you have actually found the signature?"

"Yes, sir," said William, "right down in the corner about half an hour ago."

"Then why didn't you say so, instead of keeping it all to yourself?"

"Because it doesn't seem half so important as the other things I've found."

"What other things?"

"The trees and the water and that ——"

"We've heard more than enough about those. Here have you been rubbing for that signature for the best part of a fortnight, and you pretend to have found a Van Roon, and you keep it as close as the tomb."

"I had found Van Roon, sir, long before I came upon his name."

"Rubbish! What do you know of Van Roon?"

"There is a Van Roon in the treasure house in the square," said William with his inward smile.

"There's only one!" snapped S. Gedge, Antiques, "in the treasure house in the square, as you call it, and it's a very small one too."

"Ours is very small, sir. All Van Roons are small. And they are very scarce."

"They are so scarce, my friend, that you'll never convince anybody that ours is genuine."

"There's no need, sir, provided you know it is yourself."

"But that's just what I don't know," said the old man. "Anyhow, you had better go upstairs and fetch it. I'll have a look at the signature of Mynheer Van Roon." And then Uncle Si scowled at his niece, who, in a state of growing excitement, had already begun to remove the bread and cheese from the supper table.

While the young man went up to the attic his master ruminated.

"Fellow's cracked," he declared, a hostile eye still fixed upon June. "That's his trouble. I'll never be able to make anything of him. This comes of Hobbemaizing. Van Fiddlestick!"

"Uncle Si," said June in the voice of a dove, "if it is a Van Roon, what is the value of it?"

"Heh?" growled Uncle Si, and his eye became that of a kite. "Never you mind. Get on with the clearing of that table and don't interfere. I never knew such creatures as women for minding other people's business. But I can tell you this—only a born fool would talk of Van Roon!"

A born fool came down the stairs at that moment, the picture in one hand, a microscope in the other.

"It's not a very good light, sir"—William's voice trembled a little—"but I think if you hold it up to the gas you will be able to see the signature right down in the corner. Just there, sir, along by my thumb."

The old man, glass in hand, brought a long and earnest scrutiny to bear upon the spot along by William's thumb. Then he shook his head sagely.

"No, it is just as I thought. There doesn't begin to be the sign of a signature."

"Don't you see the upstroke of the R?"

"Don't I see the leg of my grandmother!"

"Just there, sir. Round by the edge of my finger nail."

S. Gedge, Antiques, solemnly exchanged his selling spectacles for his buying ones, screwed up his eyes and grunted: "Why, that's the tail of a Q, you fool." Again he took up the microscope and made prodigious play with it. "That's if it's anything; which I take leave to doubt."

William, however, was not to be moved. And then Uncle Si's manner had a bad relapse. He began to bully; but William stuck to his guns with a gentle persistence that June could only admire. This odd but charming fellow would have Van Roon or he would have none.

At last the old man laid the microscope on the supper table, and there came into his cunning, greedy eyes what June called the old crocodile look.

"If you'll take my advice, boy, you'll turn that R into an A, and you'll make that upstroke a bit longer, so that it can stand for an H, and you'll touch up those blurs in the middle, so that ordinary common people will really be able to see that it is a Hobbema. Now what do you say?"

William shook a silent, rather mournful head.

"If you'll do that you shall have five pounds for it. That's big money for a daub for which you paid five shillings, but Mr. Thornton says American buyers are in the market, and with Hobbemas in short supply they might fall for a thing like this."

William was still silent.

"Now what do you say, boy?" The old crocodile was unable to conceal his eagerness. "Shall we say five pounds as it stands? We'll leave out the question of the signature. Mr. Thornton shall deal with that. Now what do you say? Five pounds for it now?"

William did not speak.

It was at the tip of June's tongue to relieve his embarrassment by claiming the picture as her own; but luckily she remembered that to do so just now might have an effect opposite to the one intended. Even as it was she could not refrain from making a mouth at William to tell him to stand firm.

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"We Have Come to See the Van Roon, Sir," Said William Impulsively. "Oh, You Have? Seems to Me, Boy, You've Got Van Roon on the Brain"

Held in High Honor Abroad as at Home

Hupmobile Accepted Everywhere in Foreign Field as the Standard of Rugged Excellence and Long-Sustained Service

Greater volume of sales in the home market is the only point of difference between the Hupmobile abroad and the Hupmobile in America.

Its high standing here is matched by the deep-seated confidence it has inspired on the other side of the seven seas.

Post-war depression interrupted, for a time, the steady sale of American products in Europe, Africa, South America, Australia and the Orient.

But slowly returning stability is heralded by a surprising resumption of Hupmobile demand in every land which holds its name in honor.

Held in honor it *is*, everywhere it is known—with a warmth of appreciation seldom awarded to an American product in the foreign field.

Few American Products Stand So High Abroad

American cars of lighter construction have probably sold in greater volume in the old world—but *no* other American car is so universally accepted there as a standard of rugged excellence and long sustained service.

Just as it is ranked here as the car of the American family, so it is a trusted family institution, accepted as the embodiment of smart style, in England and South Africa, India and Australia, Holland and Belgium.

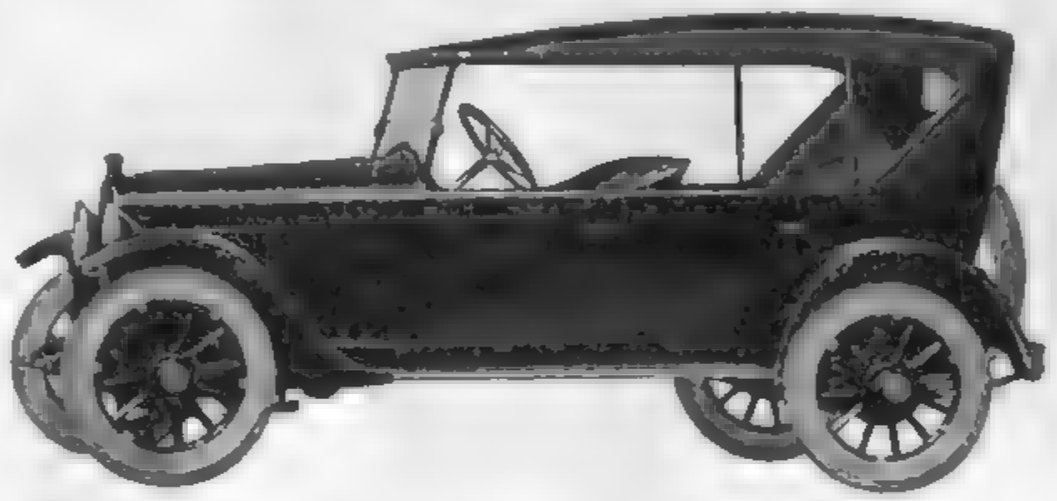
The tests to which it is subjected in some of the far corners of the earth are such that no car of lesser construction could possibly survive them.

Here are two typical instances out of scores and hundreds.

Sgt. G. R. Cox, South Persian Rifles, writes from Kerman, South Persia, of bringing two Hupmobiles from Nushki, Baluchistan, to Kerman—800 miles over rugged mountain passes, narrow, rocky river beds and deep sand.

He said they were the first cars to travel the route. Its difficulties are told by the fact that they were 19 days on the road. But they were running as well as ever at the finish.

Fred A. Donnithorne, a scientist and explorer, writes from Bulawayo, Rhodesia, that in all his experiences with cars, he has never seen or heard of a car doing what he saw the Hupmobile do on many occasions.



Touring Car, $1250 Roadster, $1250 Roadster-Coupé, $1485 Coupé, $1535 Sedan, $1975
Cord Tires on all models—Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra

How the Hupmobile Stands in Holland

The following are translations of letters written by Hupmobile owners in Holland to Dirk van der Mark, Hupmobile representative in Amsterdam. They are typical of the spirit shown toward the Hupmobile all over the world.

In the past summer we drove a Hupmobile under full load 4,000 kilometers in three weeks, over Alpine passes, such as the Grande Chartreuse, the Lautaret, the Galibier, the Stilfser Joch, the Col d Allos, the Thorame Haut, and on to the Mediterranean. We drove special-train rapidities, made day's marches of 450 kilometers and more, arrived at fixed time and throughout the three weeks we never touched a tool on the way.

HENRY MEIJER, Arnhem, Holland.

I drove my first Hupmobile about 16,000 kilometers. I drove in it to the Mediterranean via the Grande Route of the Alps, over Lautaret, Col de Vars and Col d'Allos, with absolutely no trouble. My second Hupmobile I drove to Italy over the Grimsel and Simplon, returning over the Gotthard.

P. H. SCHELTEMA BEDUIN, Hilversum.

Last year I made a three week trip in France, where I crossed the Col de Galibier, the highest pass except one, in Europe. I can't say anything else than that the Hupmobile is absolutely satisfactory.

A. DE KUYTER, Amsterdam.

Not only in our country, but also in different trips abroad, the car was always dependable. Even through heavy territory, as the Ardennes, Chemin des Dames, and Britain, my Hupmobile ran absolutely noiselessly, and gave no trouble.

A. D. HAMBURGER, Utrecht.

I have driven a Hupmobile for seven years, almost every day. By night and day, in terrible cold or extreme heat, on plain and mountain roads, and very bad roads, always was she faithful and absolutely dependable. Time and time again I had to pull bigger cars that had failed on the roads I travel.

DR. BAUME, Amsterdam.

Last August I made a trip to Carlsbad and Marienbad, about 2,000 kilometers. The Hupmobile made the trip, notwithstanding the hot summer days and heavy mountain roads, without the slightest trouble. Only once, on an exceptionally steep incline, had I to change to low speed.

J. H. L. ANDRIESSE, The Hague.

Holds the Same Confidence All Over the World

The *service* the Hupmobile gives—its absolute reliability miles from any source of repair work and repair parts, and for days and weeks of rigorous travel—is the reason it stands so high in foreign lands.

For years, Americans here at home have placed an extraordinary degree of confidence in the Hupmobile. They have singled it out as an especially good car to buy and to own.

The same thing has been taking place all over the world.

The Hupmobile is regarded abroad with precisely the same confidence and warmth of general good opinion that it is here at home; and its numbers in use are increasing every year.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 26)

He saw the mouth, but unfortunately so did Uncle Si. There were few things escaped the old man when he happened to be wearing his buying spectacles.

"Niece, you cut off to bed!" he said sternly. "And you must learn not to butt in or one of these days you'll bite granite."

June showed no desire to obey, but Uncle Si, with a look set and dour, shuffled as far as the parlor door and opened it. "No more of it, my girl." The voice was full of menace.

For one instant more June hesitated. The picture had been given to her, and the right and proper course was to claim it. But this daughter of the Midlands was shrewd and clear-sighted. The revelation sprang to the tip of her tongue, yet a mysterious power seemed to hold it back. She may have expected help from William but he, alas, seemed too much occupied in proving his case to be able to give a moment's thought to the picture's ownership.

"Off to bed with you!" The old man's voice was now savage. "Or ——" There was a world of meaning in the strangled threat.

June climbed up to her attic with the best grace she could, her thunderbolt unlaunched. As slowly she undressed by the uncertain light of one poor candle she felt very unhappy. Not only was there something unpleasant, one might almost say wicked, about Uncle Si, but his manner held a power of menace that fed her growing fear.

What was there to be afraid of? As she blew out the candle and leaped into the meager, rickety bed, which had lumps in the middle, that was the question she put to a rather stricken conscience. To ask the question was not to answer it; a fact she learned after she had said her prayers, in which Uncle Si was dutifully included. Perhaps the root of the mischief was that the old man was so horridly deceitful. While he held the picture up to the light and gazed at it through the microscope she fancied that she had seen the devil peeping out of him. In a vivid flash she had caught the living image of the hoodoo. And June was as certain as that her pillow was hard that cost what it might he had made up his mind to get possession of the treasure.

At the same time she lacked the knowledge to enter fully into the niceties of the case. The picture might be a thing of great value; on the other hand, it might not. She was not in a position to know; yet she was quite sure that William, in spite of his cleverness, was in some ways a perfect gaby and that his master was out to take advantage of the fact.

As she sought in vain for a soft place in her comfortless bed she was inclined to admire her own astuteness in persuading William to bestow the picture upon herself. It was for the sawney's own sake—that, at least, was how she chose to view the transaction now. But a sense of vague triumph was dashed by the thought lurking at the back of her mind. Uncle Si was bound to get the picture from the feckless William somehow; indeed, the young man being as clay in the hands of his master, she was soon besieged with a fear that he had parted with it already.

The slow passing of the tardy minutes gave form and pressure to the specter. With an excitement that grew and grew she listened intently for William ascending to the room next door. Soon or late she would hear his feet on the carpetless stairs; but to one burning with impatience it seemed that an age had to pass.

At last came the sounds for which she was so expectantly listening. The door of the next room was softly closed. What had happened? Was the picture still in his keeping? To lie all night with that question unanswered was more than she could bear. Suddenly she jumped out of bed, flung a mackintosh over her white nightdress so that the proprieties might be observed, thrust her feet into slippers, and then knocked upon William's door.

It was opened at once.

"Why, Miss June!" Astonishment was in the tone. "Are you ill?"

"The picture?" said June in a quick whisper so that Uncle Si should not hear. "You haven't left it downstairs, I hope?"

Laughing gently William half turned from the threshold and pointed to a small table in the middle of the room, on which lay the treasure with a bit of candle burning beside it.

A deep sigh expressed June's relief. "Please give it to me. I will lock it up in my box for safety."

He smiled at her eagerness and declared that it was quite all right where it was. Besides, another week's work was needed to give the last touches to the delicate process of cleaning. June, whose careful bringing up would not allow her to enter the room in such circumstances, tried from its threshold to make clear that the picture was already clean enough for her. But William was not to be moved. Many exquisite details yet called for the labors of a true lover.

"Well, you must promise," whispered June finally, "to take enormous care of it. You must promise not to let it out of your sight for a single moment."

William hesitated to give this pledge. It appeared that his master wanted to show the picture to a friend; a fact which did but serve to confirm June in her suspicions. But she had the wisdom not to put them into words. She was content to affirm once more that the picture was now hers and that she would not trust anyone with a thing of such value.

"What Sort of a Job Do You Expect a Charwoman to Find for Me?" June Asked

"But I'd trust the master with my life," said William softly.

June felt that she would like to chastise him for his innocence. It was not easy to dissemble her feelings. In some things he was almost too simple to live.

Suddenly she gave him a stern good night and abruptly closed the door. But it was long after Saint Martin's Church clock had struck the hour of two that sleep visited her pillow.

XII

THE next day was Saturday; and as the shop closed at one June prepared to keep her promise of accompanying William to his treasure house. Strategy was needed, all the same. After she had washed up she put on her going-out dress. But when she came downstairs in it Uncle Si, who took a most unwelcome interest in all her movements, inquired where she was going.

"To look at a hat," was the answer, bland and cool.

"Going to look at a hat!" To the mind of Uncle Si it was an unheard-of proceeding. "Next thing you'll be wanting to buy a hat."

June confessed that it might be so.

"You've got one already, haven't you? Besides, the shops won't be open."

The good shops might not be open, June allowed. But she was not seeking a good hat. The article to which her fancy turned was for everyday use. Yet when all was said, it was a mere blind. She did not really intend to buy a hat, but she certainly meant, if possible, to throw dust in the eyes of the old crocodile. Had he been able to guess that she was going with William to the National Gallery he would have banned the expedition.

In order to stand well with her conscience and not be a story-teller in the eyes of the world, June walked as far as the Strand, and carefully inspected the window of a cheap milliner's; and then, as arranged, she met William as the clocks were striking three at the Charing Cross corner of Trafalgar Square.

It was a glorious September afternoon. And for June it was an exquisite if brief escape from servitude. She had yet to see William apart from the shop, yet now as she came upon him standing by the post office she was quite struck by his appearance. Tall and slight of form, he carried himself well; his neat suit of blue serge, old though it was in the revealing light of the sun, was brushed with scrupulous care; and his large flowing tie, which he had the art of tying in a way of his own, made him look so interesting that June secretly was rather proud of being seen in his company. For undeniably he was handsome. In fact, standing there straight, alert and smiling upon all the world, he had a look of mysterious charm which in the eye of one beholder raised him above the run of men.

At the sight of June he lifted his old straw hat with a little air of homage and also a slight blush that became him adorably. And in his mood there was a poetry that delighted her, although she was careful not to let him know it.

"How wonderful it all is!" He waved his hand gayly to the sky. "And to think that every bit of it belongs to you and me!"

June, as matter-of-fact a young woman as the city of Blackhampton had ever produced, felt bound to ask what William meant by this extravagant remark. Charmed she was, and yet she was a little scandalized too.

"Beauty, beauty everywhere," said the young man, letting his voice take its delicious fall. "There was an old Frenchman who said that to see beauty is to possess it. Look, Miss June, at that marvelous blue, and those wonderful, wonderful clouds that even Van Roon himself could hardly have painted! It is all ours, you know, all for our enjoyment, all for you and me."

"But you are speaking of the world, aren't you?" There was a slight note of protest in June's solemn tone.

"If you fall in love with beauty all the world is yours. There's no escape from beauty so long as the sky is above us. Wherever we walk we are face to face with beauty."

June was afraid that a girl who looked so smart in a lilac silk dress and a picture hat that she had the air of a fashion plate must have caught William's injudicious observation. At any rate she smiled at him as they passed. But then arose the question, had he not first smiled at her? Certainly to be up against that intriguing frock, to say nothing of the hat, must have meant rare provocation for such an out-and-out lover of the ornamental.

Miss Grandeur, no doubt, had caught the look in his eyes which a minute ago June herself had surprised there. He simply could not help paying tribute to such radiance.

But was the girl beautiful? There was no doubt that William thought so. Still, the worst of that was that in his eyes everything under the sun was beautiful.

"She'd be nothing at all if it were not for the money she spends on herself," June remarked with more severity than relevance.

All the same it was a rare experience to walk abroad with William. He had an eye for all things, and in all things he found the thing he sought.

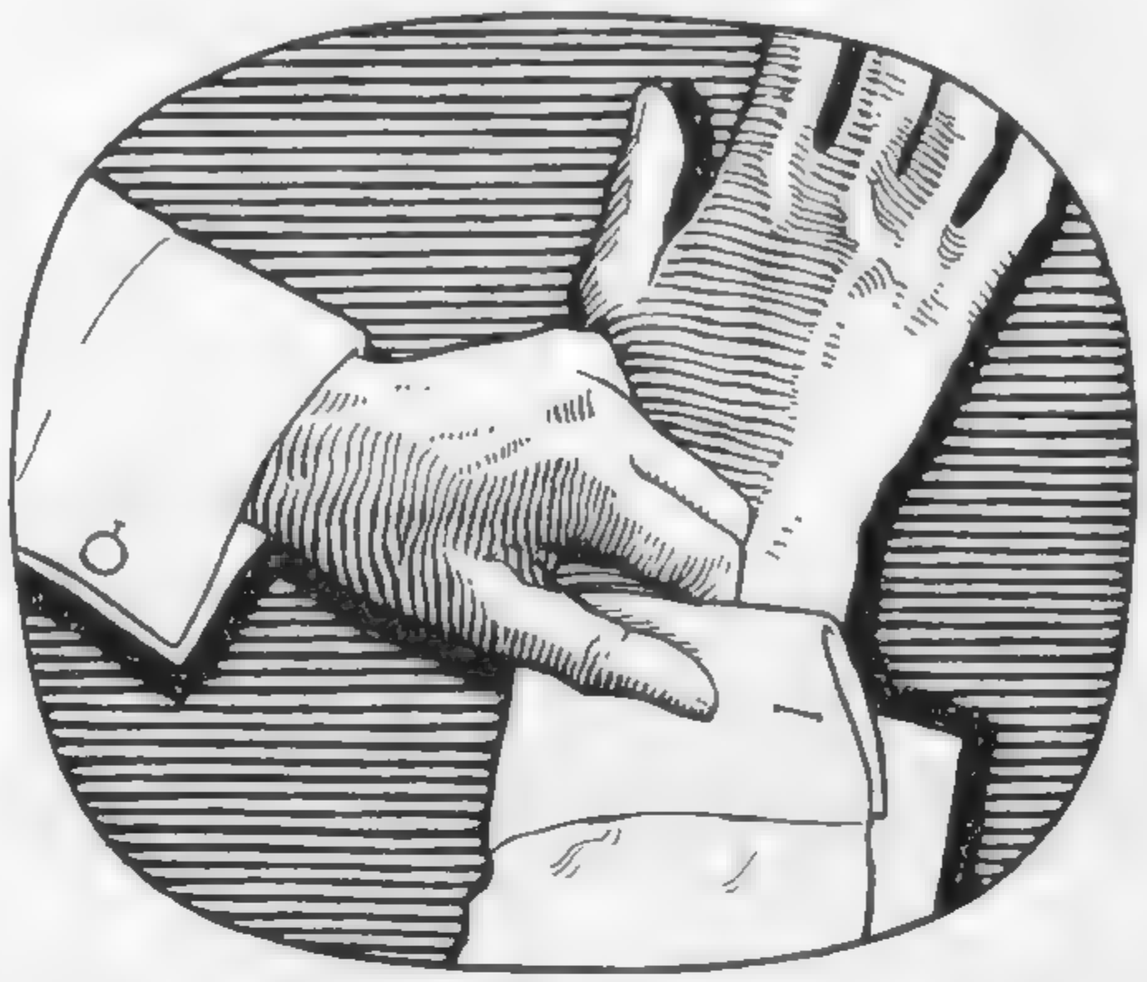
On the steps of the National Gallery was a majestic policeman. To June he was but an ordinary symbol of the law, but for William he had a different message.

"Good afternoon, sir!"

At the compliment of this unwonted style of address Constable X drew himself up and returned the greeting with a proud smile.

"I can't tell you how grateful we are to you," said William, "for taking such care of our treasures."

(Continued on Page 46)



The PHILLIPS CUFF *Shirt*

PAT APPLIED FOR

HERE is a new shirt, with new features and new usefulness. The cuff is woven to turn—it can be reversed—reversed in an instant—reversed without a ridge or a wrinkle. Both sides of the cuff are alike and both sides are the *right* side. Ask your dealer to show you this shirt. Examine the cuff. Note how simple it is and how durable. It doubles the life of the shirt and saves its purchase price in reduced laundry bills.

Made in Seven Different Styles of White Fabrics

No.	*Style*	*Material*	*Price*
1	Philcove	Fine Count Cambric	$2.50
2	Philglen	Corded striped Madras	$2.50
3	Philvale	Superior quality White Oxford	$3.00
4	Phildell	Soft Handkerchief Cloth	$3.50
5	Philrock	Fine quality Corded Madras. Stripes in 3 widths	$3.50
6	Philpark	Superfine Woven Madras. Stripes in 3 widths	$5.00
7	Philpeak	Pure Silk Broadcloth	$7.50

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us, stating number, style and size required, enclosing money order. We shall arrange for prompt delivery to you.

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION, *Makers*

1223 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Also makers of VAN HEUSEN, the World's Smartest Collar, & Van Craft, the new negligee shirt with the VAN HEUSEN collar attached

ON THE SHELF

(Continued from Page 21)

times. She fully expected a hand to be laid on her shoulder and a voice to exclaim, "What are you doing here? And where are you going?" And like a hardened criminal she had her alibi all ready. "I always had a curiosity to see where the Subway ends," she would say.

She very nearly did have her curiosity satisfied, because to reach Mrs. Wylie's address she had to go nearly to the end of the Subway line. She emerged in a section of modern, not unattractive apartment houses overtopping numberless butcher, vegetable, stationery and tailoring shops.

Ma climbed the three flights of stairs to the Wylie apartment with an increasing sense of daring and adventure. True, her heart beat very hard, but that was proof she was still alive.

From the moment the door opened Ma Benham had a sense of fate. That of all the ads in the paper she should unerringly have selected this! Even fastidious Frankie could not cavil at a place like this. A large foyer opened directly into the living room beyond, giving the effect of one enormous room. One entire wall of the foyer was lined with open bookshelves stained, together with the woodwork, a green gray. Against the opposite wall was a gate-leg table with an orange glass bowl, a pair of candlesticks and a mirror. Two pictures leaped from the walls of the room beyond—two large etchings. And Ma Benham, before she turned to the young woman, who had shut the door, noted a small grand piano, a spinet desk, two parchment-shaded lamps, and striped taffeta draperies of gold color over gold net curtains, through which the afternoon sun streamed and fell in a pool of light across a black upholstered couch and dribbled on to the gray rug.

Mrs. Wylie had hair the shade of corn silk and it was waved, either by Nature or design, to follow the contour of her head, and was buried under a vertical comb at the back. Seen in profile her head was perfect. But seen in full the face was too thin, the high cheek bones too marked, the eyes too large. You noticed neither the small straight nose nor the pretty curved mouth at first, because the eyes dominated the face and captured your attention. Much too large not only for the face but for the whole girl, who was not nearly so tall as Ma Benham.

"You came in answer to my ad?" inquired Mrs. Wylie after Ma Benham had seated herself on the couch.

"Yes," replied Ma Benham, still struggling for her breath.

"Well," said Mrs. Wylie as though she were taking a hurdle, "I can't pay much, and there are two children—the youngest only four." When this did not arouse any violence she relaxed into her armchair and continued: "They're very good children, and not a bit of bother. Wilma is seven and she practically takes care of Jean. Jean is four. But I work and it's often necessary for me to be out almost all day, and I either have to keep Wilma out of school or drag the little one downtown with me; and it's very wearing for both of us."

Ma Benham nodded sympathetically. She knew. Mrs. Wylie unbent further.

"When I leave them alone, of course, I worry, although Wilma is so reliable. Still, she's only seven. I think I have a chance to go into something that would pay me. But it's somewhat of an experiment and I couldn't afford to pay much until I saw. I'm a widow, you see, and I can't afford to gamble much. It's quite a problem."

Ma Benham swallowed. Nobody knew any better than she just how much of a problem it was.

"I've an important engagement that will probably keep me downtown all day tomorrow. It's about this new business. I've got to have somebody. You're the only one that's answered my ad. I wish you'd help me out, for a few days anyway. You know," she went on eagerly before Ma Benham could interrupt—there was something about Ma Benham that fairly lured confidences—"I used to have a position downtown. I was a designer of novelties. I had somebody to look after the children. But she wasn't good to them. Oh, it was terrible! Jean was taken very sick—and I found out she fed her things to keep her quiet. And she was impatient with Wilma. She even—hit her! I just couldn't bear to trust them with anybody since. They're such lovely babies. I make things at home and sell them. But now I've this chance—and they're much bigger—and I think I ought to consider the future. And I figured that somewhere in the world there must be someone I can really trust them with; someone that'll really be good to them." She fixed her big somber eyes on Ma Benham, and Ma Benham had the sensation of going under. "I'm sure you're just the right person. Something in me went out to you the moment you came in the door. If you only knew how much it would mean to me, Mrs. Carlyle."

"It's not for myself I'm inquiring, but for a friend of mine. My name is Benham. Her name is Carlyle."

Ma Benham meant to say it. In fact she had struggled to an upright position and cleared her throat, but Mrs. Wylie didn't give her a chance.

"Jean!" she raised her voice and called; and a door leading to a bedroom opened. A little girl with a headful of tightly rolled, very blond curls, dressed in a pink apron which spanned a perfectly rounded chest development beginning under the creases in the neck and extending in an unbroken curve to her legs, stood in the doorway.

"I ath-t you not to dith-turv me," she said, reproach and reproof mingled in the depths of her very blue eyes. Then, noting Ma Benham, she gazed at her in a perplexity which almost immediately gave way to a sort of savagely triumphant joy. "O-o-oh!" she cried ecstatically. "It 'th my gramma!" And propelling herself across the floor with a sort of rolling motion she catapulted herself into Ma Benham's lap, with the aid of Ma Benham's outstretched arms.

Mrs. Wylie apologized. "She's got a grandmother complex. She's always inventing grandmothers. You see, she hasn't any. Just the picture ——"

It was that which haunted Ma Benham long after she had gone to bed that night, and tied her all up in knots on the inside in a way she had not been tied since she stopped making clothes for the children of Belgium.

Mrs. Wylie with her big sad eyes and her problem; Wilma, who could be relied on for anything at seven—she, too, had big brown eyes like her mother, with something about them that caught at your throat, and straight bobbed hair—they touched Ma Benham and stirred her.

But it was Jean who wanted a grandma and had never had anything but a picture. Well, we all have our own particular open sesame to the cave of our treasured follies. Ma Benham called herself an idiot, but she had made up her mind what she meant to do—just for a while, until Mrs. Wylie's affairs were straightened out.

Of course Frankie wouldn't consider the place at six dollars a week. Why, that was only taxi money. Ma Benham hadn't really expected she would. And yet, if nobody came to help her, Mrs. Wylie must forego that engagement on which so much seemed to depend; or keep solemn-eyed Wilma out of school and leave those two babies alone in the flat. That was out of the question. Besides, Ma Benham was utterly thrilled with her idea. It would be such fun! And nobody need know.

"That's right, Mother Benham," Alec had said; "early to bed ——"

Yes, it was good to go to bed early when you had something to get up for.

The next morning when Fuller knocked at Tom's door Ma Benham sat upright in bed. With her right arm she flung back the lavender quilt, flung it all the way. Then she stepped out of bed briskly and turned on her own bath. In the closet she found her old black suit, the one she had promised not to wear again. But of course she couldn't go up and help out in her Poiret twill.

"Hello," Tom greeted her at breakfast. "What are you up to?"

"Why, nothing."

"Don't lie to me. All dressed and eating so early? What is it? Something so bad you can't even tell me?"

"Well, don't tell the girls, but I'm going to help out a friend who has no one to leave with her children. Belle and Eve wouldn't understand."

"Neither do I, but it doesn't sound so terrible. I'll keep your dark secret. Who's the friend? Toledo?"

"No; a new friend I just made here in New York."

Ma Benham sighed to herself. What an easy time Tom's wife would have! What a pity if he didn't get the right kind of woman. She kissed him good-by as usual, but did not stand, as usual, in the doorway watching him go. She was too busy writing a lying note for Eve.

"Going to spend the morning getting beautiful; don't wait for me," she wrote. She was not nearly so nervous as yesterday about traveling in the Subway. Again she had her unchallenged alibi all ready. She reached Mrs. Wylie's at half past eight—and the look on Mrs. Wylie's face! Ma Benham was sure she wanted to kiss her.

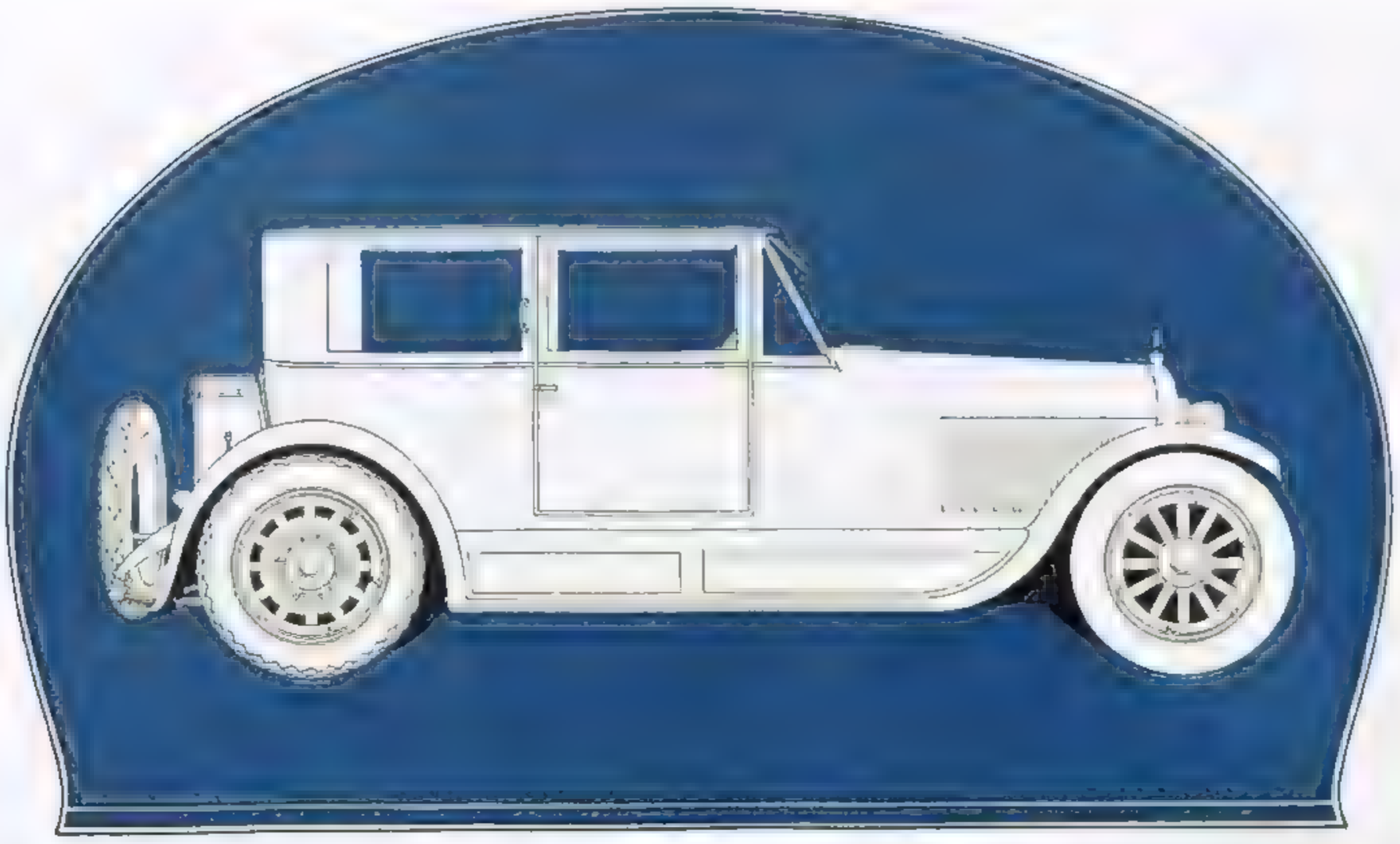
And Wilma actually seemed happy when she heard she could go to school. A strange child!

Afterwards, when she was alone with Jean, Ma Benham went through the rooms with the carpet sweeper and mop she found in the broom closet. Jean, meanwhile, plied the dust rag, and not like any amateur either. Ma Benham sang Annie Laurie. Jean was inclined toward conversation, and from her, in spite of her outrageous lisp and her way of singing her sentences instead of speaking them, Ma learned a great deal about the Wylie family life. You paid the butcher if you had received money for an order; you made believe you weren't at home if you hadn't. Jean would dash to the dumb-waiter and be engaged in an argument with the ice man before Ma Benham had made up her mind whether it was the front-door bell or the telephone that had rung. Ma Benham had never met a Jean. She kept looking at her as the farmer gazed at the giraffe for the first time. It just didn't seem possible, that was all.

The ice box and the pantry shelves gave Ma quite a thrill. She lived in a home where

Continued on Page 33

"The Girls Don't Realize It, Mother Benham, But I've Touched Bottom. Also My Last Relative"



A Smart New Touring Brougham

Somebody was sure to do it. Everybody knew it was coming. Jordan was farsighted —that's all.

People of inherent good taste who deplore any sacrifice of quality, have long wanted an enclosed car of extraordinary comfort, finished in perfect taste, with ample trunk equipment for touring at all seasons of the year.

And they wanted such quality and such convenience at a price that would set a new standard among quality enclosed cars.

Jordan has produced it in this new touring Brougham.

It is a little lower, a little closer to the ground, as all modern enclosed cars must be.

The seats are broad and pitched just right, with deep, lazy cushions. The wheel is tilted for all-day driving ease.

The trunk is larger than any you have seen, resting easily upon broad cast aluminum fluted bars. It carries two real suit cases of fine quality and construction.

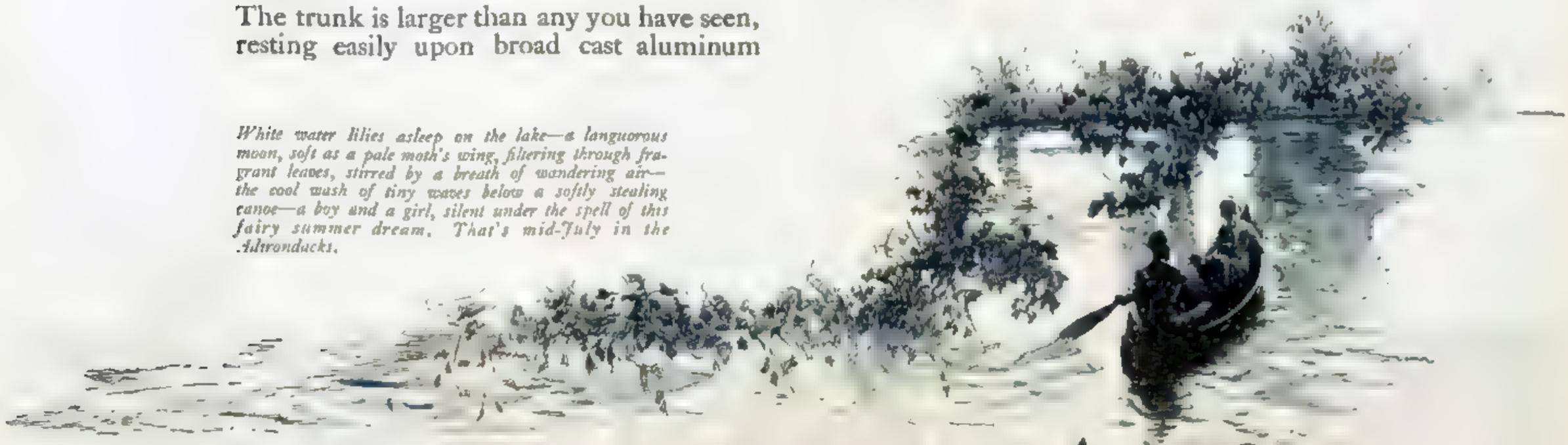
A smart, luxurious enclosed car for the busy man or woman about town. Easy to turn in traffic—quick to find a place at the curb—a delight on the open road—nimble and economical—the lightest and best balanced car for its wheel base.

Upholstery of the new tuftless type—no place for dust or dirt to gather.

Deliveries will be made in fashionably bright shades of blue and green, with the Crane Simplex Gray predominant in response to popular demand.

It is the Jordan purpose to offer this new Brougham to those who have learned the necessity and convenience of an enclosed car as the result of an investment in an enclosed model of lesser quality.

White water lilies asleep on the lake—a languorous moon, soft as a pale moth's wing, filtering through fragrant leaves, stirred by a breath of wandering air—the cool wash of tiny waves below a softly stealing canoe—a boy and a girl, silent under the spell of this fairy summer dream. That's mid-July in the Adirondacks.



JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

"BUY HERE," says Good Light

"PEOPLE patronize the well lighted store," says John J. Cronin, chairman of the Display Committee of the Retail Research Association, composed of leading department stores in eighteen cities.

"One difference between a storekeeper and a progressive merchant is this: The storekeeper puts some goods in his window and waits for customers to come in. The merchant uses Light to *draw* the attention of customers to his window and to help make satisfactory sales to them inside.

"A storekeeper waits for a competitor to show him improvements in lighting. A merchant is constantly seeking for better and still better lighting effects.

"Light sells goods. It gives full advertising value to a merchant's windows, helps overcome the handicap of unfavorable location, saves salesmen's time, reduces returns and sampling, and increases turnover. That is why the Display Committee of the Retail Research Association is constantly experimenting with improved lighting methods for the benefit of its members."

* * * * * *

A well lighted store window is the outward mark of a progressive spirit inside. You are pretty sure to be safe if you go where Light helps you to see what you are buying.

And progressive merchants the country over are helping you buy safely and quickly with Edison MAZDA Lamps.

TO MERCHANTS:

Our Lighting Service Engineers have prepared three practical guides covering the proper lighting of the following:

Show Windows and Show Cases.

Large Dry Goods and Department Stores.

Small Stores.

The proper guide or guides will be sent you immediately upon request mailed to the Edison Lamp Works, Harrison, N. J.

Your Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent can supply you with the proper lamps.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 30)

apparently there were no such things as ice boxes and pantry shelves. Ma Benham liked to feel them in back of her meals. But these shelves were too bare. That was poor economy. Ma Benham's mind raced ahead to a gradual supplying of those shelves. She took Jean for a walk, to look over the markets. But she did not make much progress. Jean could not pass a window without pasting her nose against the pane and making an inventory of the contents.

"O-o-oh!" she would exclaim ecstatically before the butcher's window. "O-o-oh, t-thicken! O-o-oh, gramma—more t-thicken. O-o-oh, red t-thicken. O-o-oh, look -lot-th of more t-thicken"—*ad lib.*

Everybody turned and looked at her, she was such a picture in her blue cloth cape and hat, clinging to Ma Benham's forefinger. Ma Benham met the eyes of the passers-by with a sort of humid pride in the depths of her own, behind her glasses. She had an insane desire to smile at everybody—a sort of silly smirk. Jean was undoubtedly the prettiest child Ma Benham had ever seen, and the brightest, not to mention the most lovable. Ma Benham took her into the toy-and-stationery store to buy her something. Jean was impartially attracted to almost the entire stock, most of which she carried in her arms until she resembled a badly balanced Christmas tree. Ma Benham would have bought them all for her, only she did not think it would be politic. They compromised finally on a red wagon and two boxes of crayons—one for Wilma. Ma had forgotten about Wilma. She hurried home to fix lunch.

Ma Benham was very tired when she had climbed the stairs, especially her back, but she had no time to think of it. Luncheon was on the table when Wilma came home from school. Wilma was not talkative like Jean; nor did she make advances.

However, when Ma Benham had covered her lib'ry book, "Are you going to be here every day?" she asked.

"Would you like me to?" inquired Ma Benham.

"Oh, yes," said Wilma, "you're so kind."

When Mrs. Wylie came back Ma Benham gave her some cold meat and a cup of coffee—good coffee—the kind Ma Benham wasn't supposed to drink. She explained to Ma about the business that had called her downtown, while they sat in the kitchen; and incidentally Ma Benham drew from her other details—about her work and life.

Elizabeth Pratt had come to New York after college and found work with an interior decorator. Matt Wylie, to whom she had been engaged since she was fifteen, had followed her, and a year later they were married. He had never been very successful. She had furnished the home out of her savings and after Wilma was born she made lampshades and novelties, which Matt took downtown and sold in his lunch hours. This was in addition to her housework and the care of her baby. Two weeks after the birth of the second baby he had died, leaving her with mortgaged insurance.

As soon as she could she had taken a position as designer with Bray & Cohen, manufacturers of lampshades—until her unfortunate discovery about the children. After which she had gone back to the making of lampshades and boxes and all sorts of decorated gewgaws at home. She took them downtown herself to sell, and she never made quite enough to meet expenses. Her savings were nearly gone.

Then she had heard that Alva Dering, society woman and interior decorator, was going abroad with her husband for an indefinite stay and wanted to leave her shop in charge of someone who would be willing to work for a share of the profits instead of a salary. However, it would have to be someone who would keep up the tone of the establishment. The shop was not a business to Alva Dering—it was a spoiled child. She had talked the thing over with Beth Wylie, and they had come to a sort of understanding. That day Beth had had a conference with Mrs. Dering and her attorney, at which it transpired, however, that whoever took over the shop would be required to put up a thousand dollars to protect Mrs. Dering.

"That seems fair enough," said Ma Benham.

"I suppose it is; but it's just impossible. Even if I sold all my furniture I doubt whether I could get a thousand dollars—immediately."

"You really think it's a good spot? And that you could make out there?"

"I know it. I've seen her get sixty dollars for a shade I sell for eighteen. She has a wonderful trade. I know I could make a go of it. I never could work down to middle-class pocketbooks. If only her old lawyer hadn't begun about the money! After that she began to have all sorts of qualms—that I didn't have the social connections to attract the right kind of trade—and the place might run down. And then I had to admit I didn't know anything about bookkeeping or running a business. And, oh, it did get to look as if the whole thing was going to fall through. But I'm just not going to let it! I've got to have that place. I never wanted anything so much in my life."

Ma Benham was free to go home. But, as she explained to Beth, nobody was expecting her, so she was not in a hurry. She did not explain that her daughters were at the golf club. So she stayed and looked at some of the things Beth had in work. They were really exquisite. Ma Benham was certain that, given the proper setting, those things must sell to the right people.

Beth wanted her the following afternoon. That would be easy. The girls were always out afternoons.

The next morning Ma Benham was again down before Tom. He looked at her in a pleased way.

"Feeling better, aren't you, ma?"

She did not resent the question this time. "I feel fine."

"I heard you singing Annie Laurie in the bathroom, and it reminded me of old days. What are you doing up so early?"

"Swear not to tell the girls and I'll tell you. I've a job."

"A job?"

She nodded. "Day work. I'm a mother's helper. I mind the children while the madam goes out."

He looked positively comical in his amazed incredulity. She told him all about it.

"Mrs. Carlyle, eh? Well, I will say you are the most astounding old lady out of captivity. Here we are, trying to—and you go—you and your raptures over kids! Still, I can't see what harm there is in your playing with a couple if you don't overdo it. The only part I don't approve of is the Subway riding. In fact, I won't stand for it. I'll make a bargain with you. I won't tell the girls if you promise to taxi up and back. Or I'll send Togo for you before he calls for me."

"But, Tom, imagine me coming out of the servants' entrance and stepping into your limousine!"

He laughed. "I see your point. But Togo can wait at the nearest Subway entrance. What time will you be through to-day?"

"About five."

"All right. About five he'll be there."

"Thanks, Tom. And, oh, Tom, if I needed some money would you let me have it—properly secured of course, and with interest?"

"What on earth are you driving at? Of course you can have money. But what do you want it for?"

"Oh, a sort of investment."

"Ma, you're not speculating?"

"No. I tell you it's an investment."

"Listen, ma. I'll let you have as much as you want, without interest, but only on condition that you let me know what it's for."

"All right," agreed Ma Benham, "that's a deal."

Mrs. Wylie had already gone when Ma reached there at a little before one. Ma Benham shipped Wilma back to school and picking up a basket of mending settled herself in a corner of the sofa to await, with what patience she could, the return of her employer. Mrs. Wylie didn't get in until a quarter of five. Ma Benham didn't wait for her to take off her hat and coat, but nailed her against the door.

"I've good news for you!"

"Yes?" listlessly. "Well, I need it."

Ma Benham noticed then how ill she looked.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, it's all off. I was there. There's another party interested."

"Oh, you poor child!" said Ma Benham. "Sit down. I didn't know you were going there today. I—that is, a friend of mine—was the other party. She's going to buy the place and put you in it."

"She's what?"

"It's not definite; she has to take it up with her son; but if he thinks it's sound she'll go ahead with it and you're to run the shop with a half interest."

"But—but I don't understand ——"

"It's very simple. You'll know definitely tomorrow."

"But I don't—somebody's going to let me run the shop? With a half interest? Without putting up any money? But who? Doesn't she want to know me first?"

"No, she's satisfied with what she heard about you from Alva Dering and me. We both said you were just the person. She's been looking around for something to occupy her mind, and this seems just about right. I expect they'll close the deal tomorrow morning."

"But who is it? And how did you persuade her?"

"She's an old lady with lots of money and lots of time. And I told her about this place, and she went over to look at it and persuaded Alva Dering to sell it outright. She's got all the social connections Alva Dering could ask for. But of course she doesn't want to be bothered with the details of running it—she doesn't know the first thing about decorating—and that's where you come in."

Beth shook her head. "It's like a dream. Just when I gave up hope. And you arranged it all—without her even seeing me. You've been like a good fairy. From the moment you came in the door everything's been different. Why, even the children—Jean hasn't talked about anything else since you left yesterday. I don't know what you did to her, but every other word has been grandma."

Of course that made Ma Benham perfectly furious.

"And now this. I can't grasp it yet. Which way are you going?"

"Subway."

"Subway? I'll walk with you. I want to stop at the delicatessen."

"I bought butter."

"No cheese." She commenced to laugh. "Did you ever hanker for cheese?"

She seemed overwrought. But Ma Benham could readily understand that. Still, she didn't want her at the Subway, where the car waited. But she didn't know how to get out of it without being pointed. Sure enough, there was the car. And worse, in it sat Tom. Ma Benham made for the Subway entrance, intending to double on her tracks and come out again. But what man ever had a grain of sense?

"Oh, Ma!" called that big dummy, Tom. "Ma!"

The look she gave him woke him up, but it was too late. Beth was looking from Ma to Tom and back again.

"That's Mr. Tom Benham," Ma explained, raising her voice so the big dummy could hear. "He's always called me Ma. I nursed him when he was a baby. In fact, I brought him up. Yes, indeed. Many's the time I washed his face. And slapped it, too," she added viciously. "Why, what are you doing up here, Mr. Tom?"

"I was waiting for my mother, who is off on some wild-goose chase up this way. Hop in and we'll all go down together—that is, if you're going down."

"Thank you, I am. This is Mr. Benham—Mrs. Wylie, for whom I work."

"I know Mr. Benham," said Beth, and Ma noticed she was blushing. "I don't know whether you remember me. I used to be with Bray & Cohen."

"Of course I remember. I wondered what had become of you. You haven't been with them in some time."

"So that's your boss," he remarked later, when they were driving home.

Ma replied absently. She was speculating why Beth, who had had such a hankering for cheese, should have forgotten all about it and gone straight home.

"You're certainly playing a queer game, Ma. And I do think you rubbed it in to me. It wasn't an attractive picture of me—always getting my face either washed or smacked. How long are you going to keep up the masquerade?"

"Well, I'm like the man that had the bull by the tail. It was much easier to take hold than to let go. But I shan't keep it up for long."

"I should hope not."

"Drive me down to Alva Dering's place on Fifty-first Street, Tom. I want you to look over something."

He gave the order to Togo. "I never gave you any advice in my life, Ma—that

Jim Henry's Column

I have been studying how to write advertisements

I have been making an earnest effort recently to master the technique of regular professional advertising writers and the following paragraphs are an expression of my progress.

The Man who knows (ain't that snappy?) **is the man who grows**

You—discriminating in judgment—demanding the world's best—you are the man for whom Mennen Shaving Cream is made.

This marvelous achievement of science marks the zenith of soap making. It is inconceivable that better soap could be made. It works with lightning speed, softens the most stubborn beard instantly and afterwards your face enjoys the sensation of relaxed content ordinarily experienced only after the hot towel massage of a skilled barber.

There's happiness in every shave. Dull razors seem sharp—tough beards seem tenderest down.

Demand Mennen's—accept no substitute.

That's about as far as my advertising vocabulary will go as yet—somehow I never have been able to accumulate more words than I need to carry on an ordinary conversation.

But there's something wrong with that new style. I can't quite put my finger on the trouble, but it doesn't sound true. Perhaps it's because it isn't true. A superlative statement rarely is true.

Mennen's isn't a marvelous achievement of science—it's just almighty good shaving cream. It doesn't work instantly—no shaving soap or cream does. The longer you take to work up the lather, the better will be the shave. That last statement about the hot towel massage sort of skirts the outer edges of the truth, for your face does feel great after a Mennen Shave.

After all, I guess I'll stick to my own style.

Now don't forget—three things you have been meaning to do are to send for and try Mennen Talcum for Men—Kora-Konia and my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. To get it off your mind, I'll send all three for 10 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Drink it through a Straw

It's more refreshing
to "drink it through a straw"

Always use straws at the soda fountain

They Safeguard Your Health
They Protect Your Clothing
And Cost You Nothing

Then, too, their use prevents too hasty drinking and makes cold drinks more satisfying.

Use STONE'S STRAWS
At Home

They add a novel touch of original daintiness to every home festivity. A sanitary box for home use containing several weeks' supply can be obtained at small cost from your druggist.

The Stone Straw Co

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS

GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON, D. C.

FACTORIES:
WASHINGTON, D. C. BALTIMORE, MD.

you took," he added. "You got into this. I guess you'll find a way out. She has nice eyes."

"Yes, but you ought to see her hair."

He started to reply, but thought better of it. He had a bit of a bad conscience about letting his mother do day's work. But, on the other hand, it was a sort of lark for her, and she could always stop. And Mrs. Wylie wasn't exactly a stranger.

"She seems like a game girl," he remarked after a pause.

Ma Benham looked at him quickly. "She is, Tom. Fine. It's such a pity she can't get ahead." And she told him about the dwindling bank balance.

He was moved. "Too bad she can't find something with a future."

Well, of course, with such an opening Ma had him roped and tied before they even reached Alva Dering's place.

"Where have you been all day?" Eve asked at dinner that night.

"Wherever it was, it agreed with you," said Alec. "I'll bet she's been to the Claridge with the rest of the flappers."

"I've run across a little social-service work. A worthy family I'm interested in. I've been trying to find work for the mother and someone to look after the children."

"You would find something like that," sighed Frankie, who was there as usual. "Why don't I ever run across interesting things like that, I inquire?"

"Don't overdo, mother," cautioned Eve. "You'll rest tomorrow?"

"After I've looked into a certain investment for Tom."

Tom was dependable. "I'm putting some money in a new idea and I want Ma's opinion."

Beth was sewing when Ma Benham arrived the next afternoon. "I didn't know you knew Mr. Benham," she began, without even asking about the shop.

"I didn't know you knew him either."

"I've always admired him tremendously. He's so vital, don't you think?"

"Yes, T— Mr. Tom's a good boy. Very good to his mother."

"She's awfully Ritz, isn't she?"

"Oh, no. Mrs. Benham is a plain person—like you or me."

Beth shook her head. "I've seen Mrs. Morrison's picture, and if she's that frozen, what must the old lady be like?"

"The—old lady isn't frozen. She's—well, like Mr. Tom."

Beth's needle flew in and out of the ruching she was shirring. "Will you think I'm awfully silly if I tell you something about him?"

"Probably not—but give me that; I feel better with something in my hand."

"Oh, no. You do enough ——"

"Nonsense! I like it. Rests my nerves. What were you going to say?"

"Well, I know I'm an idiot and I wouldn't breathe this to another soul, but you having been his nurse—it's a sort of coincidence—and I know you'll understand. Wait!" And she darted into the bedroom and returned with a silver frame.

"Well!" gasped Ma Benham, and blushed. It was a picture of Tom that had once been printed in a magazine, together with an article about him.

"I'm a fool, don't you think? He doesn't know I'm alive."

"Oh, yes he does—now!" Ma Benham had an impulse to say, but checked it.

Beth regarded the picture broodingly. "I just adore that man. I might as well tell you the rest of it. I saw him sitting there in his car and that's why I wanted to walk back to the Subway. To see if he'd still be there. I think he's the finest man in the world. And to think he calls you Ma!"

"Oh, well, everybody calls me Ma out home. Ma B— Just Ma," she finished rather lamely.

"I would, too, if you'd let me"

"I should say so. I miss it here in New York. Why, half the time I don't answer when people call me Mrs. B— Carlyle."

"Yes, I noticed that. And if I call you Ma will you call me Beth?"

"I certainly will. But, Beth, you didn't even ask about the shop! I think it's all fixed."

"Oh, no—Ma—not really! Not all fixed? Hurry up and tell me! You don't mean I'm to get it?"

"I certainly do. Mrs. Benham bought the place today."

"Mrs. Ben—— Not his mother?" She looked positively stricken. "But how—how did you do it?"

"Well, I've known Mrs. Benham all her life. I knew she was looking for something to interest her, so I brought this to her attention."

"But did you tell her I don't know anything about running a business?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, she wants me to keep an eye on the business end—to sort of look after her interests. She and I ran the same workroom out in Toledo. She has confidence in me."

"She must think a great deal of you, Ma."

"Oh, she does. Loves me like one of the family."

"I wish I could say the same." Beth laughed and reddened. "Did you see him?"

"Yes; and he's going to send his car up for me whenever he can."

"Isn't that sweet of him—and democratic? He's not a bit snobbish, is he?"

"No. Not a bit. But, of course, he's known me so very long."

Beth refused to walk to the Subway with Ma that evening, although Ma asked her to. Tom was in the car and it seemed to Ma he looked a little disappointed when he saw her alone. But she may have imagined that.

"Well, well, our old nurse!" he cried quite gayly. "We treat her like one of the family, send the car for her and everything. Where's your boss?" he added in an offhand manner.

"Home." Ma Benham had an idea. "Oh, dear, I left my glasses up there. Will you drive over and have Togo run up for them?"

"I'll run up myself," he volunteered obligingly.

"Remember my name is Carlyle," she cautioned him.

"An assumed name and everything. At your age!"

She was about to send Togo to tell Tom the glasses were in her pocket after all, when he reappeared.

"Pretty place she has there. Sort of homy. Nice kids too. Especially the dark one. Has her mother's eyes. Prettiest kid I ever saw."

Of course, what do men know? Wilma was a pretty child—but Jean!

The next day the papers were signed and the business officially turned over to Mrs. Grace Benham by Mrs. Alva Dering, in the presence of their lawyers and Mrs. Benham's son. Mrs. Dering's assistants were paid and dismissed. Then Ma Benham sat down in a tapestry wing chair to await the arrival of her manager and partner-to-be, Mrs. Wylie. Tom Benham had sent his car up for her and she came with the children.

"Ma," said Beth and there were tears in her eyes, "I just don't know how to begin to thank you."

"Don't," said Ma. "Whatever I've done has been as much for myself as for ——"

"I don't believe it! Really, it's all too wonderful. God was certainly good when he sent me you, Ma."

"Nonsense! Come and look at this back yard. Won't it be fine for Jean?"

But Beth was too busy regarding lovingly everything in the shop—her shop in a way—really, almost quite her shop.

Mr. Tom Benham arrived at five and drove the Wylie family home. He let Ma Benham off at Fifty-fourth Street.

Belle was a little annoyed that her brother did not come home for dinner. She had planned for him to take Frankie to a concert. If she had looked closely at her mother she might have perceived a secretive expression about her tightened lids—and something else, too, in the depths of her eyes. But nobody noticed Ma Benham, beyond inquiring how she had spent her day. She lied outright and said she had been to a play. It had been a play, at that; and more interesting than any Ma Benham had ever sat through at a theater.

She called to Tom as he passed her door that night. He came in and sat on her bed.

"Ma, I think you ought to tell her the truth."

"Who—Belle?"

"No, Mrs. Wylie."

"I suppose so." There was a little silence. Then Ma asked, rather innocently, "She's a fine girl, isn't she?"

"Who?" asked Tom, even more innocently.

"Beth."

"Oh, yes. Very nice girl."

"The nicest girl you ever knew, and don't you forget it."

"Poor thing. I'm sorry for her."

"Well, you needn't be. I'd rather be in her boots than in Frankie Carlyle's any day." He looked at her quickly. "Or your sister Eve's either, for that matter. She's got a fight on her hands, but that's what makes life worth living. And with her personality she's bound to win out."

"She seems very bright."

"Bright? She's a college graduate, and that's more than you or your sisters are. And she's an artist. And a student. Bright? Why, that girl's one in a million, Tom Benham, and don't you forget it."

He suddenly kissed her on the mouth and departed. After he had gone Ma Benham looked blank. Then abruptly she switched out her light, and in the dark she grinned. After she had dropped her head on her pillow she actually laughed out loud.

Every day for a week Ma Benham hopped out of bed as though someone had pressed a button and propelled her out. Beth left early for the shop and Ma had to hustle to catch her before she left. Ma liked to hustle. She was a happy woman. She would wash up the breakfast dishes, make the beds, dust, carpet-sweep and perhaps stick a pie into the oven. Then Jean and she would go marketing. After which Ma Benham would sit on a little camp stool in the sun while Jean played with the other children. Of course none of them was so cute as Jean. And she had the most lovable way of including Ma Benham in her games. Ma Benham had never had time to play with her own children, but she had always known how. Now she made up for it.

The other mothers all smiled at Jean. They couldn't help it. They smiled to Ma Benham, too, and often she talked to them. They were real people—the kind Ma had known all her life. She hadn't believed there were any like that in New York.

One day, sitting on her camp stool, Ma Benham noticed a young woman dressed all in black who was watching Jean in a way that went straight to Ma Benham's heart. Ma Benham smiled. The young woman smiled, too, rather wanly. By and by they spoke. Her name was Mrs. Rosen. She had lost her baby, and her husband was up in the Adirondacks for his health. When she got her strength back she was going to look for a position with children. The empty rooms were driving her crazy. Ma Benham felt the way she had felt in Toledo—as though she were a part of life.

After Ma Benham had made lunch for Wilma and sent her off to school again it was time for Jean's nap. Sometimes Wilma's return at three would wake them both. How Ma Benham did enjoy those stolen naps. No trouble at all falling asleep.

Tom sent his car for her every day, and as a rule it picked up Beth and brought her along. As a rule, too, Tom was in the car. Spring seemed to have utterly demoralized Tom the conscientious. He knocked off work at all sorts of ungodly hours. Quite often Ma Benham stayed with the children while he and Beth went out. Or he stayed up there for dinner and Ma Benham drove home alone. However, he said very little to his mother about Beth. She had to get what information she could out of Beth herself.

"I hear you've offered Beth the use of your workrooms until she gets an organization of her own. That was very sweet of you."

"Not at all. A business arrangement. We buy the designs from her afterwards if we like them. Quite an advantage. Purely a matter of business."

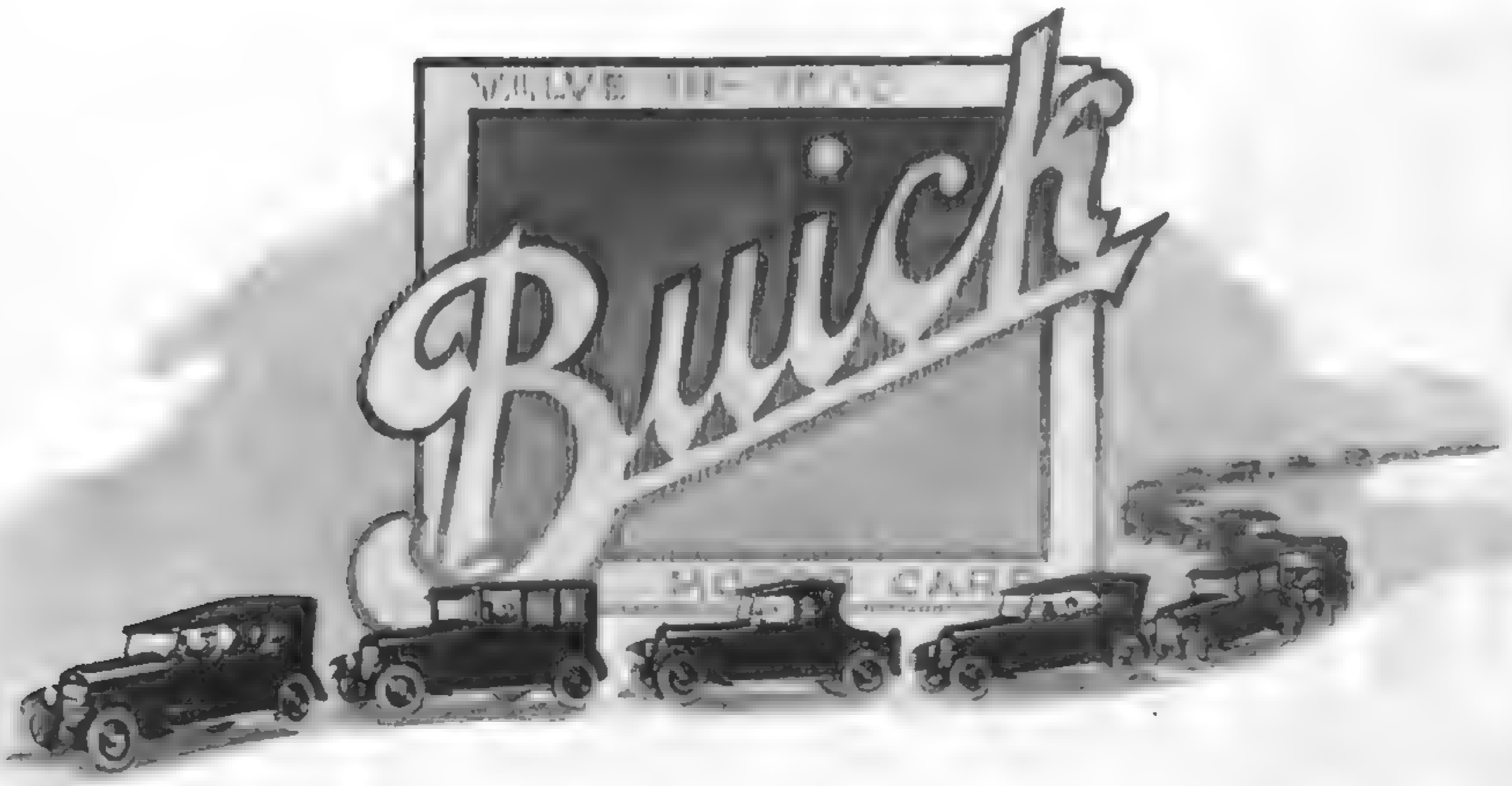
But Ma Benham didn't believe him.

And he practically turned over to her the order for the La Farge bungalow in Forest Cove. Bob La Farge was his best friend. Business was not brisk at the shop, but there were a few inquiries from old customers and several people strayed in, attracted by the window display of lampshades. Some of them bought things and there was a fair sale of cretonnes and linens. Not startling, of course, but encouraging. The La Farge order was the only windfall.

"I've got to get out and shop." Beth was so excited you would hardly have recognized her eyes as the big brooding ones Ma Benham had encountered at first. "If you could only stay in the shop tomorrow ——"

"I can. I've got someone to look after the young ones. A Mrs. Rosen. You can speak to her tonight. I promised her a living wage."

(Continued on Page 36)



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(Continued from Page 34)

"Of course. We can afford it now. And, Ma, that reminds me, we haven't talked salary, you and I, since ——"

"That's all right. I'm drawing mine out of the business, the same as you are. Mine is charged to Mrs. Benham."

"Ma, doesn't she want to—come in ever—and see how things are going?"

"Oh, yes; she's coming in some day soon. But she has great faith in you. She thinks you're going to make a fortune out of this place."

"Well, when we do I'm going to make you retire and just sit on a cushion with your hands in your lap the rest of your days!"

"Not on your life!" said Ma Benham firmly.

She had never felt better in her life than now—juggling a household, a business and a double life as she was.

"Haven't you any family at all, Ma?" Beth asked her once.

"Oh, yes indeed."

"And don't they—well, look after you?"

"Oh, they mean well," Ma replied, "but they don't understand me."

As a matter of fact the girls had ceased to worry her with questions. She was looking and acting so much more like her old self that if she chose to be mysterious—well, you had to humor old people that way. So long as her health didn't suffer. And she went driving with Tom almost every day.

Ma installed Mrs. Rosen in the little flat and took charge of the shop while Beth chased out to Forest Cove to work on the bungalow. She didn't like the shop so much as she had expected to—that is, she liked it, but she missed Jean.

"If I could sublet the flat uptown and find a place in the neighborhood ——"

If she had the children downtown she could keep an eye on them and the shop as well. That was a great idea. It lifted her spirits wonderfully.

And it kept her busy for about three weeks, putting it into execution. Beth was not consulted until the new place had been found and the future tenant located. Then she was enthusiastic of course. The new place was a floor of a made-over private house on the same street as the shop. They were glad to let it go quite reasonably over the summer. Ma then located a school for Wilma, and she and Mrs. Rosen superintended the moving. Beth was too busy.

The day they moved Tom called for Ma at the new address.

"I'm glad you came, son. I'm too tired to hail a taxi."

"It's too bad," said Tom rather vindictively, "your children don't understand you and take care of you so you could stay at home like other old ladies."

"But, Tom, I had to say something."

"Well, you didn't have to make me look like a dog. She's got a good opinion of you, all right. You're the finest woman in the world and she's made up her mind to take the place of your own children to you."

"I'm sorry, Tommy. I didn't think ——"

"When are you going to tell her?"

"Tom, every day it gets harder."

"Well, if you don't I will."

"No, Tom, you mustn't. You promised me you wouldn't tell a soul."

"But it's too silly. And it's cruel. Think how she'll feel if she finds it out from strangers. You should have told her long ago."

"Well, right in the beginning she told me things, one day. And when I remember what she said I just can't go and tell her I'm your mother. They were about you. Can't you see?"

"About me? What did she say?"

"Never mind what."

"Oh, but I do! Ma, what have you been saying to her about me?"

"I told her about Frankie Carlyle."

"About Frankie? But there never was anything between Frankie and me."

"I know. That's what I told her. Of course I'm going to tell her—the truth, just the first moment I can. I hardly see her at all these days, she's flying around so. I'm glad you got her the club order."

"I didn't get it for her. I just recommended her. They're in luck to get somebody like Beth."

"Since when do you call her Beth?"

"Since last night"—defiantly. "And I've invited her to the benefit Saturday night. She hasn't been anywhere since her husband died."

"Oh, you didn't, Tom? Right in Belle's box? What'll Belle say?"

"What will she say? I pay for half that box, don't I? Besides ——"

"But, Tom I'll be there."

"I know it. It'll be a showdown unless you tell her before."

But Ma Benham didn't get a chance to tell Beth before Saturday, because Beth was out of the shop so much that when they were alone together there was an accumulation of business to be talked about. So Ma Benham had a headache the night of the benefit and couldn't go.

"You're better off," consoled Eve. "All that excitement isn't good for you anyway."

Beth was rather quiet the following Monday.

"It was wonderful. But his sisters—oh, Ma, they're awful! Just ice—all the way through."

"No, they're not really. That's just the surface. Why, back home Belle Morrison used to carry packages for her mother, and Eve used to mind a neighbor's baby for two dollars a week."

"You know more about the Benhams than they do themselves."

"No, not more. But about as much. Did you meet his mother?"

"No. She was home sick. Probably strained her nose sticking it up in the air. Oh, they really weren't nice to me, Ma. Really."

"That's too bad. But Tom?"

"Oh, Ma, he's so perfectly wonderful that I'm afraid some day I'll just forget to come down to earth again. Oh, I wish he were a chauffeur or a plumber or something. Or if they'd only lose their money!"

"And have to sell the shop? Don't be silly. And if I were you I wouldn't give his sisters another thought. Sisters don't count anyway."

But they try to. Belle spoke to her mother quite earnestly one evening.

"It's about Tom. He's treating Frankie shamefully. I wish you'd use your influence."

"What's he done?"

"You know how much he used to see of her. Well, he's just dropped her. He seems to be rushing that Wylie woman. You know whom I mean?"

"Yes—I know."

"She's running Alva Dering's place. Nobody's ever heard of her. I don't know where he picked her up, do you?"

"I believe he met her in a business way."

"Just imagine! You must speak to him! He won't listen to me. And you know how simple Tom is. First thing he'll be committed. Why, he as good as told me he'd marry when and whom he pleased. Marry! You'll speak to him?"

Ma Benham promised she would, but she did not tell just what she would say. So Tom was thinking of marrying? "Well, why not?" she asked herself fiercely.

The bungalow was an immense success. Mrs. La Farge was so happy she brought half a dozen people into the shop. They were all impressed with Beth's place and with Beth herself. Beth could scarcely breathe when she got her check. She handed it over to Ma in a sort of trance.

"And, Ma, she invited me to her home!"

"Well, why shouldn't she?"

"But you don't understand. She's invited me to dinner—with him! If I thought there was a chance of my being accepted socially ——"

"What would you do?"

"I'd—well, it's sort of in the air. I've been strong-minded enough to hold it off—because I didn't think his family ——"

"Bother his family!" advised Ma Benham, and took Jean to the park. Jean never wanted to go to the park with Mrs. Rosen. Ma Benham bought Jean a bunch of violets. Violets for a four-year-old! But Ma Benham felt like celebrating the spring or something. And besides, Jean wanted them. No wonder Mrs. Rosen found competition somewhat difficult.

Ma Benham made up her mind that afternoon; she was going to Beth in the morning and make a clean breast of everything, before things reached a crisis.

But the next morning was already too late. The moment she met Beth's eyes she knew. Without a word she opened her arms and Beth was in them.

"Oh, Ma—I'm so happy—happy! I can't realize it. And yet it's true."

"Of course it's true. Tell me about it."

"There's nothing to tell. We were driving—and all of a sudden I was—well, conscious of him—in a way I'd never been before—and I began to wish—well, that he'd just—and he did and—well, we're engaged."

"My dear, I'm very happy."

"He says he knows his mother won't disapprove—that he's spoken to her already. And oh, Ma, he says I'm the only girl he's ever loved!"

"You are. I mean, I've never heard that he was interested in any other."

"He's arranged for his family to meet him here today, and then he's going to tell them."

"Here? Today?" cried Ma Benham in very real terror.

"Yes. You know how insistent he is when he's made up his mind to a thing."

Ma Benham knew. She sat down weakly. Her one thought was escape. Tom had told the girls to meet him there. She must manage to be out.

But Tom had not asked the girls to meet him there. He had brought them over with him right from the breakfast table. They were upon her before Ma Benham had a chance to collect her wits.

"You've met my sisters, dear?" Tom was saying. "Mrs. Morrison and Miss Benham." He turned to his sisters. "I brought you here so you could be the first to hear of our engagement. Except Ma of course. Dear, I needn't introduce you to my mother?" He indicated the paralyzed Ma Benham.

The expressions on the faces of Tom's sisters were wooden compared with the expression on the face of Tom's fiancée as she accepted rather numbly the felicitations of her future relatives. Tom, to relieve the tension somewhat, began to point out the beauties of the shop to his sisters.

"Oh, Ma," said Beth in a stunned voice, "how could you?"

Tom glanced toward them. "Come and see the rest of the family," he cried, and led the way to the stairs.

"Rest of the family?" asked Belle.

Ma answered her, glad for a reprieve. "Yes. I felt that I was really entitled to grandchildren, and I grew tired of waiting."

When the girls had followed Tom down to the yard she turned to Beth.

"Dear, I've treated you very badly. Forgive me. And don't blame Tom. He wanted to tell you all along. But I was too cowardly. I was so afraid to break up things. And I didn't know how you'd take it. I really came up to try and get your position for a girl I knew—but you made a mistake and thought it was for myself—and—well, I didn't like sitting around doing nothing—and you needed help and I hated to disappoint you—so I just drifted into it. And then—after you told me the way you felt about Tom—I couldn't tell you—don't you see?"

She shook her head, still dazed.

"Mrs. Benham! Tom's mother! And I've had you doing my work!" she cried with a sudden rush of realization.

"Yes. Isn't it fine? I've always been afraid it might be hard getting my daughter-in-law used to me. And here you are, all used to me, and you won't even think I'm meddlesome if I snoop around your pantry—because you're used to having me snoop around."

"And minding my babies! And the way I called you Ma!"

"My dear"—she took hold of Beth's shoulders and looked into her moist eyes—there were tears in Ma Benham's eyes too—"there isn't any other name in the world that means so much to me, except ——"

"Gramma!" came a voice from the yard. "Yoo-hoo, gramma! Lift thith thidewalk for me."

Belle's head appeared above the landing. "You seem to be needed, mother."

"Yes, thank God!" said Ma, hurrying past them down the stairs. "There's somebody who does me the honor not to consider me a feeble doddering old derelict, past all usefulness." She raised her voice. "Gramma's coming, precious angel. Gramma's coming to lift the sidewalk for Jean."

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WHEREAS, THE WOMEN

(Continued from Page 13)

Therefore, Resolved that to us, the best and leading women of that great historic state, little Milly Perkins must ever stand up as a symbol and watchword of all that is wise and forward looking in the grand and noble onsweep of women today into American industry, wherever placed or located;

And Resolved that together with the Octo Automobile Company and the Union 250 of Amalgamated Automobile Painters, Decorators and Varnishers of America, our voice will never be wrongfully hushed or stilled till the coming in of the great and new and saving principle into industry of true justice for women founded on the grand eternal principle of equal pay for equal work.

"Did they bite?" says Six Hour Kelly, after the Perkins woman had gone out.

"You'll think so!" says old George Cooper, gazing at him, severe, "when you've roused them up a little more. They'll be biting us—by the millions!"

"What—for giving them fair play and justice?" says several.

"Justice!" says old George. "Since when do women want justice? Snatching is what they want. One thing after another! You just gave them the ballot—and what happened? Do they want to fight, or go on juries, or do police work, or work on the roads, or do anything in return? They do not. They want more special laws and legislation, for women only—to get more and more advantage for themselves over us. Snatchers, I call them—and gimmes. It's 'gimme this, gimme that' from the time they start in, fifteen minutes after they're born, to hang out ribbons on them to serve notice they're softer and lazier and got to have all the privileges there is over the men!

"Snatchers!" he says. "That's what they are by nature and training. Did you ever know anything or anyone that could satisfy them yet? The Almighty could not," he says; "that's sure. And we're outside the Garden of Eden now for that special and particular reason. And that ain't no guesswork nor say-so of yours or mine. It's divine Bible history.

"And now," he says, "not willing to leave bad enough alone, you've got to go out with this justice-and-equality talk again, inflaming them up by the millions and sicking them direct on us ourselves right here—swelled up with thinking there's something more here to be snatched. And the next thing you know they'll have grabbed all our jobs from us.

"And as for this woman here, you can see already what they've done to her. She's puffed up now so she can't hardly see out of her eyes. And the more you give her the more she hates you—and all the men!"

And they laughed, for of course that was her all over.

It was a week or two more then, when more resolutions came in from farther out in the country, starting in with that one from the women's clubs in Illinois, which they claimed first got her going on what she done to them. And it run somewhat like this:

Whereas, the women of the fine fertile foremost state of our great middle empire have never yet been backed down on any grand forward movement;

And Whereas, recognizing that as the first chief representatives of the state of the manhood of the Great Emancipator, we shall never give nor take quarter in the grand inspiring battle for the rights of womanhood, too long delayed,

And Whereas, brave courageous little Milly Perkins has, through merit and popularity among her beloved fellow workmen, been elected and chosen to be joint associate lady president for the first time in the history of the Automobile Painters in America, and no doubt of unionism of all the world, for all we know;

Therefore, Resolved that together with all the true womanhood of the United States, we hasten to stand beside our brave courageous sister, her fellow and sister members of Union 250 and the Octo Automobile Company, without reserve and without restraint, for the grand principle of equal pay for equal work among the sexes,

And Resolved, also, that we register our opinion that in this generous rivalry in equality between man and woman, the woman will not be found wanting.

"Not wanting, no—nothing she can grab off for herself!" says old Cooper, after she had gone home from the hall, the way she did right after the meetings.

"Look, ain't she speeding up a little here lately," says one of the other ones, "at her work? It seems so."

"She will be, probably, if she ain't!" says old George. "After a few more of these resolutions and whereas-the-women's. For they're nothing but vanity and showing off, just as I warned you. And if they once put it in her head that she could show herself out smart by beating us at working, heaven help us! She might speed us up to where we was working and slaving before the war."

"What—a woman?" they says.

"You don't know them the way I do," he tells them.

"Don't worry," says Kelly, for he'd kept on good terms with her. "If she gets working too fast—for our understanding with one another—I'll give her the hint."

"A hint—with an ax," says old George.

But it wasn't so long before Kelly got the chance to pass it on to her in the shop, where she was working near him.

"Say," she says to him, sneering, "is that the best you can do? I never seen painting done so slow. I thought when I got in here I'd have hard work keeping up to you men. But you all the time keep me dragging. What ails you? Why are you so slow?"

"What's the use of killing yourself?" he says to her.

"What's the use of always having to hold back?"

"There might be a reason," says Kelly, tipping her the long wink.

And then he thought probably, her being a woman, nobody'd ever troubled to go over with her the principle they were working on today.

"I'll take it up with you," he says, "when we get the time—the principle of the thing," he says.

And right after that more resolutions—or whereas-the-women's, as they called them now, copying old George Cooper—came in to be read by her at the meeting. And the best and strongest one was that from them Kentucky clubs:

Whereas, the women of the grand storied Southland, though for centuries rejoicing in the precious privilege of the priceless panoply of the peculiar chivalry and manhood of the South, yet choose now to stand forth firm and strong in the marts and markets and forums of the world upon their own commanding merit;

And Whereas, the State of Kentucky, most regal of the star-topped daughters of the Union, has ever held the proud and recognized distinction of leader and pace maker among her sister states, and expects the same from all within its borders—women, men and horses;

Therefore, Resolved that the womanhood of Kentucky, holding high the torch of recognition for the success of sweet, brave, noble little Milly Perkins, sets its emparpled seal of approval upon the Octo Automobile Company and Union 250 of the Amalgamated Automobile Painters, Decorators and Varnishers of America, and their recognition of the grand, noble and undisputed principle of equal pay for equal work;

And Resolved, further, that as true daughters of that great leading state where we were nursed and nurtured, we can do no less than to warn the fellow members of Union 250 to look sharply to their laurels all over on the ground that our brave sister, Milly Perkins, will be found not merely an associate but a leader and a pacemaker among the men, not alone in unionism, but in all departments whatever where they now stand together in industrious toil.

"Pacemaker," says old George Cooper. "That's it. That's what they're inflaming and prodding her up to now. And she's speeding up, right now, under the influence of it. I heard the foreman jeering and taunting about it in the shop no longer back than yesterday—about her complaining about waiting for men to keep up their end of the work with her."

And several others said they got it too.

"I'll see her," says Kelly, "and reason it out with her—how we've got to stand together and organize on that line."

"Reason with them!" says old George. "Organize them! No, no more than mad raving savages."

"And another thing," says Six Hour Kelly to the rest of them—"you want to lay off that snickering and laughing when she's reading them resolutions."

For they were letting go more now when it came to that little-Milly-Perkins stuff.

"Aw, what difference would it make," they says, "when you come down to it? She couldn't speed up to amount to anything—a woman!"

"She couldn't, huh?" says Six Hour, for he had been thinking about that lately. "Did you ever stop to think what they done in the mill business in New England—driving practically all the men out of it? And lots of that is heavier work than most of this painting."

"Well, what did you let her in here for if that was the case?" they says to him.

"Just what I warned you!" says old George Cooper.

"Aw, shut up!" says Six Hour Kelly. "Or I'll mow you one in the neck." For he was getting a little sore and leery now, the way this thing was going.

So he went to her after work that next day, and explained the principle of the idea—tried to—in a kind pleasant way.

"Say, why don't you use your nut?" he says to her.

And he showed her that principle that labor worked out all over so successful in the war.

"Look," he says. "It's plain and simple. You want all the money you can get for your work, don't you?"

"Yes," she says back.

"And you want it—all the time?"

"Yes."

"And you want enough work to go round, don't you—so you won't have any chance of being laid off the job?"

"Yes"

"All right, then. Now in the past there's always been times of unemployment and low wages and all that—just from nothing but there being too many that wanted work—and the employers playing them one against the other, ain't there? All right. Then what must labor do to meet that?"

"I dunno," she says.

"It holds back and works less—fewer hours and fewer days and a slower rate of speed. And then there's just so many more folks working, and getting their wages and regular work. And by and by, when we hold back enough, there'll be work enough for all—and no layoffs whatever.

"That's what the war proved out and showed to us," he says, going over it. "It's just plain simple mathematics, dividing up so much work between so many workers. And nobody yet has ever come up that can dispute it. And that's the grand principle organized labor is working on today—or ought to be. You see it now, don't you?"

"Well, I dunno," she says.

"Why not?"

"Well, you'd think maybe," she says, "somehow, the less work that's done, and the less things that were made, the less they'd have to divide up in wages."

And that made him hot—for he'd never had anyone try and dispute that principle to him before—let alone a woman!

"Are you dumb?" he says. And he went over it again—raising his voice. And by this time she was raising hers. "Don't you see it yet?" he says.

"No," she says; "no"—firmer and firmer.

"Well, you see this anyhow, probably," he says, getting sore finally—"you see how long it would be if we don't coöperate—if the men got out against a woman, speeding up, how long the woman would last—or women in general!"

"How long would they?" she says, looking up, hard and insulting.

"About a minute, more or less!"

"Is that so?" she says. "Well, I ain't seen that yet!"

He had no idea she had such a swelled head—and he told her so. And the end was they parted worse than ever.

"I'll show you something now," she says, "how good the women really are." And the tone of voice she said it in made him anxious.

The bad trouble between the sexes that old George Cooper was all the time talking about started in right after that, for she done what she said she would—she started in showing something in the line of speeding, and making a grand big howl if the others did not hurry up and get her share of the work around to her on time. And the men got back at her more and more, all getting sorer and uglier each day—till finally it all burst into flame in the meeting where she started in reading that last whereas-the-women thing, from Oklahoma, that went on something like this:

Whereas, the women of Oklahoma, used and accustomed to the broad grand spacious freedom of God's own country, have long understood and seen that women's place is ever first

(Continued on Page 40)

24th OLDSMOBILE Year

The Semi-Sport
$1265

And Now—the

Oldsmobile FOUR SEMI-SPORT

Once more Olds Motor Works has satisfied a definite motor car requirement.

The New Oldsmobile Semi-Sport Model meets the most exacting demands of those who, while they want their cars to be different and distinctive, insist that they shall possess a marked degree of dignity and reserve.

Avoiding extremes, yet departing sufficiently from the conventional to arouse instant admiration everywhere, the Semi-Sport Model fulfills this ideal. It is most suitable either for pleasure, family or business usage.

Long, low and graceful, this beautiful car is finished in a deep rich shade of carmine. Its upholstery and side rails are of genuine, black, long grained leather. The color scheme provides an exceedingly attractive contrast.

Beauty of appearance is still further heightened by the Tuarc Steel Wheels, matching the body color. Cowl ventilator and cowl lights, both standard equipment, provide an added refinement.

The specially built roomy 4-passenger body is mounted on the famous standard "4" chassis—the chassis that has won such a well-merited reputation for sterling performance in every section of the country.

This "4" has demonstrated that for hill climbing it has no rivals; for economy of operation and ability to stand up unflinchingly under the most gruelling service it ranks in the foreground of motor cars, irrespective of price class.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Distinctive Features of the Semi-Sport

Body—full stream line, four passenger; Color—Oldsmobile Carmine; Upholstery—genuine long grain black leather with leather side rails; Nickeled radiator, Oldsmobile design; Windshield cleaner. Wheels—optional, Tuarc Disc steel wheels with demountable rims, painted same color as body, or five wire wheels painted ivory-white; Cowl ventilator; Cowl lights; Klaxon horn. Cord tires; Engine—four cylinder valve-in-head; block tests develop over 40 H. P. Springs—extra long, 54 inch rear, 36 inch front; Wheelbase 115"; Alemite Lubricating System.

Ready for a cool plunge!

WHEN it's so hot, the pavement burns your feet, tuck your Jantzen into your bag and steal away for a cool, invigorating plunge.

Water sports, swimming in the lake or river, riding the surf—the perfect-fitting Jantzen gives you a bit the "edge". Worn and endorsed by national and Olympic champions.

A Jantzen swimming suit cannot be duplicated because we hold exclusive U. S. patents on the non-rip crotch and bow trunk pattern. These features and the elasticity of the Jantzen-stitch, have made Jantzens known from Maine to Waikiki. Allows perfect freedom of action, yet fits and holds its shape permanently. Made of pure wool.

Leading stores everywhere are showing Jantzens in fashionable colors for men, women and children. If you cannot find them, write us for the 1922 Style Book and name of nearest dealer.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON

To Merchants: We sell direct to the retailer—can make immediate delivery by express. Write or wire.

Jantzen
The National Swimming Suit
NEVER BINDS~NEVER SAGS

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(Continued from Page 38)

in the van and the foreguard of civilization, since man began;

And Whereas, we know well it is the sacred duty of America's staunch womanhood to show forth and proclaim with every living breath that self-evident fact;

Therefore, Resolved that we see cause for rejoicing but not surprise in the new harmony of the sexes founded by the work of the Octo Automobile Company and the Union 250 of the Amalgamated Automobile Painters, Decorators and Varnishers of America, in standing firm together in the recognizing of the grand eternal principle of equal pay for equal work amongst the sexes, so long freely recognized in this grand large Western country;

And Resolved that we extend our fellowship to our sister, little Milly Perkins, and urge her on to be never satisfied with mere equality, but to remember that now as ever, in every civilization worth the name, women will be found leading on and up in the van.

"What kind?" says one. "A moving van?"

"The more it moves the better we'll like it," says another one, half aloud, "if it only takes her with it!"

"I'll show you what van!" she says, overhearing. "And it'll be moving. And the dust from it will not please you, neither."

And they laughed and hooted her some and the meeting broke up in jawing and disorder, with her going out ugly with her head up.

"You made a mistake," says Six Hour Kelly, "getting her mad."

"What about you with your resolutions and your whereas-the-women's?" they says. And they went at him hard.

It was a bad blow to Six Hour Kelly, the way this thing was turning, for up to that time he had had them eating out of his hand. And now they was getting away from him, and he knew it. But if this was a blow it was nothing to what come to him right after that, when the superintendent of the works sent word to have him come and see him in his office.

"I want to thank you," he says to Six Hour Kelly, "personal."

A slick, soft-talking article he was—sitting soft and quiet in his still, fine-furnished office.

"Thank me?" says Kelly, leery already at the soft way he was starting out. "For what?"

"For all the boost you gave us by that advertising of our product with the women all over."

"Oh," says Kelly.

"Yes," he says, looking up; "but that ain't half."

"What else?" says Kelly, staring.

"For giving us," he says, looking down to where he was tapping a lead pencil on the desk, "the chance to try out women labor."

"Thank me?" says Six Hour Kelly. "That's a good one. You brought her in—we didn't."

"Yes," says the other man, looking up, still and serious. "But only for the minute—because she wanted work at once, and was the daughter of an old-time trusty employe—and thought herself she could do it. We had it all fixed up to transfer her to the next place for women we had, when you came along with your resolutions and made us keep her in there, and see—to our surprise—just how good the women are."

"They ain't so good as men, and you know it!" says Kelly.

"This one is," he says, "and better—if we are to judge by results. And what's more, if they were not so good—the rest, as her—still, you made it grand business by your appealing and resolving to the women all over, for us to stick them in the shop and show them in our advertising and circulars all over working side by side with men. In fact," he says, making fine dots with his lead pencil, "it's getting hard work today for us to keep from hiring more. And that's what I got you in here for now. For it was you that started it—you and your resolutions."

And Kelly said nothing, only cleared his throat.

"And that wasn't the whole, neither," says the superintendent, looking more and more careful at the marks he was making on his blotter. "For now we've seen and convinced ourselves that women could do the work, all at once there's thousands and thousands of women applying for the chance to do it. From what I see we have the pick of all the women in the United States," he says. "They are surging in around us by the millions, you might say, looking for the good pay here. All, of course," he says, looking up again, "on account of those resolutions of yours starting in the advertising of it through the country."

And Kelly said nothing. He was too hoarse.

"And so I sent for you," says the superintendent, "to help stave it off."

"Stave what off?" says Kelly.

"This thing about the women rushing in here," he says after a kind of pause. "For you see what it is—all this what you've done has put us in a bad awkward position. It would be to our advantage every way to be hiring women—if only for the advertising from it. And they almost compel us to—after all this talk about it all over. And I don't mind telling you confidential," he says, soft and quiet, "we'd be giving in to them and hiring them in today if it wasn't for our wanting to protect our old-time loyal employes—the thing I want you to help about."

"Help about?" says Six Hour Kelly. "Me?"

"Yes," he says, and cocked his head back to one side, slow, to get a good look at the mark he was making on the paper. "Yes, for we've done all we can alone—by ourselves. We've held back against our own interests and all these women as long as we can now, and will keep on trying to do so. But now you've got to help us—or we cannot keep going on," he says, stopping and looking up sidewise, "fighting off these women!"

"What is it you want?" says Kelly at last, in a hoarse, kind of strangled voice, for he seen something bad was up.

"We'd like," he says, "to get our product up to the same it was before the war. At least that. For we never had the name of driving nor pushing our men then. And why should we now? It's that or the women," he says.

And Kelly finally had to come to it mostly; though he did manage to hold out something on him of what they'd gained and obtained in the war. And he had a bad time fixing it with the boys; and more so after the line of talk he had been giving them the past few years.

"So this is your gains from the war!" they says, cursing him harsh. "You see where it lands us, don't you—first letting down and then speeding up like this? There's plenty of us that will drop out now—that will have to. And you're the man that done it."

And he done the best he could. He showed them the things he'd still held out on the management.

"She'll be taking all that away," they says, "if you don't hold her back. You've got to get to her some way or she'll get us all discharged," they was telling him; and especially the ones he had been always strongest with—the younger ones that had always took it easy and held back on the work, according to his principles.

And Kelly told them he'd go and take it up with her—only they'd have to hold back from mixing up and battling with her the way they were lately. For it was getting now something terrible—they calling her down and she all the time sneering and nagging and rawing them up.

"What makes you do it?" he says, going at her, soft and reasonable.

"What?" she says, sharp.

"Rowing and speeding up. Can't you see it's against all our interests? Can't you see that argument I was giving you yet?"

"What argument?" she comes back.

"That argument that everybody knows now, and there's no answer to: That the only reasonable, sensible way is for labor to lay back and each one have short hours and stretch out the work so all will have the benefit of it. So that the less work each one does, the more pay there'll be for labor in the total."

"The less work," she says, "the more pay! What sense is there to that?"

"All the sense in the world," he says, flushing up. "There's no possible answer to it."

But she refused to see it. "It may sound grand to a man," she says, "but it sounds like foolish nonsense to a woman."

And he held back, keeping his head, and went over his arguments again. But he seen he couldn't make no headway with her. Her mind was set, like a woman's gets. You couldn't reason with her.

"How can they pay out as much in wages," she kept saying, "if they don't make up the stuff to sell?"

And so finally he had to give her up in disgust. He seen he couldn't change her. And in fact he seen there was no reasoning at all with her. It was all probably just merely the prejudice and the hate she had in her for men anyhow. And that was worse than he'd thought.

"What do I care anyhow?" she says. "I hate men and I always did. I'm a man-hater," she says, "of the worst kind—and was from childhood up.

"You see these," she says, taking a big bunch of letters out of her overalls pocket and showing them to him. "Them's proposals of marriage. I get them from all over," she says, "since you started out advertising me with the newspapers and those resolutions all over the nation.

"And here's one," she says, picking it out, "from a millionaire!"

"A millionaire?" he says, giving her a still, mocking look.

"Yes—a new fresh millionaire, from Oklahoma oil," she says. "An oil king, they call them out there—that's seen those women's resolutions and my picture in the paper. And he's all for hotfooting it on here to marry me."

"He is?" says Kelly, thinking then of course she was lying.

"Yes," she says. "But would I accept him? I would not! Nor the best man in the world. I want nothing to do with them, nor never did—more than to fight them and show them up. As I'll probably be doing now to my dying day—staying on right here, fighting and showing up these poor lazy painters here. Though heaven knows I don't take no special pride showing up painters. For they're well known and established to be the laziest and most shiftless of a loafing sex—from high art to barn painting."

"What'd she say?" the boys asked him when he came reporting back to them.

And he told them.

"Ain't that just like a woman?" they says. "No sense! No brains!"

"No, you can't teach them nothing," says Six Hour, gloomy.

"Well, you've got to do something," they says, "for she's getting worse each day. And if this keeps up we'll all be fired."

But instead of doing something to her it was just the other way. For the next day the superintendent was sending for Kelly, talking still smoother.

First he thanked him again. And then he told him they had all got to speed up some more.

"I hate to ask you," he says, "but the pounding on me to hire more women," he says, "is getting terrible. And though I want to do the best I can for the good loyal boys here now, yet you can see the least they can do at the present time is to push out as much work as the one woman we've got in there now does."

"She ain't a woman," says Kelly. "She's a demon in overalls; and you can search the world for another."

"She counts as a woman with us," says the superintendent, "and with all the rest of the women that you stirred up and excited on the matter by your resolutions describing her as such. So you'll have to go off, I fear," he says, "and stir up the boys to work at least equal to her."

And Six Hour Kelly gave a great inward groan, for he seen what that would mean to him himself. But he went back and told them nevertheless, for he seen he had to.

"We've got to do it, that's all, boys," he says. "It's turned against us a way no man could foresee."

"I foreseen it," says old George Cooper, "and warned you."

"I said a man," says Six Hour; "not a walking wart."

And they had all they could do to pry them apart.

"Aw, let them go," says some of the others, "and kill each other off."

And Kelly seen right then he had lost them.

"I s'pose we've got to do it, boys," they says. "I s'pose we've got to get in and work and plug, and some of us lose our jobs by it in the bargain. But the next time we elect officers we'll have something leading us that carries something heavier than a Brussels sprout on top of his shoulders."

"You don't have to wait," says Six Hour Kelly.

And he done the only thing he could. He resigned. Yet it went hard with him too. For he knew what would happen next to him when the management got wind that he was out and lost his power with the rest. For they'd laid him off long ago if it had not been for that.

(Continued on Page 43)

From a painting by Victor C. Anderson

© ARCO 1922

Half hot and half cold for 27 years

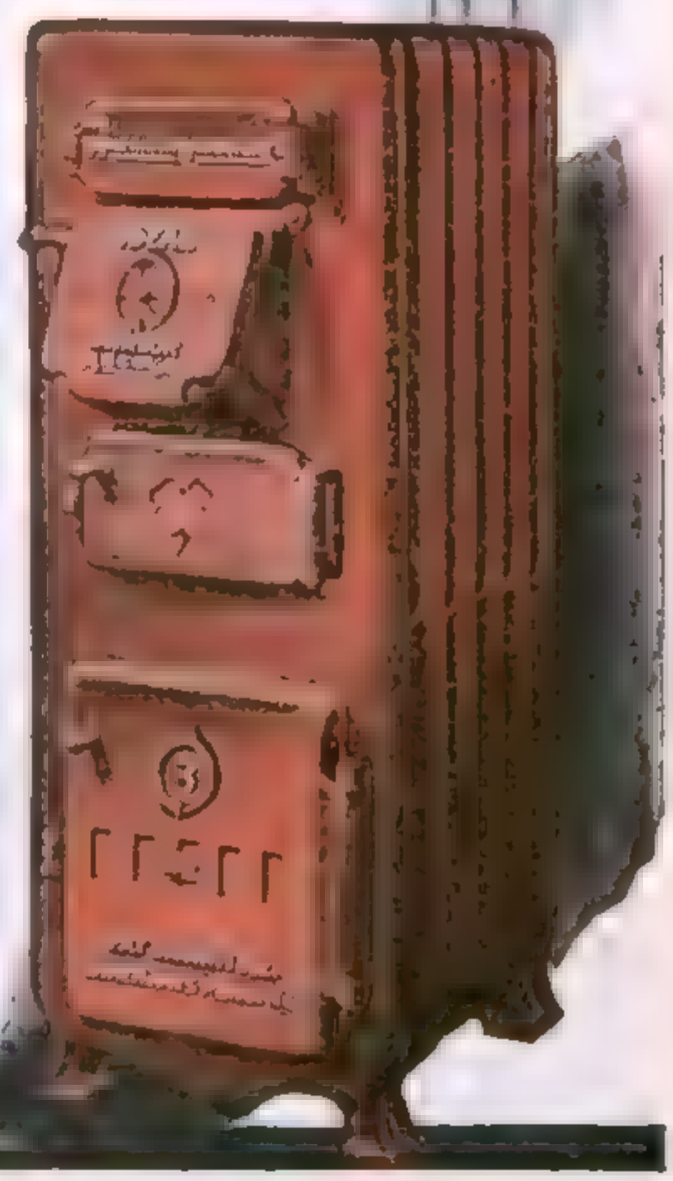
IN DETROIT lives an old couple whose home has been half hot and half cold for twenty-seven years. How many thousands of couples there are who understand what that means!

"We have always heated with two coal stoves," he writes, "and have experienced the sensation of having one room hot and the others cold for twenty-seven years."

A year ago they installed ARCOLA, setting it in the kitchen and connecting it with small pipes to an American Radiator in each room. It was a revelation to them. Bed-rooms, living room, dining room—all warm; and plenty of hot water for washing and bathing as well.

"We anticipated comfort after reading your advertisements," he concludes, "but we can't tell you how much more comfort we are receiving than expected."

If you live in a small home or work in a detached office, don't wait twenty-seven years for comfort. Send today for the booklet that tells about ARCOLA, and how it pays for itself in the fuel it saves.



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104 West 42nd St., New York Dept. 57 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Making the MOST of Your Hair

How To Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

Your hair should be dressed so as to emphasize your best lines and reduce your poor ones

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, which is common in ordinary soap. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair; and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 40)

"But let me warn you," he says, going out, leaving them, "you don't want to get rough with her and try to drive her out. For if you do you'll be doing just what they're itching and longing for. They'd bring women into at least half your places so quick it would make your head totter."

"It's a shame and pity you never seen that," says old man Cooper, "before you started in sicking them on us by the millions."

And then they did have it out. And it was something bad.

And that next pay day, sure enough, they handed Kelly his notice in his envelope.

He was walking down the street that next morning after that, thinking of how things had changed for him and that reputation as a leader he had made in wartime—and now it was all gone and lost! And he was wondering what would be the outcome of that thing he had started out with, so free and easy, with the union. And would she keep on pushing them along with her hate of men and the excitement and praise from all those women's resolutions—or would she break down and bust up under the strain of it?

And he was down at the railroad station finally, and he looks up, and who does he see stepping out of a taxi but the woman herself—all spangled out in a bright new blue dress and a big long red feather in her hat and what looked like diamonds all over her. And with her was a little short leather-faced man with a thick red mustache—and most strange and unusual clothes.

And when they got out and got opposite him, to his surprise she stopped and spoke.

"Meet my husband," she says, smiling.

And Kelly shook hands with the small man in the big hat and the tall cowhide boots.

"He was the one," she says, explaining to Kelly, "that was in the oil business, that came to me from your resolutions."

"The oil king!" says Kelly, startled, to himself.

And he seen then he might have known from the start. For what else would be out wearing checked pants tucked into his boots and a diamond like a headlight, in a red tie and three diamond rings.

But by now the oil king was wringing his hand off, thanking him.

"So you're the man," he says, "that got me to my little girl! For if it hadn't been for your advertising and spreading all over the world about her in the papers, never in my life would I have found and won her," he says. "God bless you!"

"And that's no lie neither," she says, towering over him in her new blue suit and red-feathered hat and diamond earrings and a diamond heart on a necklace in front, and two diamonds as big as your fist upon her fingers.

And the oil king was still thanking him, coming closer and closer. "I was all fixed—every way but a bride," he says, "by them recent oil strikes you seen about in the papers. And then you came along and gave me her—the best of all.

"For you see how it is with me," he says, "now I have this money. I am bound and determined to have the best there is—in everything—if I search the world for it. That's me today. And when I seen what all said and agreed in the papers and the resolutions about my little girl here, that settled it. I seen she was the one I must have or know why! And so I came on and I got her—thanks to you! God bless you!"

And talking close up as he was, Six Hour Kelly seen that without a doubt he had a drink or so in him.

"Yes," he says, going on, more and more cordial, "it's the same way with everything with me today. I've got the dough and I'll have the best—from wives and diamonds down to horses, cattle, pigs and hens—while the oil holds out! And if you ever come out to Oklahoma," he says, "you've got to stop off at my place. I just got me a ten-thousand-acre ranch—the grandest in the state," he says; "and riding horses, and all kinds of ways to enjoy myself. And prohibition won't bother us none either. For I'll get the what's-this in tank cars if I want it, and me and my little girl, we'll give you the time of your life. For we ain't no pikers, and we owe all our joy and happiness to you, God bless you!" he says. "And we won't never forget it."

And just then their train came in for Oklahoma and they hurried and got aboard it.

"Good-by, God bless you!" says the oil king, waving his hat from the rear end. "God bless you for all you've done for us!"

But she just smiled a kind of mean superfluent smile at Kelly, and waved her hand.

And then they moved off—all their diamonds flashing and gleaming in the sun. And Six Hour just stood there watching.

"What do you see where you're looking?" says the express messenger, coming on by with his truck finally, and seeing him standing there still and rigid.

"Whereas, the women," says Six Hour Kelly in a low dreamy kind of distant voice, like somebody waking slowly out of a sleep.

"What's that you said?" says the express messenger, not thinking he heard him right, and the train being out of sight long ago.

"None of your cockeyed business!" says Six Hour Kelly; only he said it different—much more violent—and longer.

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 19)

He then insisted I go to Washington with him on the funeral train at 8:30 the next morning. I told him it was impossible, as I had to be in Chicago Monday morning to borrow ten thousand dollars for my Record-Herald pay roll.

He said, "Do you remember what you said to me a few minutes ago—'you must'? Well, you must go with me tomorrow. The only friend I have on the train is Elihu Root. If I talk to him all the time it will make the other fellows mad. Telephone your banker that I say you must go to Washington, and to take care of your pay roll." That night I telephoned Ernest A. Hamill, president of the Corn Exchange Bank, at his home and was told to go ahead. "I will take care of your pay roll."

Roosevelt continued to talk of his cabinet. He said, "Gage does not like me. I want you to wire him to meet you at your hotel on our arrival and tell him he must stay for a while, at least, and I want you to see the Associated Press man and ask him to send a dispatch that when we reach Washington tomorrow night I am going to ask Hay and Gage to remain in the cabinet."

In 1904, during the Republican convention in Chicago, I met Secretary of Agriculture Wilson at the Chicago Club. He said, "What did you say to Roosevelt the day of the McKinley funeral in Buffalo at that house where we stopped?"

I said, "Why, Uncle Jimmie?"

"Well," he said, "when Roosevelt went to the door and you went down the steps he rushed into the room where we six cabinet fellows were and said, 'I have changed my mind. I am going to keep all of you!' He had asked us for our resignations that morning, which, of course, is customary!"

Monday morning at 8:30 the funeral train left Buffalo. The President and cabinet preceded the casket to the special train, Mrs. McKinley, her friends and George B. Cortelyou following. When the casket had been placed in the private car of some railroad official President Roosevelt stepped up to me and said, "Did you send that telegram to Gage?" The newspaper men were very curious to know what Roosevelt whispered, and sent some wild conjectures to their papers.

The railroad officials had entirely cleared the depot of all cars, both sides of the track. Not a soul was to be seen on either platform with the exception of the crew of the funeral train. In the thirteen hours it took to go to Washington no cars of any sort were on the track next to our train. The railroad arrangements were perfect. The train consisted of a baggage, dining car, three Pullman sleepers and a private car. One coach was occupied by the President and cabinet; another by friends, including Senator Hanna, Charles G. Dawes, Charles W. Fairbanks, Cornelius N. Bliss, John G. Milburn and Elmer Dover, secretary to Senator Hanna; the third by newspaper correspondents.

Roosevelt occupied a drawing-room. He asked me to sit with him. His mind was

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Spaghetti **Baked Beans** **57** **Apple Butter** **Tomato Ketchup**

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When that letter takes shape in your mind

EVERY time you read a letter, you think of precisely the things you want to say in reply. But days go by, and that answer never takes shape in an actual letter. Failure to answer letters is often due to the lack of social stationery. Prompt answers are the rule when you are supplied with personal stationery. And more, answering letters becomes a congenial matter when you use the right kind of note paper.

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Social Stationery

At drug stores, stationery stores, and department stores you can see Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in eight envelope sizes, with sheets to fit. These sizes are for general family correspondence and for men's correspondence. The paper is made in three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple. The price is from 35c to 75c a box. The same papers are also supplied in writing tablets in all sizes, with blotter and sheet of guide lines.

To make it easier for you to choose the best personal stationery, we will send you samples of different styles and finishes for ten cents (stamps or coin).

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working like a trip hammer. He talked of many things he was going to do.

Part of the time I was in the second Pullman. An hour or two after leaving Buffalo, Mark Hanna came to my seat. He was in an intensely bitter state of mind. He damned Roosevelt and said, "I told William McKinley it was a mistake to nominate that wild man at Philadelphia. I asked him if he realized what would happen if he should die. Now look, that cowboy is President of the United States!"

I tried to reason with him; told him Roosevelt did not want to be shot into the Presidency, but could not mollify him.

A little later I asked Roosevelt how he and Mark Hanna got along. He said, "Hanna treats me like a boy. He calls me Teddy."

I asked him if he realized what it meant if he and Hanna quarreled, and told him Hanna held the Republican organization in the hollow of his hand; that he was the leader in the Senate and could defeat any measure that he, Roosevelt, proposed, and make his Administration a failure. I cited the Garfield-Conkling row.

Roosevelt said, "What can I do about it? Give him complete control of the patronage?"

I said, "Hanna would resent any such suggestion." I told him Hanna was heartbroken. He saw his best friend gone. All his hopes crushed.

Finally I made the suggestion that he invite Hanna to take supper with him alone in his drawing-room; that he must not say anything in the presence of the waiter that could be repeated, as the newspaper men would pounce upon the poor colored boy when they arrived in Washington; that after the plates and cloth were removed, let the table remain, calling his attention to the awful gap between the front and back seats of a Pullman sleeper; when they were alone say: "Old man, I want you to be my friend. I know you cannot give me the love and affection you gave McKinley, but I want you to give me just as much as you can. I need you. Will you be my friend?"

"Then put your hands, palms up, on the table. If he puts his hands in his pockets you are a goner, but if he puts his hands in yours you can bet on him for life."

Roosevelt said, "All right, I'll try it!"

Later as I sat in the forward coach I saw the waiter whisper in Senator Hanna's ear. He hesitated a moment, and then nodded his head. He came to my seat at the other end of the car and said, "That damned cowboy wants me to take supper with him alone."

I said, "Mark, you are acting like a child. Go and meet him halfway."

Shortly after, he disappeared into Roosevelt's car. I was very nervous, but as an hour passed and thirty minutes more, Hanna came in, and I knew by his face as he limped toward my seat, it was all right.

With a smile which the late Volney Foster said would grease a wagon Hanna said, "He's a pretty good little cuss, after all!"

When I asked him what took place he told me of Roosevelt's putting his hands on the table and as near as one man can quote another he told what Roosevelt said, repeating what I had told Roosevelt to say.

"What did you do, Mark?"

He answered, "Putting my hands in his I said, 'I will be your friend on two conditions: First, that you carry out McKinley's policies, as you promised.' 'All right, I will.' 'Second, that you quit calling me old man. If you don't I'll call you Teddy.' 'All right. You call me Teddy and I'll call you old man.'"

From that moment Roosevelt and Hanna were staunch, loyal friends. The only rift was for a few weeks, late in 1903, when some anti-Roosevelt people tried to get Mark Hanna into the race for the Presidency.

All Roosevelt's own writings and his numerous biographers tell of his friendly relations with Hanna, but are silent as to how it came about.

As the funeral train left Buffalo the streets through which it passed were filled with men with bared heads, women and children.

As we went through the towns and cities the station platforms were crowded with school children singing Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee. The day was bright and warm for September. The windows of the car were up. As we neared the stations the engineer slacked speed and slowly passed the singing, weeping crowds. Before the day was over everyone on the train was in a highly strained condition. Tears came easily. It was an exhausted party that reached Washington at nine o'clock that night.

For days after that trip, awake or asleep, I heard that Near-uur, my God, to Thee, Near-uur to Thee!

At Harrisburg thousands of people in the depot shed were singing McKinley's last words.

As we neared Washington darkness came on; the negroes in Maryland lighted fires near the track. As the train passed we could see their dark forms and faces in the glare of the burning brushwood. Here, too, their song was Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

During the entire day in the last coach a little frail figure in black kept tender watch over her beloved dead.

XXII

THE following telegram was received:

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 16, 1901.
H. H. KOHLSAAT, care Funeral Train, Harrisburg, Penna.

Will come to Arlington Hotel to see you as soon as I can after your arrival.

LYMAN J. GAGE.

I bought the evening papers in Harrisburg and read to Roosevelt a dispatch from New York stating that his announcement made through the Associated Press that he would retain Hay and Gage in his cabinet had had a good effect in Wall Street.

"I don't care about stocks and bonds," said Roosevelt, "but I don't want to see them go down the first day I am President!"

Secretaries Hay and Gage met us at the depot and rode with Roosevelt to the White House. Later in the evening Mr. Gage came to the Arlington Hotel and told me he had promised Roosevelt to remain for a while.

Four months later he resigned and was succeeded by Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa.

That Secretary of State Hay was uncertain whether he would remain in the cabinet is shown by the following letter in William Roscoe Thayer's admirable Life of Hay, written to his intimate friend, Henry Adams, September 19, 1901:

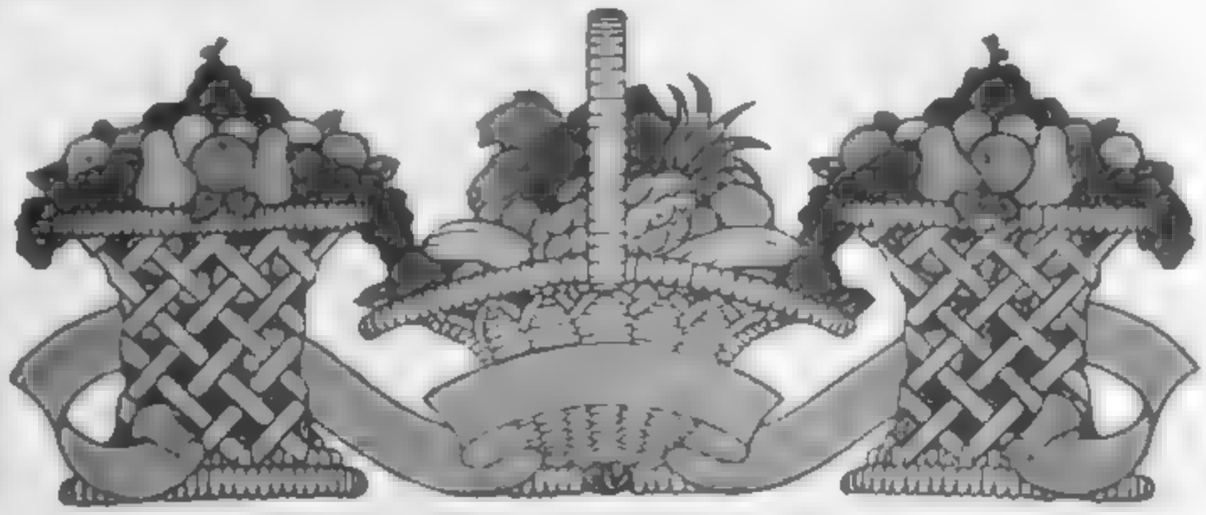
I have just received your letter from Stockholm, and shudder at the awful clairvoyance of your last phrase about Teddy's luck.

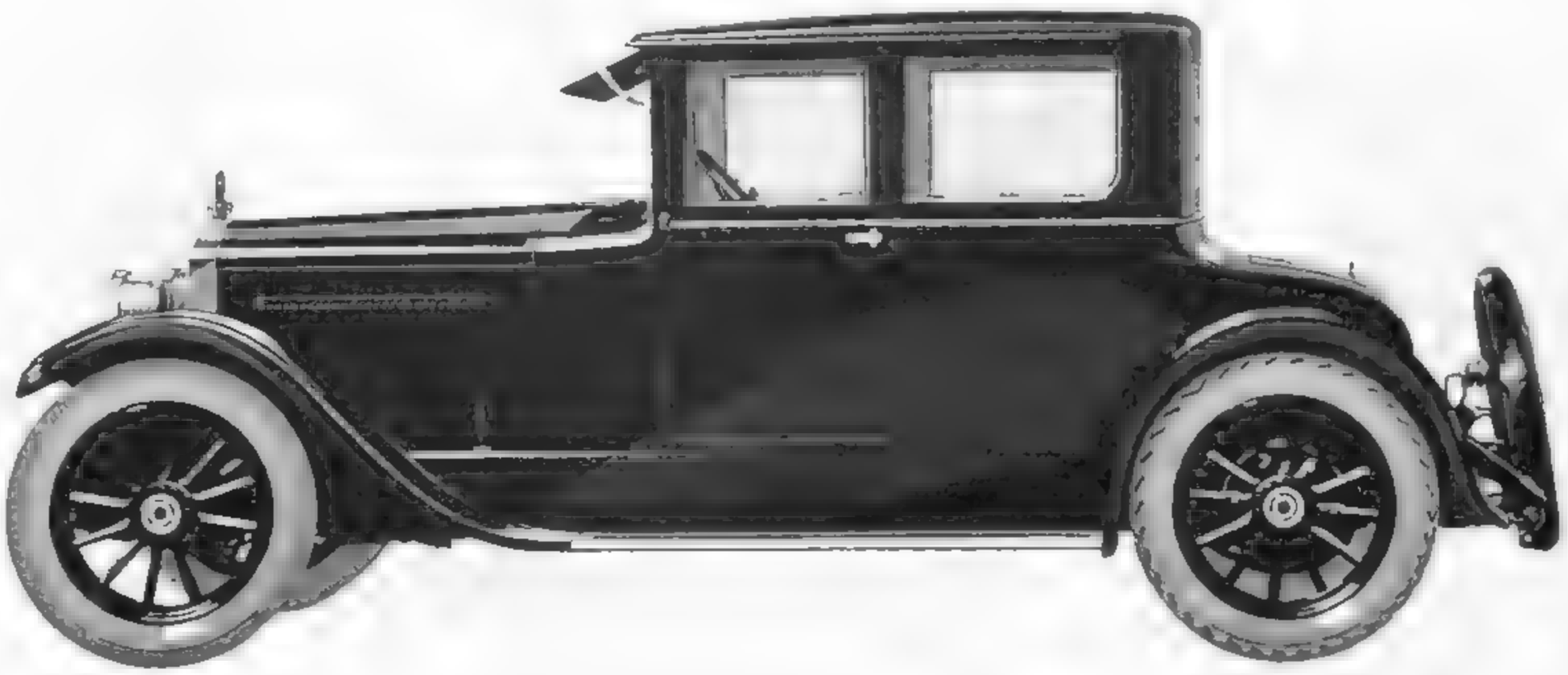
Well, he is here in the saddle again. That is, he is in Canton to attend President McKinley's funeral, and will have his first Cabinet meeting in the White House tomorrow. He came down from Buffalo Monday night, and in the station, without waiting an instant, told me I must stay with him, that I could not decline or even consider. I saw, of course, it was best for me to start off that way, and so I said I would stay, forever, of course, for it would be worse to say I would stay a while than it would be to go out at once. I can still go at any moment he gets tired of me, or when I collapse.

John Hay remained as Secretary of State in Roosevelt's cabinet until his death, July 1, 1905.

Elihu Root succeeded him July 6, 1905.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.





The
SINGLE-SIX
COUPE

Retail sales of the new Packard Single-Six during the first 30 days of its showing, reached the astounding volume of more than $10,000,000.

Further figures from our distributors and dealers show how far the Single-Six has penetrated beyond the so-called circle of Packard ownership.

Forty per cent of these initial buyers offered no other car in trade. They were irresistibly attracted by this beautiful new car, regardless of their previous car-affiliation.

More than 40 per cent offered in trade, cars other than Packard, clearly indicating that a tremendous number of car-owners have been waiting for such a car as this new Packard.

Everywhere the Single-Six is the topic of motoring discussion, and the object of general admiration and approval. We are receiving by letter every day, performance and mileage statistics which are amazing to the owner, but directly in line with the calculations of the Single-Six designers.

The conclusion is obvious—the value which characterizes this car is so great and outstanding, that it is completely without precedent among cars of the highest class.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650; Coupé, $3175: Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

The Packard Twin-Six is recognized as a superior car, which performs in a superior way Packard Trucks are recognized as the unequalled hauling investment Packard standardized service now insures an even lower cost of Packard upkeep

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 28)

The policeman seemed rather amused. "It's my job," he said, training at the same time upon June an eye of quizzical intelligence.

It was odd, yet all in a moment Constable X had ceased to be a stern-looking fellow.

As soon as William crossed the threshold of his treasure house a kind of rapture came upon him. His voice grew hushed. And to June it seemed doubtful whether he would ever get beyond the Hermes on the main staircase. Once within this palace of many enchantments, he began to lose all sense of time and place; and in spite of the fact that he was the soul of chivalry he even seemed in danger of forgetting that he was accompanied by a lady.

Troubled at last by the silence of her escort June gently observed, "This place seems nearly as big as the Blackhampton Art Museum."

To William's fine perception it was a delicate reminder that art is eternal, and that in the month of September the National Gallery closes at seven.

The young man sighed deeply and turned away from the Hermes. Up the main staircase they walked side by side.

"Keep straight on, Miss June. If we glance to the right or the left we may not get to the Van Roon before next Saturday."

"We!" was June's thought. "Better speak for yourself. In the Blackhampton Art Museum we have things far nicer than a few old chipped statues." Happily, for the time being at least, it remained a thought without words.

They went through a room on the right, and then into an inner room. June was led to its farthest corner and proudly marshaled into the presence of an object so small and so insignificant that she felt it was really surprising that even William should attach the least importance to it.

However, a mere glance proved that it was not so surprising after all. The picture contained a cloud, a tree, some water and a windmill. And these things, in themselves so trivial, yet sufficed, as June had learned already, to raise William at any time to the seventh heaven of bliss.

A moment's inspection of the picture was enough for June. To her mind the work was quite commonplace. Yet William stood in front of it in an attitude of silent adoration, his head a little to one side, and apparently holding his breath for such a long period that June began to wonder how the trick was done. She was bound in honor to share this silent ecstasy, but having varied the proceedings a little by standing first on her right foot and then on her left, she decided at last to throw up her part.

Very gently she put a term to William's reverie.

"I think I will sit down," said June.

"Please, please do!" The queer fellow came back with a start to the world of reality. "Let us sit over there on the corner of that sofa. Perhaps we may be able to see it even better then than we do now."

To the sofa they went accordingly, and to June's secret dismay her mentor was at pains to dispose them both in a manner that would enable them to keep the picture in their eye. June had no wish to keep the picture in her eye. She had had more than enough of it already. Besides, the large room was full of things vastly more imposing, much better worth looking at. But William, even seated on the sofa by her side, was still in the thrall of this remarkable work.

There is no saying how long June's trial would have lasted, but after it had gone on for a length of time that began to seem interminable it came to an end in the most abrupt and dramatic way. Without any kind of warning a strange appearance swam into their ken. Uncle Si, looking spruce and businesslike, and much better dressed than usual, entered the room through the door behind them.

XIII

JUNE held her breath, while S. Gedge, Antiques, with thought for nothing save the object that had brought him there, made a bee line for the picture at which William was still solemnly staring. The old man put on his spectacles. Whether they were his buying or his selling ones June was unable to decide, but whichever they might be they had an important function to perform. Uncle Si's long and fox-like nose bent so close to the paint that it might have been smelling it.

June's instinct was to flee before they were discovered. And perhaps she would have urged this course upon William had not pride said no. She was in mortal fear of the old man, yet she despised herself for that emotion. After all, they were doing no wrong in spending Saturday afternoon in such a very elevated form of amusement. Surely it devolved upon her to stand up to this tyrant.

William, for his part, was without misgiving. Thinking evil of none, least of all his master, he was a little awed by that odd arrival, and yet he was unfeignedly glad of his presence. It was almost as if the simpleton regarded it as a compliment to himself that S. Gedge, Antiques, should take the trouble to come in his own person to look at the Van Roon.

At last S. Gedge, Antiques, turned away from the Van Roon and, little suspecting who were so near to him, came full upon William and June seated together upon the adjacent sofa. For a moment it was as if a feather would have knocked him down. He could trust his eyes so little that he hastily changed his spectacles.

"What!" His brow was thunder. "You! Here!"

June, ready to carry the war into the country of the enemy, was prepared to offer a cool "Why not?" Happily, a second and wiser thought led her to await developments. Secretly Uncle Si was in a pretty rage, as June could tell by the look of him. But he was not one to let his feelings override his judgment. Whatever they were, they could keep. He had come there for a particular purpose; this afternoon he was bent on business only.

In the rasping voice which made June think of a file and sandpaper, S. Gedge, Antiques, remarked: "Still Hobbemaizing, eh?"

William modestly admitted that he hoped Miss June would have a look at The Avenue.

"Let's hope she'll be the better for it." The old man did his best to be polite. "It will improve her mind, no doubt."

"But we have come to see the Van Roon, sir," said William impulsively.

"Oh, you have?" There was a sudden narrowing of foxy eyes. "Seems to me, boy, you've got Van Roon on the brain."

William could not help laughing at his master's tone of playfulness, but June did not laugh. She knew but too well that as far as Uncle Si was concerned, Van Roon was an exceedingly serious matter.

"You are wise, boy"—the old man tried very hard to keep the sneer out of his voice—"to come and find out what a Van Roon really looks like."

William modestly said that he thought he knew that already.

His master shook the head of wisdom. "Judging by the way you've been going on lately I take leave to doubt it. If you can trace the slightest resemblance to that thing of ours"—as Uncle Si half turned to point to the picture June noticed that he was careful to say "ours"—"I'm afraid, boy, you're qualifying for Colney Hatch."

William laughed gayly at his master's humor. He felt bound in honor to do so, since the jokes from that quarter were thin and few. But June did not laugh. Something cold, subtle, deadly, was creeping into her heart.

The old fox struck an attitude before the Van Roon. "How a man who has his wits can compare that daub of ours with this acknowledged masterpiece passes me altogether."

As a fact, William had not exactly compared his Crowdham Market purchase with Number 2020 in the official catalogue. He had merely affirmed that it was by the same hand.

June was privileged to hear great argument. And as at her birth a kind fairy had bestowed the gift of penetration upon her, she listened to all that passed with a fixity of mind that was almost painful. Carefully weighing the pros and the cons as they were advanced, she was fully determined to get a real insight into the merits of a most singular and perplexing matter.

Who was in the right? It was the opinion of William against the opinion of Uncle Si. From the first she had had horrid doubts of the old man's sincerity, yet she must not prejudge so grave an issue. Account must be taken, moreover, of the entire range of William's fantastic ideas. The thought was not pleasant, but on the face of it Uncle Si was likely to be far the safer guide of the two.

As June listened, however, to the wheedling sneers of the one and the forthright tone of the other, almost too transparent in its honesty, she could only conclude that Uncle Si was deliberately cheapening William's discovery for purposes of his own.

Looking at the masterpiece on the opposite wall, with what June was only too keenly aware were the eyes of ignorance, it was impossible to deny an extraordinary similarity of subject and treatment. And this, as at once she perceived, was where Uncle Si overdid it. He would not allow that to the vision of a technical expert, the possession of which he did not scruple now to claim for himself, there was the slightest resemblance. Such similarities as might exist on the surface to delude the untutored eye he explained away in a flood of words whose vehemence was intended to convince them both. But he convinced neither. June, pinning her wits to a plain argument, smiled secretly as more than once he contradicted himself. William, on the other hand, was not permitted by the love and reverence he bore his master to submit his speeches to the scale. He took his stand upon the divine instinct that was his by right of birth. Such being the case he could but gently dissent from the old man. It was one of his peculiarities that the surer he was the more gentle he grew. And therein, as June perceived, he differed strangely from Uncle Si, who could render conviction only in terms of vehemence.

Finally, as a clincher, S. Gedge, Antiques, growled "Boy, you talk like a fool!" and, head in air, marched with the aid of his knobby walking stick out of William's treasure house.

William and June, having stood to talk with the old man, now sat down again.

"Thank goodness, he's gone!" said June.

William confessed that the master had puzzled him considerably.

"'Tisn't like him to close his eyes to the facts of a case. I can't think what has happened to the master. He hardly ever makes a mistake."

Said June sagaciously, "Uncle Si being so wise about most things, isn't it likely that the mistake is yours?"

"It may be so," William allowed. But at once he added with a divine simplicity, "I will stake my life, all the same, Miss June, that our picture is a Van Roon."

"Or a clever forgery perhaps"

"No, no! As sure as you and I sit here, only one hand painted that little thing of ours."

"Then why should Uncle Si declare that it doesn't in the least resemble a Van Roon?"

"Ah, that I don't know. It is very strange that he should be so blind to the truth. As I say, it is the first time I have known it happen."

"It may be," said June, "that this is the first time there has been so much money in the case."

William dissented gravely. "The master would never let money influence him in a matter of this kind."

"Uncle Si lets money influence him in matters of every kind."

William shook his head. "I am afraid you don't know the master," he said with a wonderful look in his deep eyes.

June was too wise to contest the point. He might know more about pictures than did she, but when it came to human nature it was another pair of shoes. The fellow was a goose, a simpleton, a perfect sawney. It made her quite hot with anger to feel how easily he could be taken in.

Sitting by William's side on the edge of the sofa she made a vow. From now on it should be her aim in life to see that Uncle Si did not get the better of this young man. She had made a good and wise beginning by inducing him to bestow the picture upon herself instead of giving it, as so easily might have happened, to the old crocodile. She knew that some bad quarters of an hour lay ahead, in the course of which she and her box might easily find themselves in the street: but come what might, let her cherish that picture as if it were life itself. For she saw with a startling clearness that William's future—and perhaps her own—was bound up in its fortunes.

This surmise as to trouble ahead was borne out very exactly by events. When, accompanied by William, she returned to tea in a state as near positive happiness as she had ever known, Uncle Si's aspect was so hostile that it would not have been surprising had she been sent packing there and then. The presence of William helped to restrain the anger of S. Gedge, Antiques, since there was more to lose than to gain just now by fixing a quarrel upon him; but it was clear that the old man did not intend to pass over the incident lightly.

"Niece," he began the moment his cup had been handed to him, "kindly tell me what you mean by gallivanting about London."

A hot flame of resentment ran in June's cheek. But she was too proud to express it otherwise than by rather elaborately holding her peace. She continued to pour out tea just as if not a word had been said on the subject.

"It's my fault, sir," said William, stepping into the breach chivalrously, but with an absence of tact. "Miss June very kindly consented to come and look at the Van Roon."

"There must be no more of it." Miss June received the full benefit of a north eye. "I will not have you going about with a young man, least of all a young man earning fifteen shillings a week in my employ."

It was now the turn of William's cheek to feel the flame, but it was not in his nature to fight over a thing of that kind, even had he been in a position to do so. Besides, it hardly needed his master to tell him that he had been guilty of presumption. Indeed the circumstances of the case made it almost impossible for either of the culprits to defend such conduct in the other's presence. Yet June, to the intense astonishment of Uncle Si, and no doubt to her own, contrived to give battle in hostile territory.

"I can only say," she remarked with a fearlessness so amazing that Uncle Si scalded his mouth by drinking out of his cup instead of out of his saucer, "that if fifteen shillings a week is all that William gets it is just about time he had a rise in his wages."

For a moment Uncle Si could only splutter. Then he took off his spectacles and wiped them fiercely.

"Gracious goodness me! God bless my body and my soul!"

June would not have been at all surprised had the old slave driver thrown a fit.

"William is very clever," she said, undaunted.

"Niece, hold your tongue!" The words came through clenched teeth. "And understand, once for all, that I'll have no more carryings-on. If you don't look out you'll find your box in the street."

Having put June out of action the old man turned his attention to William. But with him he walked more delicately. There must be no more Van Rooning, but the ukase was given in a tone so oily that June just had to smile.

In spite of his own edict, however, it was clear that Van Roon continued much in the mind of William's master. The next day was Sunday. Instead of taking the air of the West Central Postal District, his custom, as a rule, when the forenoon was fine, he spent most of the morning with the young man in the studio. June felt this boded so ill that she went about her household chores in a fever of anxiety. She was sure that Uncle Si had fully made up his mind to have the picture; he meant also to have it at his own price. However, she had fully made up hers that this tragedy simply must not occur.

XIV

JUNE, preparing for dinner a Yorkshire pudding, brought an acute mind to bear on the still graver problem before it. What would happen when Uncle Si found out that William had been persuaded to give her the picture? It was a question she was bound to ask, yet she dared not foretell the answer. William and she were completely in his power. Wholly dependent upon the food and lodging the old man provided and the few shillings a week with which he grudgingly supplemented them, they could not afford to come to an open breach with

(Continued on Page 51)

Why not take your Summer Vacation *out of your* Winter Fuel Bills?

WHY not? If you heat your home you spend far more than enough to pay for a Summer outing. You can save a large part of this expense.

Read this page. Here is no vague promise of fuel economy that depends on how you throw a shovelful of fuel on the fire. It is a clear explanation of how a better heating system, the Mueller Convector, will cut **your** fuel bills.

First of all, thousands of Convector owners will tell you that they heat their homes with ⅓ to ½ less fuel than they once used with other methods of heating. If you asked them why, they might say, "Because the Convector burns any fuel you care to use, with greater efficiency".

It does. But this is not the whole reason for this huge saving. Efficient fuel burning is only the beginning of economy in heating. What happens to the heat that comes from your fuel?.....What form of heat is it?.....Do you use more than you need?.....These are the important questions.

Millions of Dollars in Heat Are Wasted Through Windows Every Year

Wasted in heat that drifts aimlessly out, simply because some heating systems do not control the movement of warmed air in homes and buildings. People are in the habit of calling this **ventilation**, but a large share of it is not ventilation at all—**it is sheer waste.**

Suppose you are heating a room with stoves, or other direct heating apparatus. You lower a window at the top and raise another slightly—a favorite means of securing so-called ventilation. Immediately a current of fresh air enters at the bottom of the window, makes its way to the heating unit in the room where it is warmed, and it rises at once to the ceiling.

Here a large share of it will be caught by the warm air current that is certain to be leaving through the window open at the top. This fresh air enters, steals the heat from your heating system, and leaves like a thief. It doesn't ventilate. This is why you can have several windows open and still have stuffy air, still suffer from headaches and ill health.

Some time ago a physician advocated the use of electric fans in Winter to prevent this waste, and bring better health to those whose homes and buildings are heated in this inefficient manner.

The Convector changes all this. Installed in the basement, where the entire heating system belongs, the Convector circulates warmed, healthfully moistened air throughout all your home from one register on the first floor. It doesn't need pipes or fans—in fact, **no system of pipes and fans** could circulate air so evenly over your home as the Convector does, by depending upon the natural law of air circulation.

This complete circulation of air places ventilation absolutely under your control. You can have just as much fresh air as you please. **Wherever it enters you know that it is going to every room**—all the fresh air that enters is used to ventilate. It is not sneaking out again with your heat.

This is why the Convector gives you better air to breathe, why you need never suffer from cold drafts, why you will have more even heat, why less heat is wasted with this remarkable system.

The Convector Changes Wasteful Heat to Useful Heat of Convection

From 40% to 60% of the heat from many systems is **radiant heat**, the kind of heat given off by an open fire and, in a great degree, by **any hot metal surface**, especially stoves. This is the most wasteful form of heat used in homes and buildings. It always makes the temperature uneven, it strikes but one side of us at a time. It is rapidly absorbed by walls, and more than half of it passes through windows.

The Convector gives no spotty, uneven, wasteful, radiant heat. Radiant heat given off by the hot metal of the Convector's large heating surface is changed to useful **heat of convection** by the air-spaced metal casing surrounding the Convector. This heat of convection warms the **air**, and it is sent evenly throughout your home.

This is the second great reason for Convector economy, and the reason for the name CONVECTOR.

And in Spring or Fall When Many Systems Waste Fuel

—when they are hard to regulate, and rooms get too hot or too cold, the Convector never falters in its economy. It is more quickly and easily regulated to temperature change than any other type of heating system.

A quick fire, a little fuel, and the chill and damp are gone from a cool October day. No waiting until the system "warms up"—it warms up as quickly as the fire is built. You do not need to burn a pound more fuel than the weather demands. If the temperature is fifty degrees, you regulate the fire for a fifty degree day. A chilly April has no terrors for your fuel bin.

Think of the saving! More than half the days you need heat are **mild days.** Think of the satisfaction in knowing that you can be quickly comfortable in any weather without fuel waste!

This quick, direct fuel burning regulation makes the Convector the universal system. From Alaska to Mexico it permits every home owner to get most from his fuel dollars—enjoy year-round comfort without extravagance.

Every Known Heating Comfort at Least Cost

These are the reasons for Convector economy. What other method of heating combines them all?

(1) **The Convector ventilates your home and saves fuel in doing it.**

(2) **It keeps wasteful, spotty, radiant heat out of your living rooms and saves fuel in doing it.**

(3) **It makes you quickly comfortable any time without fuel waste.**

Now that you know just why the Convector saves fuel for its owners—now that you know it is not imagination that tells them they are keeping in their pockets from ⅓ to ½ the money they once spent for fuel—why shouldn't you have a Convector in **your** home?

It is easily managed. The installation, even in a finished house, is made in less than a day's time without tearing up walls or floors, and you can secure the size you need from a dealer near you—**ON EASY TERMS IF YOU DESIRE**, even though the cost is remarkably low.

Free Offer

No matter how you heat your home now, send the request form below. It will bring you complete details about a Convector installation for your home and a copy of "Heat, What it is and How to Use it"—some of the most useful information ever collected about home heating. No obligation—**and it's worth having.**

L. J. MUELLER FURNACE CO.
246 Reed Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Makers of Warm Air, Steam, Vapor and Hot Water Heating Systems
ESTABLISHED 1857

SALESMEN: We have places for several proved men who want an excellent product to back their ability. Write us.

DEALERS: Write now for details of exclusive sales plan. This is an unusual opportunity for good business

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P. n.

L. J. MUELLER FURNACE CO.,
246 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen:

☐ Please send me without cost a copy of your book on HEAT.

☐ Please send me complete information about the CONVECTOR.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MUELLER CONVECTOR

PALMOLIVE

Moments Which Count

WHEN you are conscious of the scrutiny of interested eyes which appraise every detail of your appearance, can you sit serene, secure in the consciousness that there is nothing to criticise but everything to admire?

Happy is the girl who can answer "Yes" in these all important moments. She is the girl who knows that her fresh, clear skin and smooth, white neck and arms are sure to command admiration.

The girl who is not so sure of her personal attractiveness, who is conscious that complexion defects may affect her popularity, should waste no time remedying these conditions. The secret is cosmetic cleanliness, which keeps the skin free from clogging accumulations.

Once a day, do this

Once a day, preferably at bedtime, give your face a thorough cleansing. This doesn't mean a harsh, irritating scrub but a cosmetic cleansing accomplished by the gentlest possible means.

Soap is necessary, but only the mildest soap should be used. This is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Once you experience the mild, soothing effect of its smooth, creamy lather, you will recognize daily cleansing as the surest complexion beautifier.

Removal, once a day, of the accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and the remaining traces of cold cream and powder is absolutely essential to a clear, fresh skin.

Neglect results in clogged pores, coarse texture and blackheads. When the accumulated soil carries infection, pimples are the result.

Made from
Palm and Olive
Oils

Happy is the girl who
clear skin and smooth, wh
sure to comman

nows that her fresh,
ite neck and arms are
d admiration

An Ancient Secret

THE value of beautifying cleansing was discovered long ago, in the days of ancient Egypt. It was Cleopatra's secret—whatever the embellishments she employed, they were applied after the daily bath with palm and olive oils as cleansers.

The great queen was famous for her beauty long after early youth was passed. She kept her looks with the aid of the same gentle, stimulating cleansing which we recommend today.

Not for faces only

Just as Cleopatra used palm and olive oils for bathing, so should the modern woman adopt Palmolive for her daily bath.

For beauty of complexion extends beyond the face—neck, arms and shoulders are as noticeable for attractive smoothness.

This smoothness is best secured and retained by the soothing, softening action of palm and olive oils as enjoyed in creamy Palmolive.

Blended from the same oils

Palmolive is blended from the same costly oriental oils which served Cleopatra as cleanser and beautifier. We import them from overseas in vast quantity to keep the Palmolive factories at work day and night. This is necessary to supply the world-wide demand.

This popularity has reduced price, as manufacturing volume permits economies which lower production costs. Thus we are able to supply Palmolive for only 10 cents a cake.

So while Palmolive ranks first as finest facial soap, you can afford to follow Cleopatra's example and use it for bathing.

Remember that complexion beauty does not end with the face, and beautify your body with Palmolive.

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THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, TORONTO, CANADA
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Volume and Efficiency Produce 25-cent Quality for Only

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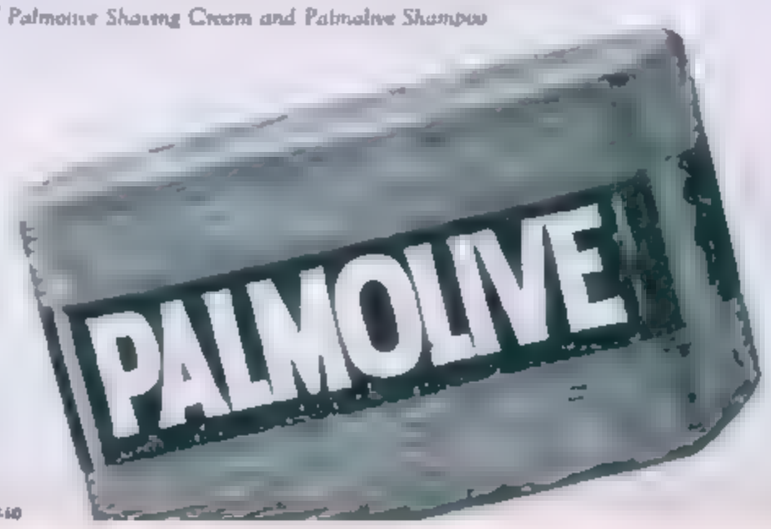

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Every ounce in every can of Pet Milk is of uniform richness—no separation, no thin milk in the bottom. The last drop is as full of cream as the first.

Undiluted, Pet Milk is fine as cream. Diluted, one pint of Pet equals two pints of very rich milk or three pints of ordinary cooking milk.

Pet Milk perfectly meets the daily need for both milk and cream. It is economical and convenient. Ask for free copy of Pet Recipe Book. The Helvetia Company (Originators of the Evaporated Milk Industry) General Offices, St. Louis.

TRY THIS PEACH SHORT CAKE

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
Sliced peaches
⅓ cup butter
¼ cup Pet Milk diluted with ½ cup water

Mix dry ingredients, sift twice, work in butter with tips of fingers, and add diluted milk gradually. Toss on floured board, divide in two parts. Roll out to fit buttered layer cake pan, and bake twelve minutes in hot oven. Spread each layer with butter and arrange sliced peaches between and on top, sweetened to taste.

Milk at its Best

The Choice of Experience

(Continued from Page 46)

him; at the same time, to June's practical mind it would be an act of sheer madness to give up the rare thing that fortune had put into their hands.

Her need just then was the advice of some able and disinterested friend. There was only her power of putting two and two together to tell her that the picture might be worth a large sum. And even that did not allow her to know for certain; she must find a means of making sure. Unhappily there was not one person in the world to whom she could turn for advice, unless it was William himself; and in plain matters of business he seemed so hopelessly at sea—if they involved dealings with his master, at all events—that June was convinced he would be no use at all.

Beating up an egg for the Yorkshire pudding she felt a deep concern for what was now taking place up that second pair of stairs in the garret next the tiles. Vainly she wished that she had had the sense to ask William to keep back as long as possible the fact that he had given the picture to her. But the mere request would have opened the door to another anxiety. If the picture was what he thought it was, could such a gift, made in such circumstances, be regarded as irrevocable? That must be left to the giver himself to decide—assuming the simpleton had enough strength of mind to prevent Uncle Si deciding it for him.

The pudding was just ready for the oven when she heard Uncle Si come downstairs. He went into the parlor, where every Sunday morning, with the help of the Exchange and Mart and half an ounce of shag, he spent an hour in meditation. As soon as the door closed upon the old man June ran atticwards to confer with William.

There was no beating about the bush. Bursting in upon him breathlessly she cried, "I hope you have not told Uncle Si the picture is mine. I had meant to warn you not to do so on any account—not for the present, at all events."

William looked up from the treasure with his absorbed air; but it appeared that as yet he had not let the cat out of the bag.

"I am very glad," June breathed freely again.

"I thought," said William sadly, "it would be best not to tell the master until after his dinner. But I fear that whenever he knows it will upset him terribly."

"Why should it?"

"It's like this, Miss June—the master is fairly setting his heart upon this picture."

"Then he'd better unset it," said June harshly.

Trouble came unmistakably into the expressive face of the picture's late owner.

"I am afraid it will be quite a blow to him if he doesn't get this beautiful thing," he said, gazing affectionately at what he held in his hand.

"And yet he thinks so little of it?"

"Oh, no! Not now. This morning he examined it so thoroughly that he's changed his mind."

June was not impressed by this face-about on the part of S. Gedge, Antiques. "If you ask me," she declared scornfully, "he changed his mind some time ago. But he's a bit too artful to let you know that."

"But why?" said William perplexedly.

"Don't you see that he thinks the more he cheapens it the easier it will be to get it off you?"

William could not bring himself to take so harsh a view.

"What does he offer for it now?" the new owner of the Van Roon sternly inquired.

"You are not fair to the dear old master, believe me, Miss June," said the sawney, with charming earnestness. "He has such a reverence for beauty that he cannot reckon it in terms of money. This morning I brought him to see with my eyes." Pride and affection deepened in the voice of the simpleton. "He has now such a regard for this lovely thing that he will not be happy until he possesses it, and I shall not be happy until you have given it to him."

June was simply aghast.

"But—but it was given to me!"

"I know—I know." The giver was pink with confusion. "But you see, Miss June, your uncle has quite set his heart on it. And I am wondering if you will return it to me, so that I may offer it to him as a token of love. No one could have had a better or kinder master. I owe everything to him." Suddenly, however, the young man was aware of her dismay. "I do hope you will not mind too much," he said anxiously. "If you will allow me I will give you something else."

June averted her eyes. "You gave me this; and you can't believe how much it means to me."

"Yes, I know you have a great feeling for it. To part with it will hurt you; I can see that. But please think of the dear old master's disappointment if he doesn't get it."

"He merely wants it to sell again."

"You are unjust to yourself, Miss June, in thinking so. Money does not enter into your feeling about this beautiful thing; it doesn't enter into mine. Why should it enter into the master's, whose love of art is so intense?"

"Because his love of money is intenser. It's his ruling passion. Where are your eyes that they can't see a thing as plain as that?"

She must be as gentle as she could with this absurd fellow, yet she knew only too well that such words must cause a wound. And the wound was willfully dealt. It was so important that he should be made to see the whole thing as really and truly it was. But her hope was slight that he would ever be brought to do so.

"I beg you," he said, almost with passion, "to let me have it back, so that I may give it to the dear old master."

"It is madness," said June bitterly. "He has no true feeling for the picture at all."

She saw that her words were unwise. They made her own position worse. But faced by such an appeal she had to do what she could on the spur of the moment.

"I know how much it means to you." Pain was clouding the eyes of this dreamer. "I know your love for it is equal to mine, but that will make our joy in giving it to your uncle so much the greater."

"But why to Uncle Si—of all people?"

"He wants it." William's voice was low and solemn. "At this moment I believe he wants it more than anything else in the world."

Said June with scorn, "He wants it as much as he wants a thousand pounds. And he doesn't want it more. I believe money is his god. Think of the fifteen shillings he pays you a week. It makes my blood boil!"

A quick flush sprang to the young man's cheek. "Money has nothing to do with this, Miss June."

"It has to do with everything."

Delicately he ventured to contradict. "Where love is money doesn't come in. I simply want to offer this priceless thing to the old master out of a full heart, as you might say."

"Then you shouldn't have parted with it." She hated herself for her words, but she was not in a mood to weigh them. "You have already had the pleasure of giving it to me, therefore it is only right that you should now deny yourself the pleasure of giving it to Uncle Si. It is like eating your cake and having it."

William was not apt in argument, and this was cogent reasoning. He lacked the wit to meet it, yet he stuck tenaciously to his guns.

"When you realize what this rare treasure means to the old man I'm sure you'll change your mind."

June shook her head. Secretly, however, she felt like weakening a bit. In the wistful voice was a note that hurt, but she could not afford to yield; there was far too much at stake.

"I shall have to think the matter over very carefully," she temporized. "And in the meantime, not a word to Uncle Si that the picture's mine."

She mustered the force of will to exact a promise. Bewildered, and a little incredulous, he gave it.

"I hope he doesn't hate me half as much as I hate myself," was the swift and sickening thought that annihilated June as she ran from the studio, having recollected with a pang of dismay that she had not put in the pudding for dinner.

XV

DINNER was a miserable meal. The Yorkshire pudding was light, the roast sirloin was done to a turn, the potatoes were white and floury, the kidney beans were tender, but June could find nothing in the way of appetite. The mere presence of William at the other side of the table was almost more than she could bear. So keen was her sense of a terribly false position that she dared not look at him. What did he think of her? How must she appear to one all high-minded goodness and generosity?

Surely he must know after what had just passed that her love of the picture was mere base deceit. Surely he must hold such an opinion of her now that he would never believe or trust her again. And the tragedy of it was that she could not hope to make him see the real motive which lay behind it all.

Seated at the table, making only a pretense of eating, but listening with growing anger and disgust to the artful change she now detected in the tone of Uncle Si, it was as if the chair in which she was was poised on the edge of an abyss. William must despise her quite as much as she despised the old crocodile, was the thought that turned her heart to stone.

S. Gedge, Antiques, having had the wit to discover the lie of the wind, had begun most successfully to trim his sails. An hour's careful examination of the picture that morning had convinced him that he had underrated its merits. There was very good work in it, and as a lifelong lover of art with a devout glance at William—good work always appealed to him. But whether the thing as a whole was to be rated as highly as William put it—that, of course, was very much an open question. Still the picture had merit, and personally he should treasure it as much for William's sake as for its own.

June realized that it was now the turn of this cunning old fox to make love to the Van Roon's owner. But was he cunninger than she? Yet what concerned her more than anything just now was the plain fact that he had already managed to persuade himself that the treasure was his own property.

This was not the hour to disabuse his mind. And no matter when that hour came she foresaw a dire quarrel. She was now involved in a business to strain all the resources of her diplomacy. But William needed help. Cost what it might the task devolved upon her of looking after his affairs.

William, meanwhile, in his own peculiar way, seemed not averse from looking after hers. After dinner her first duty was to clear the table and wash up; and he simply insisted upon bearing a hand. He carried the tray into the back kitchen, and then, almost with defiance, presided at the washing of the crockery, while she had to be content with the humbler office of drying it.

"It's your hands I'm thinking of, Miss June."

"My hands are no affair of yours," was the terse reply.

The lover of beauty shyly declared that such hands were not meant for such a task.

"Nothing to write home about—my hands aren't."

Politely skeptical, William drew from his pocket a bit of pumice stone.

"It is to take the soils out of your fingers," he said, offering this talisman shyly.

June's face was now a tawny scarlet. She did not know whether to laugh or to be angry. Yet how was it possible to be angry with a creature who was so charmingly absurd?

"May I take them out for you?"

The answer was no.

But somehow her face must have said yes, for without more ado the amazing fellow took one of her hands and with nice discretion began to apply the pumice stone.

"There, now," he said finally.

A stern rebuke trembled upon her lips, yet with the best will in the world it could not find a form of words whereby to get itself uttered.

XVI

A LITTLE later in the day Uncle Si came into the back kitchen where June was at work. It seemed that he had an announcement to make.

"Niece, there's a piece of news for you. I've decided to take Mrs. Runciman back."

June saw no reason why Mrs. Runciman should not be taken back. Indeed she would welcome the return of the charwoman. It would certainly reduce the burden of her own labors, which was by no means light.

"Niece, you and I are not going to hit it off; I can see that. Already there's been too much of your interference. Next thing you'll upset that boy. And I wouldn't have that happen—not for a thousand pound. So I think the best thing I can do is to take Mrs. Runciman back, and get her to find you a job."

"For me?" said June slowly. "Mrs. Runciman find a job for me?"

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Today your opportunity to make money through representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* is far greater than it was 25 years ago. The demand for our publications is more universal and there are more and larger profits for our workers. Many of them earn $5.00, $10.00, $50.00 a month extra just by devoting a little time to our work.

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You need no experience of any kind, and your time is your own. You may profitably devote eight hours a day to caring for our present readers in your locality and enrolling new subscribers. Or you may give us just a few minutes during the noon hour and in the cool of the evening. We will furnish everything you need to start, except your time—and the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified.

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At Fine Hotels

They scatter Puffed Rice on ice cream

Millions mix it with their berries, where it tastes like bubbled nuts

It is used like nut meats in home candy making. Children eat it dry—like peanuts—when doused with melted butter.

Yet it is Prof. Anderson's scientific whole-grain food

Puffed Grains are food confections. Like snowflakes in their texture, like almonds in their taste. Never were grain foods made half so delightful.

Yet Prof. Anderson's object in their invention was just to make whole grains wholly digestible.

The grains are steam exploded—shot from guns. Over 100 million food cells are blasted in each kernel. Every atom is thus fitted to feed.

The utmost in grain foods

Children revel in Puffed Grains—regard them as tidbits. And every dish brings them whole-grain nutrition.

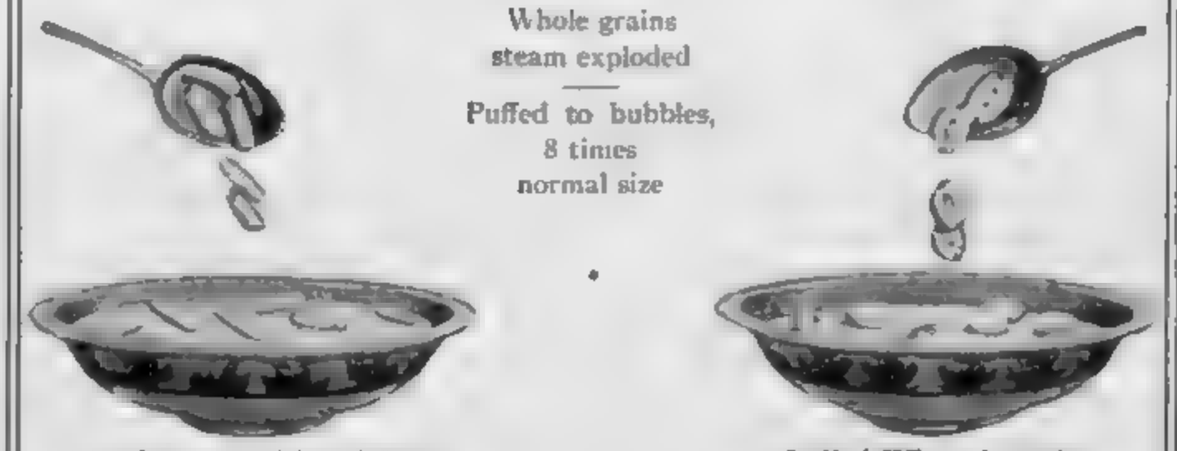
You know how much that means. Then serve them Puffed Grains morning, noon and night, in every way you can. They never get enough.

See that both kinds—the Wheat and Rice—are always on the shelf.

Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat

Whole grains steam exploded

Puffed to bubbles, 8 times normal size



The finest breakfast dainty ever served

Puffed Wheat in milk—the utmost in a food

"If she comes back you'll have to go. I can't afford to keep a couple o' women eating their heads off. The times don't run to it."

"What sort of a job do you expect a charwoman to find for me?" June asked, biting her lip.

"She may know of somebody who wants a domestic help. As far as I can see, you are not fit for anything else."

That was true enough, as June felt with a sharp pang. She was a girl without any sort of training except in the tedium of housework. No other career was open to her, and she was going to be turned adrift. There came a hot flame to her cheeks, a sting of quick tears to her eyes. She was a proud and ambitious girl; never had she felt humiliation's bite so keen.

"If you stay here," said Uncle Si, "you're sure to upset that boy. And, as I say, rather than that should happen I'd pay a thousand pounds to a hospital."

June made no reply. But in a surge of feeling she went up to her attic, and with rage in her heart flung herself full-length on the bed.

The blow was fully expected, yet that hardly made the weight of it less. Soon or late this miser was bound to turn her out-of-doors; yet coming at such a time the decree was in the nature of a calamity.

Well, she must face it! Domestic service was the only thing to which she could turn her hand, and that, she foresaw, was likely to prove a form of slavery. A future, hard, confined and miserable, lay in front of her.

Bitterly she regretted now that she had not been able to fit herself for some other way of life. She had had a reasonably good education, as far as it went, in her native town of Blackhampton, where her father had at one time been in a moderately good position. But he had died when she was fourteen. And her mother, with health completely broken several years before her death, had been left so badly off that June perforce had to give up all thoughts of a career. Stifling vague ambitions she had bravely submitted to the yoke, but in spite of a sense of duty honestly, even nobly done, the sequel was a grim distaste for household drudgery. And this had not been made less by a month under the roof of S. Gedge, Antiques.

With a gnawing sense of misery that was like a toothache June slid off the bed and looked at herself in the cracked mirror which adorned her crazy dressing table. Her only assets were comprised in her personal appearance. Instinctively she took stock of them. Alas, as she beheld them now, they were pretty much a washout.

First to strike her was the telltale redness of her eyelids, and that disgusted her to begin with. But apart from that, she felt in her own mind that her personality could hardly be considered attractive. She was but half educated, she had talked with only a few people in the course of her life, Blackhampton was the only town she had ever known, and only the most middling of its society had come within her ken.

Honestly she was not pretty, she was not clever, and she knew next to nothing of the world. Even at Blackhampton, where the supply of smart girls was strictly limited, she had never passed for anything out of the common. She had felt sometimes that her nature was too serious. In a girl a serious nature was a handicap, she had once heard Mr. Boultby, the druggist at the corner of Curzon Street, remark. One asset, however, she certainly had. The mop of golden-brown hair had always been her stand-by, and Mr. Boultby, that sage and man of the world, had paid her compliments upon it. An artist would revel in it, he had said. Certainly there was a lot of it, and the color having aroused comment even in her early days at the high school among her form mates, it was no doubt rather striking. She was also inclined to be tall and long in the leg; she knew that her shoulders and chest were good; she prided herself upon the neatness of her ankles, yet at the back of her shrewd mind lurked the fear that the general effect must be plainness, not beauty. She had heard Mr. Boultby, always a friend, describe her as unusual, but she felt that it was his polite way of saying she was not so good-looking as she might be.

No, wherever her fortune might lie, it was not in her face. Once or twice, in her romantic Blackhampton phases, which at best were very brief and few, she had thought of the stage. But one month of London had convinced her that it was not her line. Considering her inexperience of life her fund of horse sense was remarkable. She was a great believer in the doctrine of looking facts in the face. And the fact she had to meet now was that she was not in any way pretty or talented. Unless you were one or the other—and London was teeming with girls who were both—the doors of the theater were locked and barred.

Back on the edge of the bed she began to consider the question of learning shorthand and typing, so that she might become a clerk in an office. But her means were so limited that the plan was hardly feasible. Really it seemed that no career was open to her other than the one she loathed. And then the thought of William came. At once, by a strange magic, it eased the pressure. Heart, brain and will were merged in an immediate task; she must stand between this child of nature and the avarice of the master.

The sudden thought of William brought courage, tenacity, fighting power. She knew that at this moment he was on the other side of the wall. An impelling need urged her to go to him. Forgetful of red and swollen lids she got up at once and went and knocked on the studio door.

"Come in!" said a familiar voice.

William, as usual in that room, was pottering about amid oils, canvas and varnish. He was in shirt sleeves, he wore a large apron, his shock of fair hair, which gave him the look of a poet, was rumpled, there was a smudge on his cheek, but the absorption of his eyes, their look of intensity half filled her with awe.

She had really come to tell him that she was going to be sent away, but as soon as she found herself in his presence she was overcome by sheer pride. From the first this young man had treated her with a deference which implied that she was of a clay superior to his own. His bearing towards her always stressed the fact that she was the niece of his good master, and that he was a servant humbly grateful for his fifteen shillings a week.

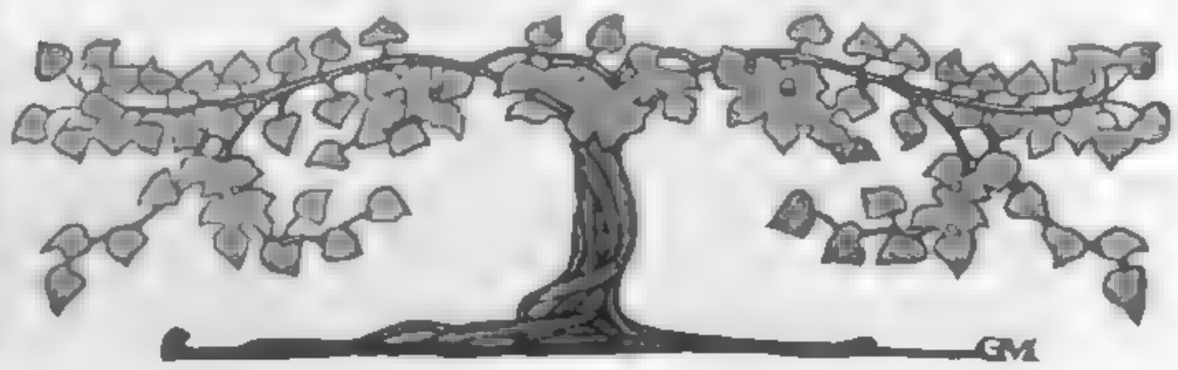
At first this attitude had fed her vanity in a subtle way. But now, in present circumstances, it seemed almost to enrage her. It was quite absurd that a man of such distinguished talent should place her upon a pedestal. The truth of the matter was she was unfit to lace his shoes, and it was amazing that he did not know it.

Upon her entrance William had immediately risen from his stool, and had bowed slightly over the pot of varnish he held in his hand, with a half humorous air of homage. "I know it's not me you've come to see," his gentle manner seemed to say; "it is this marvelous thing on the easel at my elbow."

All the same it was William she had come to see. She had come to him for countenance and sympathy. And it did not help her at all that she should be treated with a shy reserve. She craved to be told that his fastidious concern for her hands and the regard he had for a beauty in which she herself did not believe were more than mere chivalry towards women in general. Alas, in spite of the eager friendliness of her reception, this was not apparent. In the eyes of William she was just the master's niece, and the incident of the pumice stone was without significance, beyond the fact that he was no more than the least of her servants. It was very exasperating.

"But if you are wise," said a voice within, you will not let this gaby know that you think so."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 5)

market, and with the money it brings I will get you whatever you want."

So to me the bees seemed like true fairies, dispensing all good things, from the golden honey itself to the still more magic gold of the louis d'or, into which it could be transmuted. Now, on the eve of the greatest adventure I had yet undertaken, these winged fays came again with their tiny bags of treasure.

"Take this," said my aunt, pressing into my hand a knitted bagful of gold pieces. "It's all that we have made from the sale of the honey. Take it, and may it help you on your way!"

My darling little aunt! I can see her now, holding me in her arms on that day of parting. She was deeply moved, feeling that I was embarking on a long and dangerous journey. Margarido, as she packed my bags, expressed the anxiety that they both shared.

"Poor Fantoune! Poor child!" she murmured, shaking her head mournfully as she leaned over her task. "Where is she bound for? Paris is so big, so distant! Who knows what will happen to her? She is going so far away from us!"

She was almost in tears by the time everything was ready. I kissed my aunt and hurried away, followed by the old servant, carrying my bags. We went down the hill path to the highway below, where I could catch the diligence for Clermont and Paris. I must have looked a melancholy little Manon, standing by the side of the road, surrounded by bags and boxes, waiting with a sinking heart for the stagecoach and my fate!

When it came the only seat vacant was on the very top. I was hoisted up there onto the *impériale*, and found myself installed next to an old gentleman who did his best to make me comfortable. I was grateful for his kindness, and, exhausted by my emotions and lulled by the rocking of the coach, I dropped off to sleep.

Suddenly I felt an arm around my waist. My old friend was becoming a little too attentive. I freed myself with a jerk, administering at the same time a resounding slap. The blow made such a noise that everyone on the coach knew what had happened. The driver stopped the horses. Everyone jumped out and talked at the top of their lungs. A sympathetic young man from the interior offered me a seat beside his parents. For the rest of the trip, until I joined my mother at Clermont, I was well cared for by these kind old people.

What a journey it was in those days, from La Bastide to Paris! We went by the way of Clermont-Ferrand and Moulins. It took us days and days, where now it is only a matter of hours. The way was long, and we stopped every two or three hours to change horses.

Hospitable taverns opened their doors to the weary travelers wherever the relays were made. What noble feasts were spread in the kitchens of those road houses! Chickens and ducks turned on spits before roaring fires, in appetizing readiness. One could eat like a king of all the good things of the earth, for the vast sum of one franc fifty, about ten cents at the present rate of exchange! Oh, times forever past! *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*

Once settled in Paris, we were faced with the problem of finding a teacher. My mother, with her usual courage and energy, went straight to the leading singing masters of the day and put the proposition to them in these terms:

"Give my daughter a hearing. You yourself will judge what talent she may have. I am not rich, but you can have entire confidence in me. We will pay you as soon as she has succeeded."

She was most fortunate in finding a well-known singing teacher, Jules Puget, a retired tenor of the opera, who was willing to accept these conditions. The lessons which he gave me were excellent. He taught the principles of the Italian *bel canto*, with which he was thoroughly familiar. He was a talented artist and had created several important rôles during his long career.

At the end of three years of study he advised me to obtain some concert engagements in order to accustom myself, little by little, to singing in public. My very first appearance was therefore on the concert stage in the tiny hall of the Théâtre de la Tour d'Auvergne. The building has long since disappeared, but at that time it was a favorite place for young singers to make their débuts. I was given fifty francs for my songs. With what pride, with what triumph, I carried my earnings back to my mother!

Like all singers, I have been asked repeatedly at what age I began to sing. It seems to me I have always sung. In my earliest childhood I used to hum all day long, imitating everything I heard around me. My mother had a very beautiful natural voice. Although not a musician, she sang charmingly all the old songs of France, folk songs in the dialects of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, shepherds' songs from our own country of Aveyron. She had an enormous repertory. One day we tried to count and classify them. We found that, between us, we knew about two hundred!

In Paris we lived, my mother, my brothers and I, very modestly, indeed, in a little apartment on Montmartre. I left home before eight every morning, walking halfway across Paris to my lessons, through rain or snow, in soaking shoes. I grew rapidly; I was very thin.

Next door to us was a market run by a burly butcher and his wife. They greatly enjoyed listening to my singing when, during the hot summer days, I practiced with my windows open. One day my mother stopped at the shop to do her marketing.

"Your daughter has a pretty voice," the butcher remarked as he prepared her order. "My wife and I think she is a wonder."

"It's very kind of you to say so," my mother answered. "She works very hard, and I hope some day ——"

"Yes, she's a fine singer," he interrupted, "but she's too thin. Much too thin! She ought to eat lots of beefsteaks and cutlets."

My mother was taken by surprise at what appeared to be a rather crude way of increasing trade. Before she could answer, however, the astonishing man continued.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "To prove to you how much confidence I have in your daughter's future, I'll open an account for you at this shop. You can pay me when she makes her début."

I have never forgotten these good people.

When I was singing at the Opéra Comique we always sent tickets to the musical butcher and his family. I have no doubt he sat there, telling anyone who would listen to him:

"Do you see that wonderful singer? It is entirely due to me that she is in such fine form!"

III

AFTER my first public appearance in Paris I traveled through France, giving a number of concerts with the Philharmonic Societies. These first successes increased my confidence, and I returned to Paris resolved to pursue my career with even greater determination. Our resources were rapidly diminishing. I was not yet twenty, but it behooved me to make my début immediately. Fortunately I had the opportunity to sing for the director of the Théâtre du Monnaie de Bruxelles. He listened to me attentively and seemed agreeably impressed.

"Could you be ready to sing the rôle of Marguerite in Faust within two weeks?" he asked.

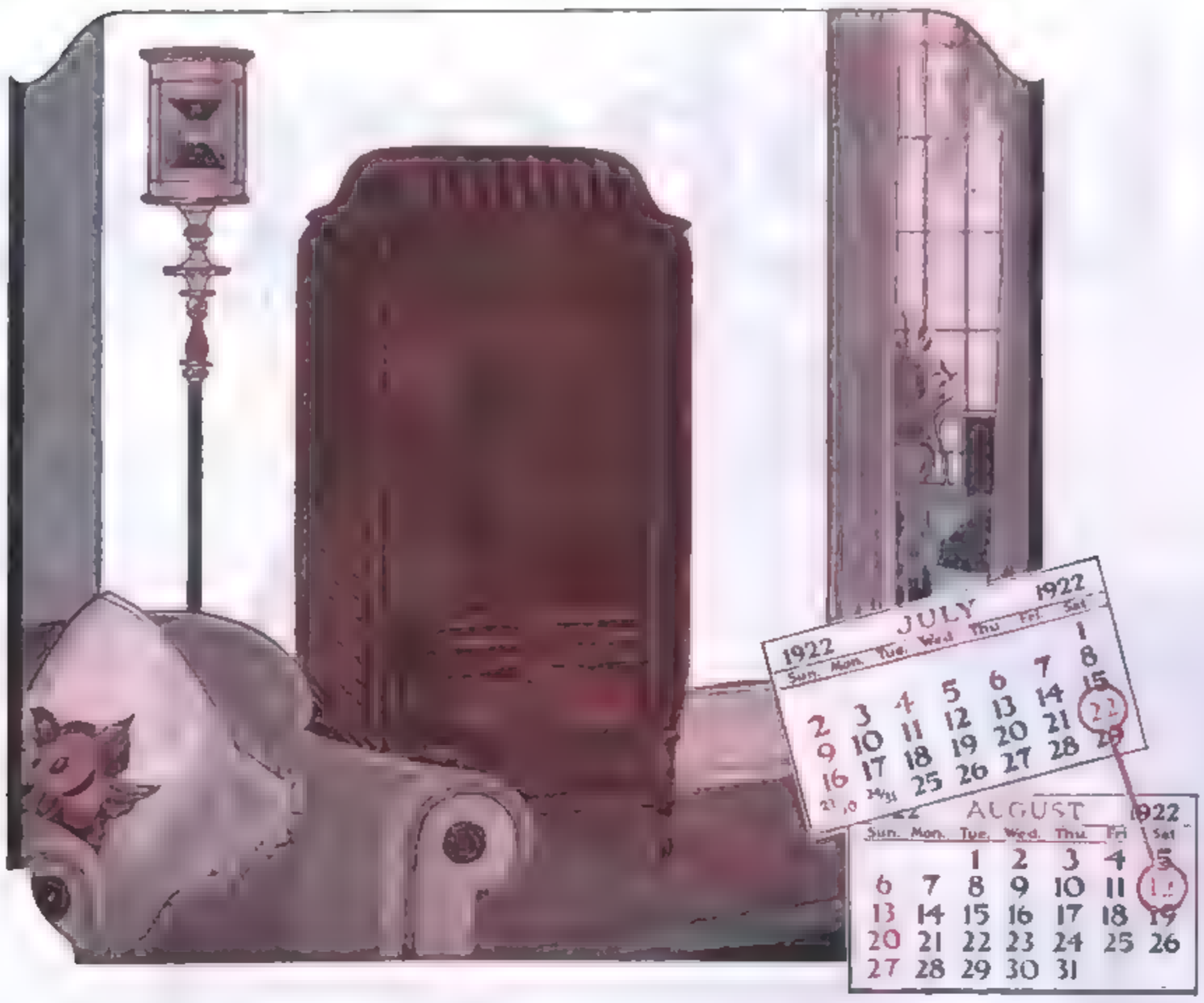
"Yes," I answered, without the least hesitation.

As a matter of fact, I knew the ballad of the King of Thulé from Faust, and not another note! But I could not miss the opportunity. I signed the contract and immediately started to study the rôle.

It was no easy matter to memorize a whole part, words and music, in the short time at my disposal; but I had unbounded enthusiasm and an excellent memory. Three weeks later I made my début in Brussels. It was under these circumstances that I achieved my first operatic success. Undoubtedly I was extremely inexperienced; but my youth, my voice, and the simple, naïve manner in which I interpreted my rôle were apparently effective.

Immediately after this I sang in Massenet's Herodiade, and Cherubin and the Comtesse in the Noces de Figaro, in all of which I was received most cordially. My voice had a very great range, going from

(Continued on Page 57)



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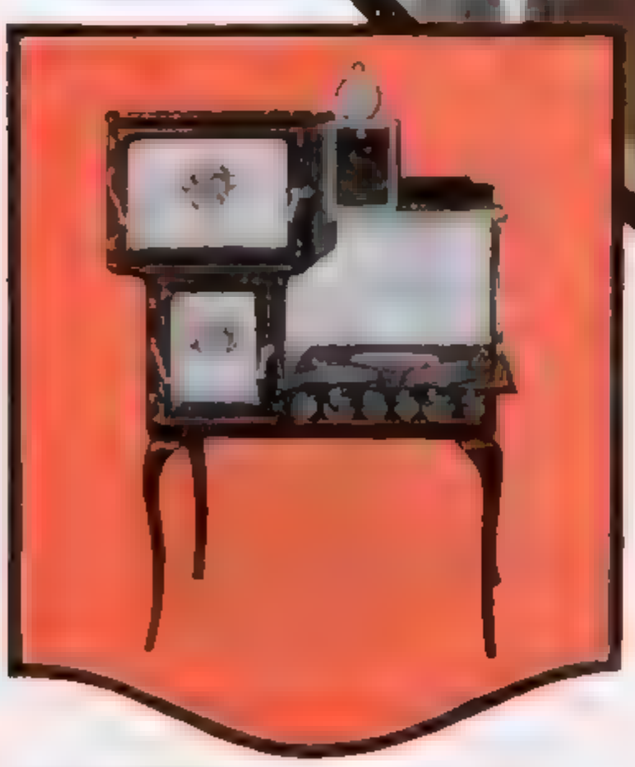

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(Continued from Page 54)

low A in the deep chest tones to E, above high C, in the high head notes. In fact, my range was so great that I was able to sing both Herodias and Salome in Herodiade, the first being a contralto and the second a soprano rôle.

I remember that I made a great hit at my first performance of Cherubin. Such an absurd incident! I laugh to this day when I think of it.

I was, as I have said, very slender at this time, and the appearance of my thin legs—spider's legs, as my mother called them—gave me the gravest concern. I hit upon a brilliant plan of overcoming this defect; and when I appeared on the stage the first night of the Noces de Figaro enormous calves of cotton swelled the dimensions of my silken tights. The old gentlemen in the front rows trained their opera glasses on these superb affairs. I was conscious of their attention and proud of my success, until I left the stage at the end of my first scene. In the wings the infuriated director was waiting for me.

"*Ah, ça!*" he shouted, pointing at my unfortunate legs. "What are those hideous lumps, I'd like to know? I am tempted to stick pins into them! Stupid child! Don't you know that everyone is laughing at you? Do you expect anyone to believe that those fat excrescences belong to you? Take them off instantly!"

And so it was that for the second act I had to make my entrance with my poor bean-stalk legs all unadorned! My mortification was intense. I tried to cover my legs with my cloak, but it was impossible. The audience saw the change instantly, and was highly amused. I was applauded and cheered uproariously, and indeed I doubt if I ever created quite so much excitement at the Monnaie as I did on that night of painful memory.

I earned in Brussels during my first year the vast sum of seven hundred francs a month. A fortune! How little would I have believed it had I been told that some day I would get ten thousand francs for a single evening's performance!

After my first season I went home for a rest and holiday. I was eager to share the news of my good fortune with all my relatives and friends in the town where I had been educated.

"What? You are singing in a theater?" exclaimed my aunt, when I told her of my engagement at Brussels. "My poor child! You will be everlastingly damned! Who would ever have thought such a thing possible? A little girl of our family going to be an actress—one of those women who could not be buried in consecrated ground in the old days! The *curé* himself has told me all about it. It's terrible, terrible!" she cried, rocking herself back and forth in her chair and bursting into tears. "I will pray for you!"

When I visited the convent where I had been educated I was received in much the same way. I arrived while the service was in progress, and I went up into the gallery of the chapel and sang Gounod's Ave Maria during the mass. How proud and happy I was to show my former teachers all the progress I had made! The mother superior received me afterward, affectionately but sadly.

"Alas, my dear child," she said, "what an unfortunate end for one who had hoped to take the veil! That a former president of the Daughters of Mary should go on the stage is sad indeed. Yet Monsieur l'Évêque foresaw it! He said long ago that you were a born artist." And she added, in the same words as my aunt, "We will pray for you!"

The most curious thing of all, however, happened the day that I visited the little village from whence our family came. The mayor ordered the tocsin rung to call the peasants in from the fields. They came running from all sides, just as they were, carrying their pitchforks, their rakes and scythes, expecting at the very least to find the town hall in flames! The mayor leaned out of the window and addressed the crowd in the square below.

"I have made you come here," he proclaimed in stentorian tones, "to listen to a little nightingale of these parts. It will sing to you from this very window. Listen well, and I am sure you will acclaim our accomplished compatriot, Mademoiselle Emma!"

Standing at the window, my eyes raised to our beautiful mountains, I sang with all my strength, with all my heart, gay songs and sad songs, everything I knew. I did my best, wishing to show all my skill to these men and women who had known me since my birth.

Finally I stopped. A dead silence greeted my efforts. Astonished, a little hurt, I went down among my listeners.

Addressing myself to my old friend the shepherd, "Blaise," I said, "what is the matter? Why don't you applaud me? Did I sing as badly as all that?"

The old man was hardly able to hide his emotion.

"Poor child! Poor little girl!" he stammered, his voice breaking with tears. "How you scream! How it must hurt you! You are wearing out your life! You are wearing it out! Such waste of strength! It's dreadful!"

So was the news that filled my mother and myself with joy and pride received by our people! Everyone was heartbroken, even to my cousin, the canon, who, that I might enter into paradise, said his mass every morning for twenty years for the salvation of my soul!

In spite of this discouraging attitude at home I continued my engagement in Brussels. My master, Puget, in order to give me confidence, had assured me that my performance was perfect. At that age one is credulous! I soon discovered for myself, however, that I had much to learn; and as soon as the next vacations began I returned to Paris to work. I had to find a new teacher, as my dear old master had died during my absence. I went, therefore, to Madame Marchesi, with whom I had studied for about six months.

While I was her pupil it was my good fortune to hear and see the marvelous Krauss at close range. I had a tremendous admiration for this great lyric tragedian. Her voice was not beautiful, and she had occasionally a marked tremolo. Her appearance ordinarily was unattractive, even ugly; but when she sang she was transfigured. She became beautiful, inspired! She was able to thrill even the audiences of the Opéra, that public of *dilettanti* so difficult to please or move! I heard her in Gounod's Sapho, in the Tribut de Zamora and Henri VIII of Saint-Saëns; in fact, in all her famous creations.

On the first night of the Tribut she surpassed even herself. It was in the battle scene, where, ardent patriot, desperately wounded, she sang a battle hymn to the soldiers that surrounded her. Dragging herself on her knees across the stage, she reached the footlights. In a final effort that seemed to lift her out of herself she rose to her feet, singing, "*Debout, enfants de l'Ibérie!*"

I and my companions were in the first row of the orchestra. It was like a sword thrust, a physical blow. We cried out and leaped to our feet. The whole audience rose, electrified, transported, surging forward in answer to her inspired call.

One afternoon at about this same period Krauss was singing at the home of Madame Marchesi. Liszt was present. He sat silent and unmoved amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the rest of us. I felt that he did not appreciate my idol, and was almost indignant with him for his indifference.

In the course of the afternoon, Madame Marchesi asked him if he would accompany Madame Krauss, who was about to sing the Erl-König. "I do not wish to," he answered brutally. "She is too ugly, and she has a tremolo."

His hostess, however, quietly insisted.

"Very well, then," he conceded grudgingly. "I warn you now, though, that if her singing does not satisfy me I will stop in the middle and leave."

"I am not in the least anxious," Madame Marchesi answered.

Liszt rose and crossed the room with obvious reluctance. I can see him now as he sat down at the piano. His lion's mane thrown back, his talons crashing down on the sonorous keyboard, he attacked Schubert's admirable prelude. He alone, with his incredible force, was as mighty as a whole orchestra.

Madame Krauss, who had heard the uncomplimentary remarks of the great man, rose to her feet. Pale but resolute, her eyes on the master's face, she began to sing. Almost immediately he raised his head, attentive, surprised. His eyes met those of the tragedian and could not leave her face.

In a poignant communion, intense, transcendent, their spirits met and mingled. They swept us with them, in their tragic ecstasy. It was tremendous, indescribable! Little by little, Liszt had risen to his feet. As the last notes died away he held out his arms to the inspired singer.

"Forgive me, my sister, my child!" he exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion.

Krauss, completely exhausted by her prodigious effort, could only murmur "Thank you" as she sank into her chair.

More than twenty years later all the leading musicians of the day were asked in a newspaper interview to describe the moment in their lives when music had most deeply moved them. Without exception, all those who had been present on that unforgetable occasion answered, "The day, at Madame Marchesi's, when Liszt accompanied Madame Krauss in the Erl-Konig."

I myself was so profoundly impressed that never since then have I dared to sing that admirable ballad, feeling myself incapable of reaching such tremendous heights.

Not long after this, while I was still a pupil of Madame Marchesi, I was engaged by Victor Maurel to create the rôle of Bianca in Théodore Dubois' opera, Aben-Hamet, at the Théâtre des Italiens. The celebrated barytone sang Aben-Hamet in this production. This rôle was one of his most remarkable creations. He gave me invaluable advice and assistance in developing my own part. I have always been deeply grateful to him for the lessons in lyric declamations which I received from him, and which have greatly influenced my artistic career.

After I had sung for a few months at the Théâtre des Italiens, Carvalho, director of the Opéra Comique, engaged me for the principal rôle of the Chevalier Jean de Joncières, in which I had a considerable success, due to my youth, my voice and the striking picture I made in the gorgeous costumes, unusual in those days, which were provided for the part.

I sang Cherubin in Mozart's Noces de Figaro with Madame Carvalho, wife of the director. She was at the end of her long and successful career, but she consented to sing for us in order to teach us her exquisite art. I knew her well and loved her greatly. It was she who created the leading rôles in Gounod's finest operas. An accomplished singer, possessing an admirable diction, she personified French lyric art in all its refinement, its restraint and charm. She was the idol of her generation.

I remained two years at the Opéra Comique; but, in spite of my voice and my dramatic ability, my success was not striking. I felt that I could learn much by a change of environment, and I longed for Italy, feeling that there, in contact with a new world of art, and under warmer skies, I could best develop and expand. My desire was achieved when I obtained an engagement at the Scala of Milan. There I was asked to create the leading rôle in the opera Flora Mirabilio, by Samara.

IV

I WENT to Milan with all the faults and all the advantages of my youth. My seasons at the Opéra Comique had taught me nothing. I seemed only to have acquired a new timidity, which paralyzed my faculties at the most crucial moment. In spite of the burning fires within me, I gave the effect of being cold, for I was unable to communicate with my audience or in any way to express my emotions.

The night of my début at the Scala I was horribly frightened. I sang out of tune and lost my head completely. The audience hissed me, and quite rightly! How often, since then, have I blessed that fortunate hissing which made me realize my shortcomings and spurred me to undertake the serious studies which I so much needed!

I returned to Paris in a state of despair, ready to make corsets rather than continue my career. I was rescued from this fate by M. Hugel, the well-known publisher, who took me to Mme. Rosina Laborde. This remarkable singing mistress is so widely known that I need not enlarge upon her extraordinary gifts as a teacher. Her conscientiousness and her patience were beyond praise, and it was from her that I learned the fundamentals of my art.

During the period that followed my disastrous appearance at Milan I changed very greatly. Not only did my voice improve through the wise and experienced teaching of Madame Laborde but my character and personality developed and crystallized. I am reminded in this connection of a remark made by Madame Malibran about La Sontag, at a time when the two famous opera singers were appearing at the same theater. Each one had her

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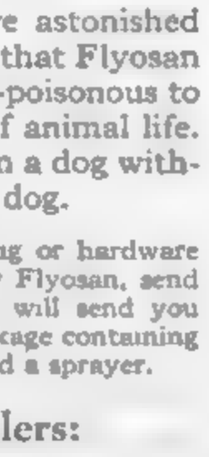

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He'd tan our 'pesky little hides
until the blisters riz!'
It's many a hearty thrashing
to that Deacon Morse I owe—
Mother's whippings didn't count—
father's did though!"

Eugene Field

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ardent followers and partisans, and one day an admirer of Malibran, trying to be ingratiating and pleasant, began to speak disparagingly of La Sontag, saying that she had neither feeling nor artistic temperament.

"Wait until she has lived and suffered," answered Malibran. "You will be astonished at the transformation which will take place in her personality; you will see its effect on her art."

It so happened that not long after this conversation La Sontag experienced a deep misfortune. Returning later to the very theater where she had been criticized for her lack of feeling, she achieved a triumphant success. The beautiful statue had come to life. La Malibran had foretold truly.

My own experience was very much the same. During the first years of my career I was, as I have said before, unable to express what I felt. I often heard the same criticism made of me as had been made of La Sontag in her early days.

At the very moment that I started my work with Madame Laborde I suffered a great sorrow, the first tragedy that had touched my young life. Of that I still cannot speak. It is enough that the shock was so violent that I fell seriously ill. For a whole year my condition was almost desperate; but my youth and natural vitality struggled against the forces of sickness and despair, and finally triumphed.

The process was slow and my convalescence long. During the interminable months of recovery I read a great deal and meditated on many things which until that time had not held my attention. In the crucible of pain and suffering my spirit seemed to have developed a new sensitiveness, a new power of sympathy, a wider understanding of life and art.

When, later, I returned to the stage I found that I knew at last how to communicate with my audience; how to reach the public and make it feel my joy or sorrow, my happiness or pain.

v

MY HEALTH restored, I took up my work with Madame Laborde, preparatory to continuing my career. I was now more ready than ever to understand and appreciate what my teacher had to give me, and my progress was remarkably rapid. Madame Laborde had had a long and successful operatic career. A pupil of Piermarini and a friend of Cherubini, she had appeared for many years in Italy. At one time she had sung with Patti and Alboni, and had made several extended tours with that great impresario.

Her début, however, had taken place in Paris, not in Italy. She appeared for the first time at the Théâtre des Italiens in 1840. She was then only sixteen years old, but to her dying day she never forgot that terrifying occasion, and used often to tell us about it. Just as she was about to make her entrance on the stage her singing master said to her:

"If you are unlucky enough not to sing well I will never come near you again! I will be in the front row of the orchestra, listening to you."

The poor child was so petrified with fear that her voice broke in her first phrase. Courageously, like a good little girl, she began over again; and in order to show that she really knew how she proceeded to improvise eight or ten cadenzas, one after the other. The public, enchanted by her sweet ingenuousness, went wild with joy. Her success was complete. Even her master was disarmed.

She was a member of the Paris Opera for many years. Then, after her Italian tour, she returned to Paris and founded her school of singing. She had a truly phenomenal patience with her pupils. I remember on one occasion she made me repeat a phrase from the mad scene of Ophelia eighty separate times. I was ready to cry with nervousness and exhaustion when she finally allowed me to rest.

"That will do very nicely," she remarked tranquilly at the end of the ordeal. "You are worthy of being my pupil, for you are beginning to learn patience."

I truly believe that I will be able to sing that phrase on my deathbed, so deeply is it imbedded in my larynx.

Madame Laborde had an impeccable style and perfect diction. She allowed no compromise, forbidding all *portamento* and bad attacks. She called me her best, her most grateful pupil, and I had in turn a very deep affection for her, full of respect and admiration. No cloud ever came between us or dimmed the glow of our long and perfect friendship.

During the years that I knew her she told me countless delightful stories. It seemed to me that, through her, I came to know all the artists of her period. She had known Madame Malibran, La Pasta, La Sontag, La Frezzolini, Grisi, Mario, Tamborini, Lablache. She would describe to us their way of singing, their gestures and stagecraft, all the traditions of the fine old Italian school. She had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and a ready wit. Her gift of description was remarkable. Her stories usually began, "It was in the year 1840."

She had known the mother of Patti, apparently a most disagreeable woman. One evening this fiery lady was singing with a companion who had false eyebrows. At that time it was the custom to shave the natural brows and glue on false ones at a more dramatic angle.

Patti's mother, jealous and furious at the success of her comrade, began to stare at her fixedly.

"What is the matter?" the other whispered under her breath.

"Your right eyebrow has fallen off!" came the answer, *sotto voce*.

The poor victim, horrified, tore off her left eyebrow and remained for the rest of the act with only her right one in place!

On another occasion this high-tempered singer, whose besetting sin seems to have been jealousy, became annoyed at the applause given Lablache, with whom she was singing. She seized one of the wreaths destined for him, and planting it on her own head approached the footlights.

"I have well deserved it myself!" she exclaimed to the astonished audience.

Apropos of Lablache, I recall a most diverting incident. He was staying at one time in the same hotel in which General Tom Thumb, the dwarf, had an apartment. Tom Thumb was very popular and had many visitors.

One day a lady, seeking the general, entered Lablache's apartment by mistake. She found herself face to face with the enormous singer, who, besides being very tall, was corpulent as well.

"I was calling on General Tom Thumb!" the astonished visitor stammered.

"I am he," answered the giant gravely.

The lady, thoroughly bewildered, protested in surprise, "But, monsieur, I was told that Tom Thumb was the smallest man in the world!"

"Ah, yes," Lablache answered, "that is true—in public. But when I am at home I make myself comfortable!"

Madame Laborde said to me one day, "My dear child, take careful note of the way in which I teach, for you are one of the valiant spirits, and when you are old you will be giving lessons in your turn."

"Oh, no, never!" I exclaimed. "Never in the world! I have not enough patience!"

Yet fate willed that I should go back to the very same apartment where Madame Laborde gave lessons for more than forty years, and where I myself had studied so long!

It happened just after the war, during the time of great shortage of apartments in Paris. I had searched long and vainly for a place in which to live. One night I dreamed vividly of Madame Laborde. She came to my bedside, saying to me with her sweet smile, just as she used to when she was encouraging me to work:

"Patience, courage! You will come to me again!"

The next morning, impulsive as always, I rushed to the house where Madame Laborde had lived. I asked the *concierge* whether there was an apartment for rent. She assured me that there was nothing vacant, but at the same time told me that Madame Laborde's niece was in Paris and could tell me the exact situation. I went to her immediately.

"Lily," I said, "you must rent me your apartment. You are here so seldom, you really don't need it. You are always in the country."

"No, Calvé," she answered discouragingly; "I have told you twenty times that I will not rent it. When I do come to Paris, even though it is not often, I like to return to my dear godmother's rooms. I am so happy to be once more among her things."

I told her my dream, hoping to soften her heart; but she interrupted me, saying that we must go to see her husband, who was ill at the moment. As soon as we came into

(Continued on Page 60)

Performance!

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Tommy Milton, Los Angeles, March 5th, 1922. New track record of 110.8 miles per hour in 250-mile race.

Tommy Milton, Los Angeles, April 2nd, broke world's record for fifty miles—average 115.2 miles per hour.

Earl Cooper, San Francisco, April 17th, broke world's record for stock chassis—average 93.34 miles per hour.

Jimmy Murphy, April 27th, Fresno, Cal., new mile track record for 150 miles at 102.8 miles per hour

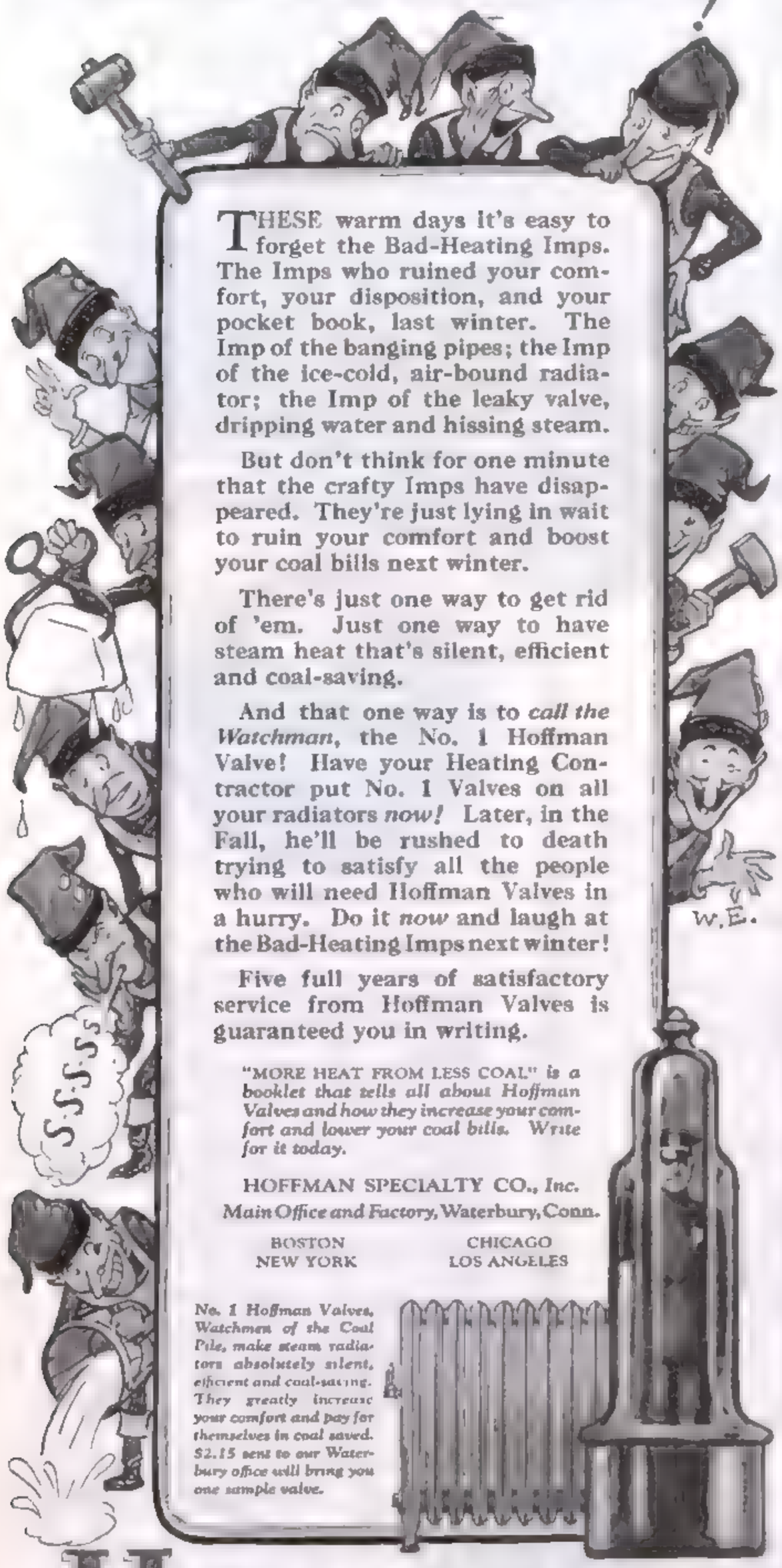
Jimmy Murphy, May 7th, Santa Rosa, Cal., new 50-mile world record—average 116 miles per hour.

Jimmy Murphy, May 30, won the 500-mile International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis. New track record of 94.48 miles per hour. Broke all records for this distance.

Joe Thomas, San Francisco, June 15, won the 150-mile Golden Jubilee race. Average 107.7 miles per hour—without a tire change

Jimmy Murphy, Uniontown, June 17, won the 225-mile Universal Trophy race and broke the track record by averaging 103.2 miles per hour.

They're hiding now~BUT think of next winter!



THESE warm days it's easy to forget the Bad-Heating Imps. The Imps who ruined your comfort, your disposition, and your pocket book, last winter. The Imp of the banging pipes; the Imp of the ice-cold, air-bound radiator; the Imp of the leaky valve, dripping water and hissing steam.

But don't think for one minute that the crafty Imps have disappeared. They're just lying in wait to ruin your comfort and boost your coal bills next winter.

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And that one way is to *call the Watchman*, the No. 1 Hoffman Valve! Have your Heating Contractor put No. 1 Valves on all your radiators *now!* Later, in the Fall, he'll be rushed to death trying to satisfy all the people who will need Hoffman Valves in a hurry. Do it *now* and laugh at the Bad-Heating Imps next winter!

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HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

(Continued from Page 58)

the sick room the patient greeted me with these words:

"My dear Calvé, I have just had the most extraordinary dream! Not about you—about our godmother. She came to my bedside and said, 'Calvé must come to our house! She must come right away!'"

"When did you have this dream?" I asked.

"About three o'clock in the morning," he answered.

On the same night, at the same hour, we had had the same dream! We were all very much touched, and we talked long of our dear dead friend, recalling incidents and stories, evoking the memory of the charming woman who had been like a mother to us all. In the end they let me have the coveted apartment, where I lived and taught in the setting that so vividly recalled my youth and my studies.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Madame Calvé. The second will appear in an early issue

WELCOME HOME

(Continued from Page 9)

the gloaming, one finds oneself drifting into wondering why, barring acts of God and business trips, Mr. Lunt's Aunt Caroline should ever feel called upon to come to New York.

Of course she does want to see her nephew and niece, whom she groups under the general heading of "those poor children"—a little phrase of hers which does not imply that the Lunts are in a thin way financially or that they are in bad health; it simply expresses her kindly pity for them because they live in New York. But even allowing for her natural desire to be with her dear ones, it does not seem that the sacrifice involved is worth it.

For Aunt Caroline seems to have a peculiarly poisonous time of it in the big city. She is unalterably against New York—a feeling which she splits with the something over seventy thousand transients that daily knock at its portals. The city-by-the-Hudson's gem, all right to visit is to them, and it is nothing more.

Like them, Aunt Caroline sees in Manhattan nothing but a mammoth reminder of how much better things are done back home. The distress which her annual visit causes her would make the suffering in the Near East look like so much spirit of Mardi Gras.

And Aunt Caroline is not the girl to suffer in silence. She isn't going to store it up in her mind, to brood over during the long winter evenings. She comes clean with it then and there. It's a rather nice idea, too, because it gives her something to chat about all through her visit.

The big object of Aunt Caroline's journey to New York seems to be to put the city in short pants, if you might say so. The moment she sets foot in the Grand Central Terminal she compares it audibly and unfavorably with the new railroad station back home, built as soon as a decent interval had elapsed after the old one burned to the ground. Escorted to the street by Mrs. Lunt, Aunt Caroline, after becoming promptly and passionately in the wrong as to which is up town and which down, gazes tolerantly up at the buildings and is reminded to tell, at considerable length, of the new six-story Beehive Store recently erected at the corner of Elm Street and Maple Avenue. The taxicab in which she presently finds herself but brings back audible memories of the superior qualities of the jitney line owned by that nice Mr. Gooch, who used to own the livery stable over on State Street.

A Critical Guest

In the short ride to the Lunt apartment she manages to work in at least three times the line about "New York may be all right for a visit, but I wouldn't live here if you gave me the place." That is Aunt Caroline's favorite, really, though she is only slightly less fond of that other sparkler of hers—"We live, back home; you exist, in New York."

Epigrammatic—that's Aunt Caroline down to the ground. There can be little doubt but that she picked up the mantle of Wilde somewhere.

Aunt Caroline stays with the Lunts but three or four days, but in that brief while she tears their bank roll wide open. She is not the sort of visitor who gets along on a couple of bus rides, a jaunt up the Statue of Liberty, a ramble through the Aquarium and a trip to the Hippodrome, and then returns home, broadened with travel.

She goes in for being entertained on a large scale. In the first place, she wants—and only natural too—to mingle with the pleasure seekers and learn what goes on in what she looks upon as the Hollywood of the Atlantic Coast. And in the second place—or no, on thinking it over, it would really be better to put this one first—Mr. Lunt has an admirably normal desire to demonstrate to Aunt Caroline, and thus vicariously to the inhabitants of his native town, that he has got along so spectacularly since leaving the village green that money is little, if any, object to him.

And then, besides, Mr. and Mrs. Lunt do want to give Aunt Caroline just the best of good times. I keep forgetting that one.

So every evening of her stay Aunt Caroline and the Lunts attend a highly popular play—naturally Aunt Caroline wants to see the big successes—sitting somewhere along about the fifth row, center. As a tribute to his personality the ticket agency has taken Mr. Lunt in on the inside, and let twenty-five dollars cover the three tickets.

During the play's unfolding, Aunt Caroline sets up an opposition entertainment—a discourse in full detail on the higher merits of the productions given weekly by the Florence Hemingway-Lester De Vaux stock company at the Majestic Theater back home. Those about her gather from her remarks that people from all over the world flock there, as to Oberammergau. She frequently wishes aloud that Mr. and Mrs. Lunt could see Miss Hemingway's and Mr. De Vaux's company present Lord and Lady Algy. She even volunteers, out of the goodness of her heart, to send them word next time the comedy is revived, so that they can abandon everything and rush right up.

Aunty Makes the Money Fly

Before the theater the Lunts, as is only fitting, have taken Aunt Caroline to dine at the Biltmore, the Knickerbocker Grill, the Commodore or the Pennsylvania; even on their annual outing they seldom feel quite up to making the grade at the Plaza or the Ritz.

Aunt Caroline takes it all pretty personally. She looks coldly about at the neighboring diners, and remarks that if you want to see a really stylish woman you should hurry and meet Mrs. Doctor Robbins, who lives in one of those new two-family houses out by Oak Park, and has every single stitch made in the house by a seamstress.

She all but runs a temperature over the prices that are demanded for the dishes she selects. But she courageously goes right ahead and orders them anyway, a dogged look about her mouth as if to say, "I'll put this management in its place!" I forget just who it was that got the bill passed through the Senate making it a misdemeanor for Aunt Caroline to eat anything but such foods as lobster thermidor, breast of guinea hen under glass, hearts of palm and baked Alaska when she is dining out. Certainly she never takes a chance on breaking the law.

During dinner she beguiles her host and hostess by comparing the food before her with that served by the Misses Amy and Lucretia Crouch at Ye Signe of Ye Greene Teapotte, which they are conducting over in the old Lewis house on Evergreen Street—food which, she asserts, is the finest that has ever passed her lips.

After the theater, Mr. Lunt suggests that they drop in at a restaurant or a roof show for a while. He does it awfully well too; you'd think he did it ten or twelve times every year of his life. If he is a little slow on his cue Aunt Caroline helps him along with the laughing suggestion that they go to one of those cabaret places, which is the name that she has got up for them. As is but natural, she wants to see what all the talk is about.

Established at a ringside table, for which Mr. Lunt has helped a head waiter on towards an independent old age, Aunt Caroline again goes the full course, for she has

(Continued on Page 62)

The Coach
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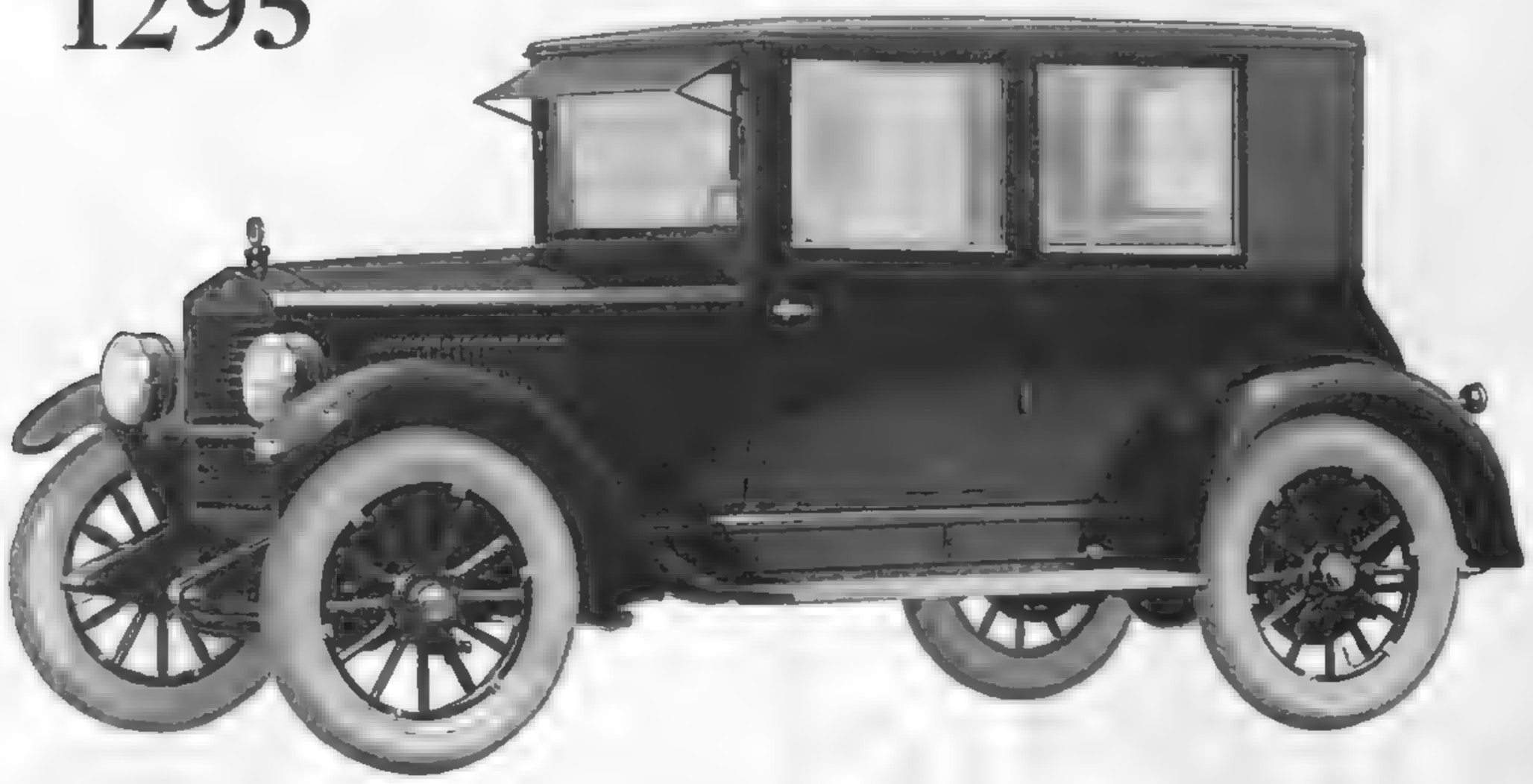

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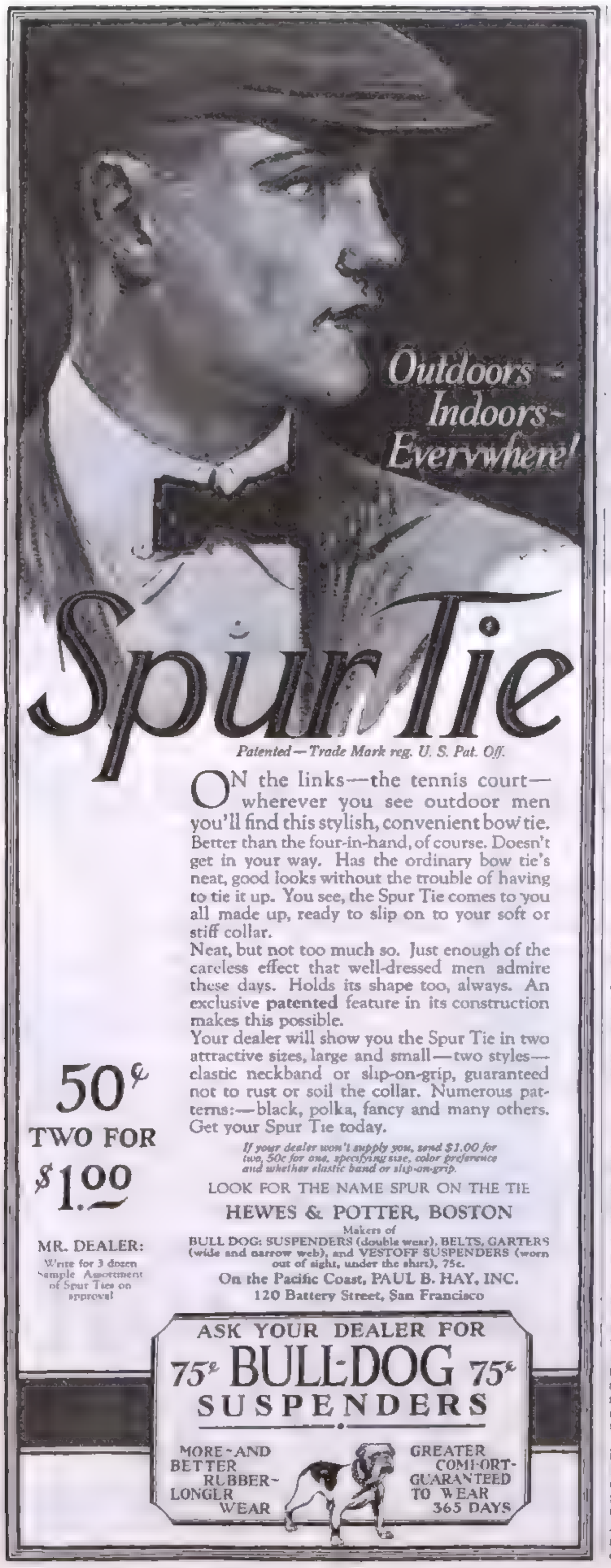

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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
75¢ BULL-DOG 75¢
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MORE AND BETTER RUBBER LONGER WEAR

GREATER COMFORT GUARANTEED TO WEAR 365 DAYS

(Continued from Page 60)

always had a fine appetite, thank goodness. While she sups she gives a talk on how terrible it is for New Yorkers to eat so much rich stuff late at night, and how the only thing she really enjoys at such an hour is the hot chocolate served at McGovern's drug store at the corner of Poplar Street. This light-hearted chatter makes it easier for Mr. Lunt to face the check for nineteen dollars and sixty cents.

With no kindly eye Aunt Caroline looks on the seething throng of exhilarated transients worming their way around the dance floor, and states that she simply does not know what the New People are thinking of, she declares she doesn't.

Nor is she overcome when the professional part of the entertainment is in progress and the spotlights are turned on some of America's Finest costumed, as the Twelve Leading Nonalcoholic Beverages or the Eight Most Popular Winter Resorts, or something along those lines—weaving sinuously around the tables and making a strong personal appeal to the gentlemen nearest them. Aunt Caroline blots out their singing by her somewhat protracted account of the much prettier divertisement given by the young ladies of the Lazy Daisy Club back home, who gave A Pageant of America's Heroines to raise money for new weather strips for the clubhouse.

The music of one of the highest-paid living orchestras only serves to call to her mind what a pleasurable experience it would be for the Lunts to hear Mrs. Topping's two boys, Earl and Royal, perform The Jolly Haymakers' Quickstep, lively but not too fast, on mandolin and piano.

Time flies over these reminiscences, and it is not till somewhere around two o'clock that Aunt Caroline and the Lunts arrive at the silent apartment. Aunt Caroline frequently remarks on the way up that it is a mystery to her how New Yorkers stand the pace.

During the days of the visit Mrs. Lunt conducts her guest to a matinée or two, so that she may have other opportunities to get in press work for the actors back home. The remainder of the time she shops, piloted by Mrs. Lunt.

Aunt Caroline does not trust the New York shops for important things like hats or dresses or shoes. The best they can hope to do for her is to supply her with hooks and eyes, sewing cotton and assorted needles. One year she did go so far as to give one of the larger department stores a chance to sell her a hair net. But she found it so far below the standard of those sold at G. F. Newins' store on Spruce Street that ever since she has made a point of bringing quantities of hair nets down with her when she comes to New York. Nor has she ever allowed the unfortunate occurrence to die away in silence.

Yet Aunt Caroline likes to tour the more exclusive shops. It gives her many a laugh to look over the hats and gowns, and tell how much cheaper and more out of the ordinary are those shown by Miss Emma—Miss Emma Mullitt, in private life, and from a very nice family too—in her shops next door to the library on Grove Street.

Visiting Aunt Caroline

It is a wearing thing, this shopping, and Aunt Caroline is glad to drop in with Mrs. Lunt at Sherry's or the Ritz, afterwards. Over the teacups, between intervals of glancing about and remarking that she hasn't seen what she calls a really good-looking woman since she came to New York, she tells about the perfectly delicious tea—not anything like this—that you can get at the new Cozy Tea Room back home.

And so, what with one thing and another, the hours dash by, as on their hands and knees, and the time comes for Aunt Caroline to leave the white-light district flat for another year. Tearful at leaving those poor children behind her, she kisses her nephew and niece, urges them as a personal favor to her to take care of themselves, and departs for the great open spaces where men are men and there are no *couvert* charges, leaving the Lunts to make up the deficit in the next five or six months.

Once a year, when advertising in America can manage to stagger along without Mr. Lunt for three or four days, the Lunts do their share in the way of tightening up the home ties by paying a visit to Aunt Caroline. With her noted kindness of heart Aunt Caroline is logically aglow over her annual opportunity to give the poor children a chance to stop existing for a little while, and take a crack at living, for a change. She meets them at the train, beaming with welcome and bubbling with exclamations of how glad they must be to get out of that horrid old New York.

Her friends, too, get into the spirit of the thing, and congratulate the Lunts on their escape, on meeting them. The impression seems to have got around that they are up from North Brother Island for a day or two. Also, it seems as if Aunt Caroline had taken everybody aside and warned them that her nephew and niece would strive to press New York City on them for a gift, the only condition being that they establish residence there.

"Well," is their cheery greeting, "I guess you're pretty glad to get out of that New York, heh? I go down there once or twice a year, and I tell you I'm glad enough to get back home after a day or two. I wouldn't live there if you gave me the place."

You gather from the firmness of the tones that they have been turning down offers of Manhattan Island all day long, and are getting sick and tired of the thing.

They are interesting conversations, but somewhat onesided. The Lunts have yet to get together and work up something notably snappy in the way of a come-back.

Village High Life

The fun of visiting Aunt Caroline is not confined to exchanging friendly greetings with the natives. I don't mean by that you should go crashing to conclusions. I can't tell you how I should feel if you were to get the thing all wrong, and carry around the idea that Aunt Caroline's home life is one mad round of pleasures. Just one good look at her would put that thought out of your mind forever. In fact, if you want to find the ideal exponent of average small-town life, Aunt Caroline is the very girl for you.

In the first place, she really hasn't got it to burn. Though Mr. Lunt's Uncle Phil left enough always to keep the wolf at a respectful distance from the door, Aunt Caroline is in no position to give away any libraries.

Then, too, as she delicately puts it, she is not so young as she used to be. Even when she was, the wild life was not being done by the town's best families. And now, when after ten years of easy widowhood she has arrived comfortably at the middle fifties, she cares virtually nothing about making a habit of drinking champagne from slippers or being carried to the table in a pie. She has never had any desire to join the goings-on of the young married set, which she does hear are little short of scandalous, at the Country Club. Aunt Caroline seldom gives them a thought. Eleven o'clock, almost any night, finds her house dark, and her eight hours of sleep well under way.

Now I shouldn't want you to leap to the other extreme and believe that Aunt Caroline and her friends don't have plenty of wholesome enjoyment out of life. Indeed they do. And Aunt Caroline is only too glad to let the Lunts have a generous share of it when they come to visit her.

If they crave excitement there is a perfectly splendid moving-picture theater just three squares away from Aunt Caroline's, which shows all the big feature pictures just a month or so after they have been shown on Broadway. All you have to do is to be sure to get there around quarter past seven, so as to be certain of getting a seat.

If they want to patronize the drama Aunt Caroline inquires among her friends if the attraction then on view at the Majestic Theater is worthy of their attention. If she gets enough favorable replies she, her nephew and her niece make a family theater party of it.

To vary things Aunt Caroline asks in enough friends for a few tables of bridge one evening during the Lunts' stay. As a concession to the New York gambling spirit a stake of half a cent a point is agreed upon, with much laughter. When the rubbers are over, the losers put down the sum they have lost on a slip of paper, jokingly called a slate by the men, and all gayly agree to hold it over till the Lunts' next visit, and play it off then.

And then, of course, there is always the radio. Aunt Caroline's wealthy brother-in-law had it installed for her as a birthday gift, and you have hardly any idea of the comfort it has been to her. Sitting right there in Aunt Caroline's third-story guest

(Continued on Page 64)

The Rewards *of Greater Production*

Two important purposes are served in the greater tire-making capacity which our large new building represents:

1—The desires of more car owners, wanting Hydro-Toron tires, can now be met;

2—Price reductions, in keeping with increased production, are made possible.

These are the rewards of a greater output. They will be appreciated by all who have learned that *mileage costs less* when Hydro-Torons are used.

These tires are far beyond the experimental stage. They have stood the test. Thousands of them—in use on cars in every state—have performed in a way that proves all claims.

The unusual Hydro-Toron guaranty is more than the expression of a manufacturer's faith. It is the substance of owner experience.

The Same Processes—The Same Oversize Feature The Same Quality—at Reduced Prices

Now these proved tires are offered at prices consistent with increased production.

Original values are all retained: The Internal Hydraulic Expansion process of vulcanizing, the Toron chemical treatment which seals the tire against the damaging action of moisture, the oversize feature which puts them in the size class with cords, and at prices not only less than cords, but less than many of the average fabric tires.

In many markets, Hydro-Toron tires dominate the situation. There is still some open territory, however, and dealers who would make *more money* in the handling of a product like this should write for our proposition.

A booklet describing Hydro-Toron materials and processes will be sent to anyone upon request.

HYDRO-UNITED TIRE CO.

300 Hanover St., Pottstown, Pa.
3617 South Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
314-318 Government Place, Williamsport, Pa.

HYDRO-TORON

Guaranteed 10,000 Miles *Against Stone Bruise Rim Cut - Blow Out*

For an inviting dining-porch ~ a Blabon floor!

The floor of this well furnished enclosed veranda is concrete, on which Blabon Art Linoleum (pattern No. 396) is cemented down, making a permanent floor of genuine linoleum.

FOR *any* room, upstairs or down, you will be delighted with the way Blabon Art Linoleums fit into the decorative scheme.

Their beautiful patterns with subdued colorings have determined the choice of Blabon floors for many attractive homes.

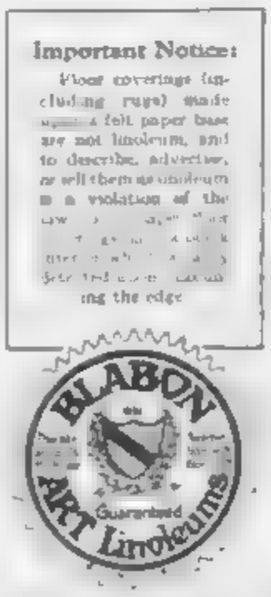
As a summer floor Blabon Linoleums give a cool, refreshing appearance to the house. In winter fabric rugs may be thrown over them.

Blabon floors are sanitary. A light regular going over with a damp cloth is all the care they need. Waxing and polishing now and then keeps them in splendid condition. You never have the expense of refinishing. Their inlaid patterns and plain colors go through to the burlap back, and last as long as the linoleum. Blabon floors are quiet and comfortable. Economical, because they are so durable.

Any Blabon dealer can send or recommend an experienced man to lay them, which insures the best results.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful durable rugs at a moderate price. Sanitary, moth-proof, and lie flat without fastening. Ask your dealer.



Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia
Established 71 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 62)

room, the Lunts can hear all about Tommy Woodchuck's Adventure with the Wishing Fairy or listen to a discourse on How Shall We Stop Our Forest Fires? that they will never regret having heard. As Aunt Caroline often asks, Isn't it just wonderful what things science can do?

The big night of the visit comes when Aunt Caroline puts on the lavender-and-gray changeable taffeta dress she had sent her by her sister in Boston, and, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lunt, who are dressed accordingly, attends a social gathering at the house of one of her friends. It is quite a wild night. The comparatively younger guests dance to the music of the phonograph. Between numbers the dancing ladies join the elder matrons and discuss the quaint sayings of their children and their maids, while the men exchange cigarettes and inquire if anybody doesn't want a window raised. Things grow pretty informal when the refreshments are served, and there are bursts of gayety over references to strictly local events.

The Lunts politely come in on the laughter, but they can't do much to adding any helpful lines to the somewhat specialized conversation.

Mr. Lunt sleeps long and deep on the Sunday morning of their visit. It is just as well, too, because then his mind is all fresh for the puzzle page which comes in the Sunday Clarion. The guests and their hostess devote a large part of the day to missing nothing in the papers, and then Mrs. Lunt, following Aunt Caroline's example, gets a few letters off her mind. Mr. Lunt, meanwhile, rambles about the house, striving to do something constructive about the limp G-flat on the piano, or seeking to discover what really is the matter with the hinge on the china-closet door.

Aunt Caroline often says that she loves her quiet Sundays at home. She really prefers them to the ones when her prosperous friends take her motoring through the surrounding country.

In the afternoons, while Mr. Lunt drops around at their various offices to talk over the old days with his one-time schoolmates, Aunt Caroline and Mrs. Lunt get in a little social intercourse. Some of Aunt Caroline's friends come in for the afternoon or else she takes Mrs. Lunt with her to spend a few hours at one of their houses. They may play a bit of bridge or they may devote the time to putting in some work on crêpe-de-chine lingerie—it costs practically nothing at all when you make it yourself; and when you think of what the shops ask for it!

Either occupation just leads up to lettuce sandwiches and tea.

And so the time goes by, till the Lunts must return to New York. Aunt Caroline is annually pretty badly broken up over their leaving for that awful city. Tears blur her vision as she waves them good-by from the station platform, and the only thing that keeps her from going completely to pieces is the thought that she has again brought into their sultry lives a breath of real life.

The Lunts blow the annual kisses to her from the parlor-car window, and settle back to watch the old town go sliding past, a tolerant light in their eyes. As Mr. Lunt sums it up, it's all right for a visit, but he wouldn't live there if you gave him the place.

Sense and Nonsense

Preparedness

IN ONE of the Southern States the negroes are great patrons of a matrimonial agency. One darky, anxious to find a wife for his son, went to this agent, who handed him a list of lady clients. Running through this the man came upon his own wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty.

Forgetting about his son the darky hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. She was not at all disturbed.

"Yes," she said. "I done give him my name. I puts it down when you was so sick in de winter and de doctor he says we must prepare for de worst."

A Change of Landlords

A YOUNG real-estate man in Missouri found himself after the war in dire financial straits, due to overinvesting. He owned a few pieces of property, all of which were mortgaged—the mortgage in each instance being held by an old man who lived with his son, Brocky, in a tumble-down hut that could not be rented to anyone else.

In the course of time the miser foreclosed, taking all the young man's property, which was valued far in excess of the amounts loaned. Then the young man began paying rent on the house in which he lived.

Three months after the foreclosure the miser lay dying. An urgent message reached the real-estate man, and he, supposing that the other, knowing his end to be near, wanted to make what restitution he could for the good of his soul, hurried down to the cabin. He found the old man in a rickety bed, covered with a tattered quilt and an old overcoat. The young man bent his ear hopefully to the other's lips.

The miser drew a long breath, clutched the quilt in a skinny hand and whispered, "Pay your next month's rent to Brocky."

Assisting the Engineer

ON THE new brakeman's first run there was a very steep grade. The engineer always had trouble to get up this grade, but this time he came near sticking altogether. Eventually, however, he reached the top.

Looking out of the cab he saw the new brakeman and said, with a sigh of relief, "We had a hard job getting up, didn't we?"

"We sure did," assented the new brakeman, "and if I hadn't put on the brake we'd have slipped back."

Taking Time by the Forelock

IT WAS late in the afternoon, just at dusk, when an automobile of well-known make stopped in front of a stationer's shop and a young woman alighted and entered. She asked to see some thin stationery, and after selecting what she desired she hesitated for a moment.

"Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" she asked softly.

"Certainly, madam," said the stationer with great promptness. "Are you a clergyman's wife?"

"N-no," said the young woman.

"Ah, a clergyman's daughter then," said the stationer as he began to tie up the paper in a neat package.

"N-no," said the young woman. Then she leaned across the counter and spoke in a confidential and thrilling whisper: "But if nothing happens I shall be engaged to a theological student as soon as he comes home this autumn."

Made Something From Nothing

A NEW representative of the legislature of New Hampshire from one of the rural districts in the northern section of the state was recently presented to the governor for the first time. Being somewhat unfamiliar with state-house etiquette, he addressed his excellency as Most High.

The governor informed the gentleman from the rural district that there was but one Most High, He who had made everything from nothing.

"Well, governor," replied the country legislator, "I'll give you credit for making a justice of the peace out of a man in my town that is about as near to nothing as ever walked on two legs."

Tried, But Failed

THERE is a judge who presides over the police court in one of the cities of Texas who always endeavors to smooth over any little difference between persons brought before him. The other day the charge was for a technical assault, and it came out in the course of the evidence that the parties were neighbors and had been on the best of terms for some years.

"It is a great pity," said the judge, "that old friends, as you seem to have been, should appear before me in such a way. Surely this is a case which might be settled out of court."

"I reckon it can't be done, jedge," answered the plaintiff moodily. "I thought of that myself, but the cur won't fight."

Advice that moved a fire tower

The insurance agent was going over the plans for the new factory.

"That fire tower," he said, "though correct in itself, will open directly on a lumber yard—a dangerous hazard. By changing the location of the tower you can save $1160 a year in lowered rates."

The plans were revised accordingly. Out of the wealth of his experience this agent was able to reduce the fire menace, at the same time eliminating unnecessary expense.

Responsible insurance agents and brokers are experts trained in the science of protection, and, with their co-operation the buildings of every city in the land have undergone a gradual transformation towards greater safety and more complete security.

The Insurance Company of North America and its agents have contributed to this progress since the days of George Washington.

Any agent or broker can get you a North America policy.

Insurance Company of North America

"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"

Capital $5,000,000 PHILADELPHIA Founded 1792

The Insurance Company of North America and the Indemnity Insurance Company of North America write practically every form of insurance except life

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

BI-SWING

THE FOUR PIECE BI-SWING IS A PRACTICAL FASHION PARK UTILITY STYLE WHICH CAPABLY RESPONDS TO VARIOUS NEEDS.

IT INCLUDES KNICKERBOCKERS, TO RESERVE IN CLUB LOCKER, A BI-SWING EXTENSION SLEEVE JACKET, WAISTCOAT AND CONVENTIONAL TROUSERS.

CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

SCRAPPER O'DOON

(Continued from Page 11)

But even greater than the enchantment of hidden fire was the animal grace of the girl. Her walk was an undulation. And when she danced with you the incarnate lissomeness inside your arm made you think of pictures you'd seen of Ruth St. Denis.

Her body at ease was only that of a very tall, very straight, immature, almost sexless young girl; but once let her move, and somehow, subtly, swift femininity flowed into every long limb and flat curve. A sway of her head, and the exquisite lines of her throat, unnoticed before, demanded your eyes. The lift of a wide, slim shoulder, and every low contour suddenly called to men like the voices of harps in Armida's tent.

Such was the helpful vision that Jimmy Doan lugged about with him in the Lakeside Steel plant; and when that vision fades from Jim's head send the coroner out to his place; for Jim, who never did have much luck, first saw her poised tiptoe for a back jackknife at the edge of a springing board! Curtains for Jim's peace of mind; especially so since he and the girl were so constructed that their minds struck sparks at the very first contact.

That night of the Senior Prom when, all unexpectedly, Jimmy's eye picked out in the dancing throng a flat curved body that swayed with an unforgetable grace to the saxophone's pixie chuckling, he was rendered seventy-five per cent speechless; ninety per cent so when a bit of keen engineering on his part resulted finally in an introduction. But the remaining ten per cent did not fail him in the tilt that at once resulted.

"Not of the Cambridge Doans," the girl stated rather than asked when Jim was presented.

Something in that cool presumption got under Doan's skin. He assumed a blank look.

"Ach, no-o-o!" he droned. "Uf the Hokendauqua Doans!" He flattened out his vowels and spread them all over the place, and placing his rising and falling inflections in that gloomy and dreadful manner which has caused the Pennsylvania Dutch manner of communication to be classified not as a dialect but as a disease he added, solemn as any boiled owl, "Are your dances all?"

She eyed him a moment with mingled disdain and doubt, and then caught, out of the corner of her eye, a twinkle in the eye of the gentleman who had just done the honors. She shot fire at Doan. "Why act?" she asked acidly. "With such splendid natural gifts, Mr. Doan, feigning boorishness is a waste of time." And whirling with a twist of her pliant waist, she left the two gentlemen standing there with their teeth in their gums, which is, as you probably know, the very worst way you can stand.

The introducer looked dolefully after the girl. Then he reached out a hand to Doan.

"Shake, tallowbrain!" he said earnestly. "As a low comedian and a party-jimmer you reach the world's series without competition. I am proud to call you friend. I will now dash off and try to square myself, you poor minnow, and when you die I hope you sizzle well!"

But Jim only grinned.

"I'll get you for that!" he said to a glint of copper, down where the couples were pairing off at the far end of the floor.

So, though it may not be doubted that Mr. James Doan told the truth in answering Mr. Carnahan as to what decided him to bestow his youthful genius upon Lakeside Steel, still the question may fairly arise as to whether or not he told the whole truth. Be that as it may, the fact remains that one of the helps which kept him at Lakeside Steel when every ounce of him wanted to cut and run was the thought that he had actually met the girl of the Nat. That was Aid Number One, Number Two being built upon expectations surrounding the fact that the lady's name was Carnahan, with the accent on the "na."

As a real bump smoother, however, nothing could match the deceitful cut of Jim's upper lip. Three days old on the job, the narrow-gauge yardmaster poked under his nose a couple tickets for the Third Annual Drill and Dance of the First Hibernian Rifles of Lake End City.

"You'll want to be there," the n.g.y.m. had assured him. "Bring one pretty girl and two pretty fists, or maybe a bit of a blackthorn stick. Then if we manage to end up the home waltz as sweet as we did last year, whenever you see a head you'll have something to hit it with."

So Jim, being a Republican by faith and fearing discovery, stayed away; but he bought the two tickets, nevertheless, and rejoiced at the compliment implied.

But it was old O'Doon who capped a joyous climax by asking him did his parents come from the auld sod; and although Jim had to say no to this, he avoided going into horrible ancestral details that would have located some of his forbears in England and some in Bavaria.

Just the same, long before his guilty secret was discovered, and he was found to be more Teuton than Celt, he had won his way into the hearts of the Bessemer Irish so deeply that there was no shaking their love for him. As to O'Doon and Jimmy, the pair of them had safely merged hearts long before the disclosures came.

O'Doon, now. There was a man for you! Fifty-five if he was a day, and a vessel scrapper. And if any man can dig out of the English language, or any other for that matter, a heftier team of words than vessel scrapper, let's see 'em.

Three centuries ago, when a young English fellow of French descent had the gall to tell a group of ice-faced British ironmasters that he could turn pig into steel without fuel, he found that Johnny Bull had a sense of humor. Not long after, however, their laugh came to sound very much like a bray, for it soon developed that not only could the thing be done but that a blast of air blown up through a mass of molten iron burned off impurities at such a rate that unless something were done to cool off the bath, surplus of heat so terrific would generate as would burn up much of the iron itself, and threaten to melt down the very vessel in which the conversion was done. Indeed as an engineer watches a Bessemer vessel blowing its fierce flame wantonly into the air he deplores the shortness of human life, which prevents him from solving, along with other more important problems, the matter of using that heat. Boilers, he knows, is not the answer; for enough fumes and sparks and flying slag drops leap in a Bessemer flame to choke up a boiler's flues in a heat. Some day, perhaps, the thermoelectric engineers will get enough current off the converters to run the blowing engines that furnish the blast, whereupon the conversion of pig into steel will be fuelless, sure enough. But until that time O'Doon and his buddies must suffice.

O'Doon and his buddies infest high platforms of steel whose floor plates grow hot to the touch when the vessels are hitting their stride; platforms close up alongside the converters, and a little above them, from which there run down to the vessel mouths short chutes of iron. Into the platform end of these chutes O'Doon and his buddies pitch chunks of scrap steel—rail ends, billet crops, bloom butts; and these, sliding down the steep gutter, plunge into the bubbling charge, cooling it off like lumps of ice dropped into a pot of hot bean soup. So the surplus heat of conversion at least serves the purpose of melting down scrap.

From the blower's stage you can see O'Doon and his buddies high up under the roof trusses, across the mill, moving about like black devils up there in the yellow light and the waving heat; and if you watch you will see O'Doon poke his head around from behind a column and look down at Fred Harley to get the good word.

Now a metallurgical engineer who knows the weight, the charging temperature and the chemical analysis of the pig, the amount of blast blown per minute, the temperature of the outside air and its moisture content, and a few other minor details, could, after a week or so of metallurgical calculations, tell you how much scrap to add to the charge in order to hold the temperature of the blow down to the desired point. And so can Fred Harley, who wouldn't know metallurgical calculation if he fell over it and broke his neck on it. But Fred has a pair of blue specs and ten years of steel blowing to back them up, and he squints at the long wicked flame that marks the middle of the blow, and he holds up ten fingers to show O'Doon that the metallurgical calculations say to drop in a thousand pounds of scrap.

O'Doon's head ducks back; and maybe he sets his scale lever and maybe he doesn't. If he's scrapping bloom butts he doesn't; for after O'Doon has dropped in four or five butts he can tell you the weight of the lot to within ten pounds. Also, if he's scrapping bloom butts he doesn't care very much how many fingers Fred Harley holds up. But if it's rail ends he does care a lot, and also he has to weigh 'em; and he tells the world his troubles in no uncertain terms:

"Rail ends, the dirty blackguards! It's straw I might just as well be tossin' into thim vessels! Fifty pound apiece, the dom splinters; wit' th' wind agin' me and thim pots all blowing as hot as the devil's breath! Four minutes to scrap that last heat, and my head singed bare; bad cess to the lot of th' lack-brains downstairs! Th' next pan of rail ends comes up here can go down agin, for I'll be unhooking no crane chains off of such lousy horse bedding if I burn down the mill around the jackass ears of thim! Let the open-hearth have that dom fodder. Bloom butts, bloom butts, bloom butts! What the hell's become of th' bloom butts? Ain't they croppin' their blooms any more, thim white-livered rail-mill bums?"

O'Doon loved a bloom butt. A bloom butt is eight by eight in section, or thereabouts, and varies in length, the rough end bit off by the blooming-mill shear before the steel goes on to the finishing rolls. It may weigh a hundred pounds. It may weigh three hundred. Three or four of these down the chute and the vessel is scrapped, and a man can get away from the scorching flame and breathe a spell until the next vessel is ripe for its dose of cold steel. The weight of the butts meant nothing to Mr. O'Doon but that much less work. A trick to all trades. A flip of his hand, and the leathers were round on his palms. A reach, and a short easy jerk of his shoulders and the butt sat balanced on the edge of the scrap pan. A tilt, and it lay on his thighs, with almost none of the weight of it on his arms or his back. A waddling step or two to the edge of the chute. The twist of a hip much like the peculiar flick with which a veteran lacrosse player spills his opponent over an acre of turf, and the butt hops into the chute and dives off of the lower end into the caldron below.

Imagine it—bawling for two-hundred-pound bloom butts when the turn foreman is kind enough to send up fifty-pound rail ends! But right there you've got their size—the buckos that scrap the vessels.

And yet, on hot summer nights, with the breeze all wrong, coming off of the lake, carrying the flame of the vessels right back to the scrappers' platform, man after man of them has come blindly clutching down the narrow ladder, to crumple up on the vessel floor, sopping with sweat, blistered with heat, choked with red fumes, bat eyed with dust, sick to vomiting, cork pulled, bolt shot, licked to a frazzle. Giant young black man and thick-shouldered Polack and broad-backed, short-legged Hun—all of them panting and crumpled, gathering strength to tackle it over again; with O'Doon up there, the old salamander, spelling the whole gang off, doing the work of four, scrapping the heats, keeping the mill a-going; the whole roaring Bessemer riding that one dray-horse back, and that back as straight as the straightest ramrod you ever saw when the day turn comes on.

I give you a toast: A Man—O'Doon. No ink slinger's dream. The real solid stuff, with a hand to shake and a shoulder to slap and a pair of Kerry blue eyes to look square into the eyes of the devil himself; eyes like those of MacNess, who led his army of clean ruddy men against the Connacht hosts in the pleasant little ruction for the Brown Bull of Cooley. "Blue eyes had MacNess," the old tale says, "and a red, pleasant face—blue eyes that you would be afraid of!" So with O'Doon's blue eyes. And at the same time the heart of a gentleman whanging away in that barrel chest of his.

O'Doon was too good to be true. He wore a soft hat, high of crown and narrow of brim, with the stem of a short pipe stuck inside the ribbon, believe it or not. And the brogue on his tongue! No musical-comedy affair at all. Not so much a matter of accent or pronunciation as of voice quality; a mellow huskiness in it, the rich whisper of expelled breath mixed with the throat tones. And he smoked his dudeen

What do you seek in a car?

IF it is minimum *first* cost, the Marmon's new low price of $3185* is today's chief attraction. Of all high-grade cars, Marmon was first to get back to normal. So here is an unusual value.

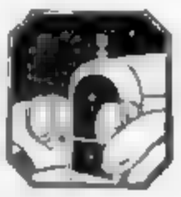
If it is low *ultimate* cost, Marmon's introduction of Standardized Service brings a minimum mileage cost. This system removes all guess-work. It affords the finest form of transportation at the lowest cost per mile.

If it is distinction, wonderful performance, dependability, long-life, lasting newness, exceptional comfort, Marmon brings all these.

In fact, Marmon is the new-day leader among fine cars. Have you investigated its economies? Have you compared its performance?

MARMON

The Foremost Fine Car



*F. O. B. Indianapolis, excise tax to be added.

Mail the coupon for free copy of "Modern Transportation Costs."

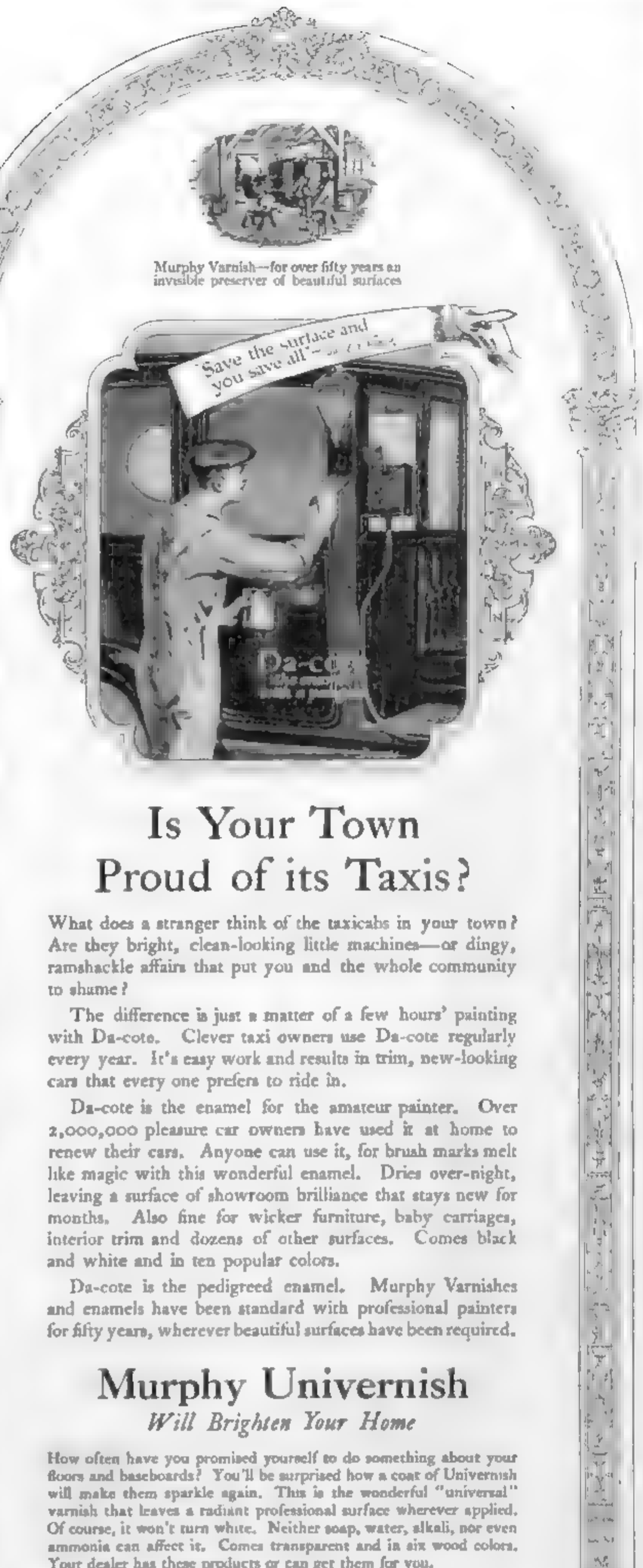
NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY (E)
Established 1851
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Gentlemen: Kindly send me a copy of "Modern Transportation Costs," describing in detail your new system of Standardized Service.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State*



Is Your Town Proud of its Taxis?

What does a stranger think of the taxicabs in your town? Are they bright, clean-looking little machines—or dingy, ramshackle affairs that put you and the whole community to shame?

The difference is just a matter of a few hours' painting with Da-cote. Clever taxi owners use Da-cote regularly every year. It's easy work and results in trim, new-looking cars that every one prefers to ride in.

Da-cote is the enamel for the amateur painter. Over 2,000,000 pleasure car owners have used it at home to renew their cars. Anyone can use it, for brush marks melt like magic with this wonderful enamel. Dries over-night, leaving a surface of showroom brilliance that stays new for months. Also fine for wicker furniture, baby carriages, interior trim and dozens of other surfaces. Comes black and white and in ten popular colors.

Da-cote is the pedigreed enamel. Murphy Varnishes and enamels have been standard with professional painters for fifty years, wherever beautiful surfaces have been required.

Murphy Univernish

Will Brighten Your Home

How often have you promised yourself to do something about your floors and baseboards? You'll be surprised how a coat of Univernish will make them sparkle again. This is the wonderful "universal" varnish that leaves a radiant professional surface wherever applied. Of course, it won't turn white. Neither soap, water, alkali, nor even ammonia can affect it. Comes transparent and in six wood colors. Your dealer has these products or can get them for you.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate

upsidedown. If he hadn't, the bowl of it would have scorched the end of his nose.

"You should see the wife of my heart," he confided to Doan one night. "A fine body of a woman, lad; two hundred and fifty pound, and comes no higher than my shoulder!" Pride beaming out of the Kerry blue eyes; pausing to say it midway between scrap pan and chute with an eighth of a ton of steel resting lightly across his great thighs.

Bang! Zip! Plun-n-n-g! You could feel the whole vessel quiver as that big block of steel hit bottom.

"And the brood that's come. Moorna now, the oldest girl"—strolling unconcernedly away from that withering column of flame, one elbow crooked up alongside his head to protect the skin of his neck and jaw—"Moorna now; a hazel wand, lad, for budding and bending and alimness."

For a long, long time Jimmy Doan was afraid to ask him his given name, worried to death for fear that the answer might be some such prænomen as Michael or Patrick or Cornelius. But at last he summoned his nerve.

"What's your first name, O'Doon?" he inquired one night, and held his breath, sick and atremble with dread.

"Dinnis," said Mr. O'Doon.

And a great peace descended on Jimmy Doan's soul.

At 7:15 one baking Monday morning in August two men came trudging wearily through the time-card alleys at one of the gates at Lakeside Steel. They were both strong men and their backs were broad, but they walked with the springless step of the end of the double turn. Sixteen straight hours the tall one had driven his tired men to keep quiet the vessel liners in their insatiable bawlings for stone and mortar, until the time came at last when he could fill up the finished vessels with cordwood to dry them; and then eight other hours he had kept his dead self and his dead men on their feet as he bulled away at the endless task of cleaning up the mess that the night turn had left in the mill at the end of the week.

Sixteen straight hours the short thick man had pounded innumerable flat slabs of new ganister home in the burned-out bowls of the vessels. Then, while they were drying, he had curled up for a few hours' cat nap on a soft spot in the iron floor of the vessel scrappers' platform, to be wakened at last to sizzling labor for the balance of the night by a dinkey's blast announcing that the mill was about to start up again.

Both men were wet to the hide with sweat, dirty and bearded, dark eyed and drawn; back of them long hours of giving their best; ahead of them the drab slag streets of Iroquois Village, and a restless sleep in the swelter of August daytime, with a sweet week of night turn staring them in the face at six o'clock that evening. Joyful! And yet in their eyes was no sign of defeat, no shadow of chucking it all. The triumphant light of getting the best of their jobs did not shine in their eyes, for a steel man's job is always about three jumps ahead of him, no matter how good a man he is; but in its stead there shone the steady bulldog look of those who never acknowledge defeat; the look of those who, sorely punished, fight right on with nothing to keep them at it but their own bulldog hearts and a certain grim fact that somehow penetrates the thickest of steel-works skins and skulls—the fact that the world, when going its clip, has merciless need for the magic metal, steel; and that somehow that need, come twelve hour days and seven day weeks and labor-dulled faces, has got to be met.

But just as they got through the gate the tired eyes of the younger of this particular pair of steel men suddenly brightened.

"Great shades of Hagenbeck, O'Doon!" he exclaimed, jogging the heavy man with his elbow and pointing to where a touring car with a hood that looked as though it covered at least twenty-four cylinders stood by the curb in front of the general office building.

O'Doon followed the pointing finger, and what he saw made his red pleasant face light up with a smile of surprise and delight and eager recognition; and a moment later he was standing beside the car, with a wild bristling head, savage and shaggy, knife fanged and dragon eyed, nestled against his neck. So engrossed was he with the terrible dog that nuzzled against him, and so taken up was his young companion with the instantaneous love affair that had leaped into being between the two, that they both missed another still more astonishing eyeful; for as they stood by the car a girl came out of the big office doors and down over the steps to the pavement with exactly the same amount of noise and physical pliancy as though a puma had done it.

"Down, Kimbay!"

At the sound of her voice Doan whirled and his hat came off. The great hound went down on the back seat, filling it up from side to side; but he still stretched out that terrific face and nuzzled against O'Doon's thick arm.

"Miss Carnahan!" came Doan's eager voice.

And the copper-haired girl looked at him, and through him; and then with a flow of Bengal muscles, and the flash above flat-heeled sport shoes of something so nearly thin as almost to miss beauty and at the same time too distractingly beautiful to be thin, she situated her long lovely body under the wheel.

Jimmy grinned ruefully; but he grinned.

Then the girl turned her head. A viola should have sung a low chord then, to match the curving of her throat.

She spoke. "I'd prefer you do not handle the dog," she said, addressing O'Doon, and totally ignoring his companion. "The kennel man finds it so hard to keep him clean."

O'Doon dropped his hand as though he had touched something hot. His face looked as though it had touched the same thing.

A sharp retort flowed out to the end of his tongue, but he swallowed it back; not because he shrank from a trial of wits nor because her name was Carnahan, you can bet your last cent, but because she was a woman.

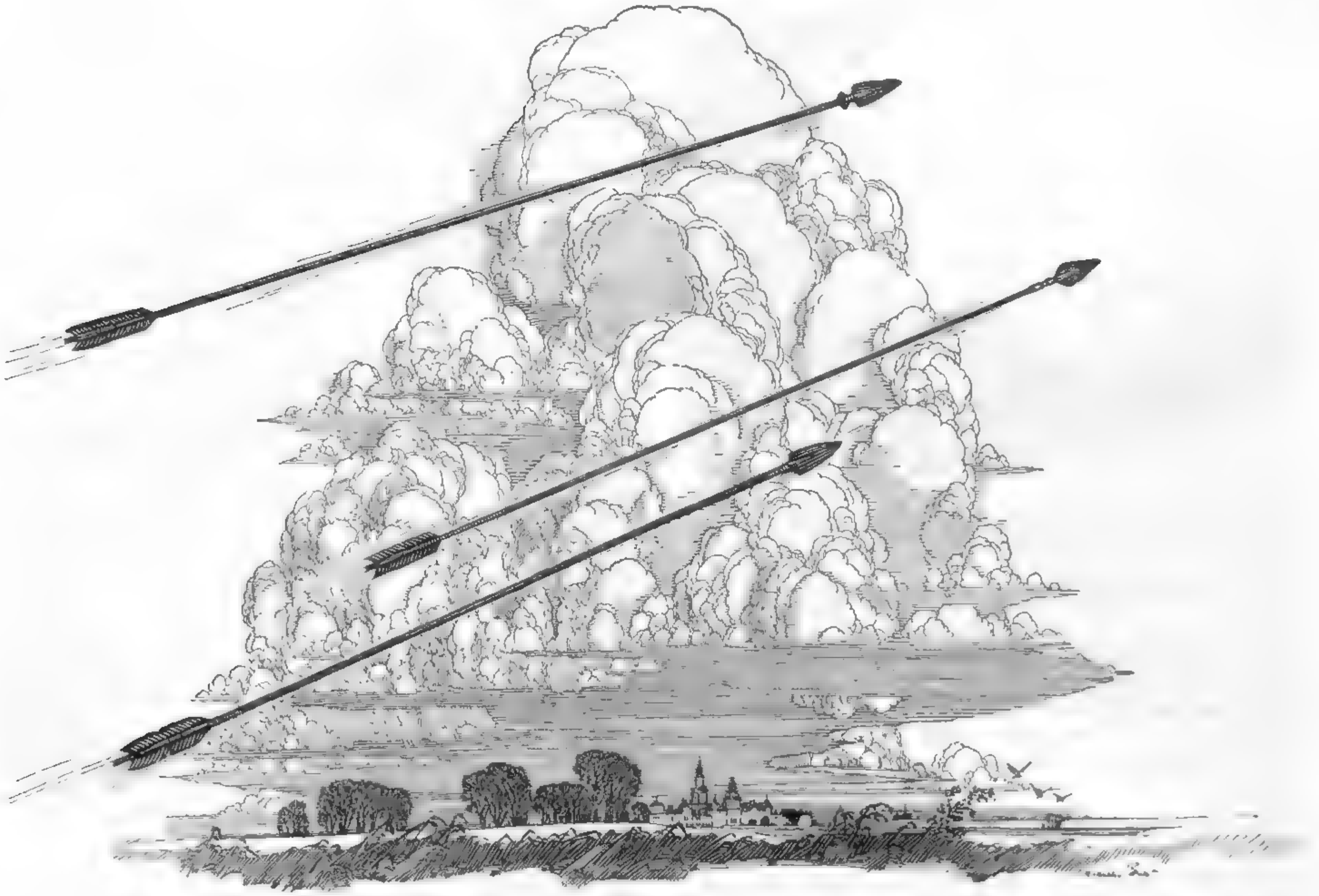
Jimmy Doan's face hardened a bit. For himself he was willing to take most any affront; but that her desire to humble him should react in indignities on his friends—that wiped the grin off his face.

The girl stretched out a foot and the car started a deep soft purr. Still with her bright head twisted about like some flower gracefully awry on its stem, the wide mouth curved up at the ends in a pleasant smile which she turned on the older man, she added a dozenfold to the sting that had already reached him by addressing him as though by no chance was he able to perceive or resent an insult.

"Have you some charm about you?" she asked. "No one has ever before dared approach the car when Kimbay was left to guard it.

(Continued on Page 70)

The Girl Stretched Out a Foot and the Car Started a Deep Soft Purr



THE THREE ARROWS

"WHEN I was a boy," said the manufacturer, "at the age when a boy won't read a book unless it has Indians in it, I used to practice every day with a bow and arrow. On the back of my father's barn I painted a white target with an outer circle, an inner circle, and a bull's-eye in the center. After a time the outer area of that target bore the signs of many arrows, and the inner circle, too, gave evidence of a fair number of hits—but there were mighty few marks in the bull's-eye.

"The subject of advertising always carries my mind back to that target. In business today, there are so many of us aiming at the same markets that advertising has become a contest in marksmanship.

"Reduced to its simplest terms, the work of advertising is, first, to cause people to *know;* second, to cause them to *remember;* third, to cause them to *do.* If we accomplish the first, the arrow hits the outer circle. If we accomplish the second as well, we have hit nearer the center. But to score a bull's-eye we must accomplish all three.

"In my own line of business, for example, the advertising of my competitors is either so similar that people do not remember one from another; or else it strives so hard to be 'different' that it wanders away from the methods that sell merchandise.

"My own product is the leader in its field because its quality is backed by advertising strong enough to make itself known in any company; individual enough to be remembered apart from all competitors, and so sure in its knowledge of people that it awakens the buying urge.

"And the principal reason is this—when I chose an organization to do my advertising, I chose one whose record proved that it knew how to put the arrow in the bull's-eye."

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

You're Sure You're Right With This Auto Map

You'll never have to speculate, or wonder if you are on the right road when you have a RAND McNALLY Official Auto Trails Map. For you simply follow the painted poles at the roadside, and you can't go wrong. You plan your trip before you start—not as you go along.

The reading of directions is unnecessary. All can enjoy the scenes along the way, without tension. You don't have to look for a barn which was white last year and is now red. You don't travel by landmark, but by signs that you can't mistake—anywhere in the country.

RAND McNALLY Official Auto Trails Maps are clear, exhaustive and accurate. You won't mind strange roads when you tour the RAND McNALLY way. And you are sure to make the right turn. They tell the distances between cities and towns, where good hotels are, and the locations of the best garages and service stations.

The entire United States and portions of Canada are included in the RAND McNALLY Official Auto Trails Map series. Each map of the series covers an extensive touring area—it can be carried in your coat pocket—it's that convenient. Price, 35 cents each. Buy from book stores, stationers, news stands, drug stores, garages, hotels or RAND McNALLY & COMPANY Retail Store, 540 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Map Headquarters

Dept. G-7
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago 42 E. 22nd Street, New York

Branches:

Philadelphia Washington Boston Buffalo Pittsburgh Cleveland
Detroit St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles

Write for free booklet "THE BLAZED TRAILS" Valuable to every motorist

(Continued from Page 68)

"Oh," she added rather stiffly, after a perfect silence on the part of Mr. O'Doon, "you don't speak English, do you, John?"

O'Doon reddened again to his hair.

"I speak it, ma'am," said O'Doon with a little bow, "well enough—that and Gaelic. But the last gentleman who addressed you in English failed to get any answer at all."

She opened her mouth, but her eyes chanced on O'Doon's, and she probably saw something in the Kerry blue of them that you would be afraid of. At any rate she shut her lips suddenly, much to her own surprise, no doubt.

"As to the hound," Mr. O'Doon went on, "it is known that the ancient Irish wolf dog, which in better days dared only be owned by noble folk, will always be fawning upon any man come down direct from the old Irish kings."

Dignity mixed with a flash of the old druid satire winked in the Kerry blue eyes. But a cold light glowed out from under the copper brows as the long pale face turned away. As she moved her levers the girl spoke, looking straight out over the hood.

"If the Irish wolfhound were as good a scent hound as he is a sight hound," she spat, "Kimbay might have mistaken the Irish king for a Hottentot chief."

The car gave a surge and was gone. O'Doon looked down at his sweat-soaked shirt, and his blue eyes twinkled through the hurt.

"A chummy small piece of calico old Satan's after havin' for a daughter, I dunno," quoth O'Doon.

But Jim's face was dark, and he made no reply to the older man.

Saturday night and hell to tell the captain. A record in sight and the vessels all burning to scrap. A bughouse week just behind and four batty hours just ahead; for that record has got to go. Since Thursday night, when that record first hove in sight, it has been stark madness. Take a chance! Let 'er rip! Shoot the piece! Risk it! Since Henry Bessemer blew the first piffling heat that gave steel a price within reach of a hungry world, and so, perhaps, did more for the progress of mankind than any other human being, no plant on earth has ever blown as much steel as Lakeside will turn out this week. Let Birmingham look to its laurels. Lakeside is pegging it down the stretch. And the men show it.

The night super's underlip trembles continuously, uncontrollably, out of sheer stress. The turn foreman tears and raves. Fred Harley chews one cigar after another to a stump with never the thought of a match. And one of the vessel floor dinkey skinners, back in his dark hole under the cupola tapping floor, pulls forth from beneath a pile of fire bricks a flat bottle that he hopes will assist him in standing the strain of hustling the big pots of molten metal about. But it doesn't seem to help him or his mates in the race for that record. He gives a toot and comes flying out from his den with half a ladle of cupola metal and stops with sliding drivers in front of the mixer to fill up the pot. The mixer man, seeing him come, starts to tilt the monster container that his lever controls before the ladle arrives; so delicately timed the teamwork between him and the dinkey runner that the iron ladle stops on the mixer scales at the exact second when the hot stuff starts to pour out of the long snout of the mixer.

The mixer is a plethoric old behemoth. His skeleton is of massive steel castings, and his skin of inch plate, and his insides are lined thick with fire bricks; a fellow of Gargantuan appetite and proportions, whose belly will hold a hundred and fifty tons and more of blast-furnace broth. So he moves with deliberation. But there is no time to waste in starting to tilt him after the ladle is centered under his snout. That would mean the loss of ten seconds; and that record has got to go. So the mixer operator starts his tilting when he sees the iron ladle moving his way. But for once things fail to fit up. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand that dinkey skinner can center his ladle on a chalk mark; a thousand times out of a thousand if he seeks no aid from flat bottles. But this time the pot slides halfway over the scales, and the dinkey skids halfway on them, and before the mixer man can jerk up his lever a thousand pounds of the flaming juice has poured down between the ladle car and the little engine.

Peep! Peep! Peep!
Peep! Peep! Peep!

Fireworks! Millions of sparks! Smothering clouds of fumes! And the vicious bang of liquid iron exploding where it runs into little puddles of water. The dinkey tries to back out—to run ahead; but the tracks are thick with the gleaming stuff, and the engineer unloads when his cab takes fire.

Peep! Peep! Peep!
Peep! Peep! Peep!

Three blows. Trouble! The labor gang's signal.

Where in the name of the holy, jumpin', horned toad are Doan and his guineas?

Keep your shirt on, old scout; Doan and his guineas are on the works. Here they come now, Jim in the lead, on the run, yelling and beckoning, and his guineas humping along behind him, paddling big-footedly in his wake, in a long single file up over the pouring platform to the vessel floor, and on to the scene of disaster.

"Come on, boys! Come on! Yom! B'rrzha! Hurry up! Every man! Ketch'n barry—big bar, John! Ketch'n hammer! Two, t'ree big hammer. Come on!"

Fifteen minutes of sledging in an airless cavern under the sizzling mixer's mouth. Fifteen minutes of prying and tugging and slugging at half-solid iron that must be torn loose from rails and wheels and scale platform before it cools and hardens. Get 'er while she's red, boys. Here you, Mike, gimme that bar; wadda you know about machinery? Now! Every man! Up! Yohee! Up now! Lift'm up! Digni! Digni gora! Up high like a tree! Pavel, you big 'Orvat, quit pushing down on that bar! Now, Stanko, put'n block under bar. Further in, fathead! Attaboy. Now down. Down on 'er! Dolya! Once more now; andera! Atsa stuff! Good men, I call you! Step on 'er, Pete, your old coffee pot is free. Watch, Walyo! Hop to hell offa that track or you'll get run down! If you wanta sleep go for house, ketch'm bed!

Peep! Peep! Look out, Birmingham!

Shoe soles burned through; shirts black with sweat; faces burned red; gloves singed stiff from tossing dull red scraps to a side; flakes of glistening graphite plastered to greasy skins; knees sagging with August sultriness added to all the rest of it! Well, what about it? That record has got to be broken; you know that.

The vessel men curse. The last two days of hard going has burned the converter linings to rags. Number Four will not last out the night. Number Four is a mess. Scrap hangs thick on his nose and his sides are shaggy with slag, and his mouth is burned out so wide that the flame of his blowing is doubled in size, driving the vessel scrappers down off their platforms at the very time when scrap is most needed to cool off the charge, and so save the precious thin linings.

To help out O'Doon, who is holding the fort all alone till his buddies recover their breath and their wits, a little flat buggy lolls out on the charging track and Fred Harley turns down Number Four and shuts off the blast long enough for the turn foreman himself, with his clothes asmoke, to pry off the half-ton ingot butt that he has dug up from some place, and tumble it into Number Four's dripping maw. That'll cool 'im off, blast his hide! Then swish! the wind goes on. Duck your nut! Number Four up again, roaring.

Number Three's bottom is gone. But no time to change bottoms now. Off with the wind-box plate and plug up a couple of tuyères. She will blow a heat or two more as she is. So while his three men handle that job around at the back, big Scardon, the first vessel man, stands in front and, peering between his lowered hat brim and his raised forearm, tosses ball after ball of patching into the burned-out hollow in the vessel's belly lining. The puttylike balls fly true; soar, black and steaming, straight to their mark; gather and grow to a dark patch against the vessel's yellow wall, filling up the weak spot. He hears the clang of a hammer against the wind-box plate at the back, the signal that the job around there is complete, so he gathers the balance of his patching into one huge ball and heaves it. He grabs a long-handled, limber steel paddle, rams it far into the vessel's mouth and with a half dozen peculiar stiff-armed heavings smacks the new patch flat and firm to its place; yanks the long paddle out with one mighty jerk; kicks it off the track.

"Come on! What's holding you now?"

And the dinkey fidgeting near at hand butts its waiting potful of metal up to Number Three's mouth, while Scardon leaps out

(Continued on Page 73)

Here's The Way To Easy Pedaling

Flood every bearing with 3-in-One and spin the wheels around fast.

Crank hanger and wheel hubs will soon be covered with a black, greasy, gritty substance that has worked out of the bearings. Wipe this off and oil again with a *little* 3-in-One.

Then, oh, boy! how that bike will go! Up hill, down hill, you'll whizz along as if the old wheel had sprouted wings.

3-in-One *The High Quality Bicycle Oil*

was originally made for bicycles twenty-eight years ago, when a bicycle craze swept the country almost as radio is doing now. Although there is no bicycle craze today, there are more bicycles than ever before—and more 3-in-One is used to keep them running smoothly.

Besides being a wonderful lubricant for bicycles, 3-in-One cleans and polishes the enamel and prevents rust on the nickeled parts. Also keeps the saddle leather soft and pliable.

The 3-in-One Handy Oil Can is just the thing for bicycles. Contains three ounces, has a screw top nozzle to prevent spilling, and fits the tool kit fine. 3-in-One is also sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles. Today is a dandy day to try it.

FREE—Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Write for both on a postal or use the coupon at the right.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, 165 B. Broadway, New York City

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
165 B. Broadway, New York.

Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses.

Name_____

Street Address or R. R._____

City_____ State_____

Ask for

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

and get it!

Delicious and
Refreshing

The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

(Continued from Page 70)

of the way, batting out the fire on the elbow of his jumper. What if a man's overalls do actually smolder or become so heat glazed that you can flake the knees out of them with a finger touch? That Birmingham record has got to go bust; you know that.

And on such a pleasant midsummer midnight old Satan, hearing that the world's record for a week's steel blowing is going to smash, elected to stroll coolly into the mill, with a fragrant Havana cocked up in under his nose, and a fragrant bevy of coolly dressed folks at his back. Stopping a moment, Beelzebub is—interrupting a cool lake drive home from some white-flanneled country-club dance to show off the works.

But they don't tarry long, that party. The ladies shrink back against their escorts as the vessels go up and down with their typhoon of fire and sparks. And the gentlemen press the ladies' arms reassuringly, meanwhile feeling the need for someone to press their own arms reassuringly; and then, with something of the awe on their faces that must have shown on the countenance of Doctor Faustus when he stood at the Brocken, the party filed out, in a dazed sort of manner, feeling somehow that here were the boys whom they had to thank for the shining luxurious things that would presently roll them home through the sweet lake air.

Following their guide the party filed out; but they left old Satan behind; for old Satan had just been nipped by the steel bug, and had decided to stick around Hell till it closed down over Sunday. Old Satan wanted actually to see that record go bust. He was also more or less glad to be shut of that country-club crowd; and he had consigned his daughter to a couple of ice-cream-trousered gentlemen, with the hope that she would see them safely home.

So at last the record goes bust; and the mill is a mess. Scrap piled up all over the works. Vessels a wreck. Slag cars rounded to gospel measure and overrun and blocked in with cinder. Ladles burned out. Débris from rebuilt converter bottoms heaped high, wide and handsome. Ingot molds and their trucks all sheeted in steel from the leakage of ill-stoppered ladles. All jumbled chaos and disorder. Labor gangs thinned down to quarter their quota by wholesale desertions under the stress; and a week's job of cleaning up to be done by Monday morning.

Young Kinelly, the turn foreman, hard-fighting, high-strung, honest working roughneck Al, the son of his dad, fired; kicked out; canned like some bohunk; because, save the mark, in the strain of that mad week's going he told the assistant general super, who picked out that time of all times to voice his small criticisms, to go take a run and jump in the lake for himself; as he dog-gone well should have been told.

And a little bride motionless, staring and staring and staring, beside a bed in the hospital up at Lake End City; for the bed beside her holds all that is left of young Billy Smartt and her dream of a home. Number Four has taken his toll. Billy was a stopper setter, and in the wild rush of the week Billy made one little misstep. Below the stopper setter's platform lie the overpour pits, into which are spilled the few pounds of metal that happen to be left over in the steel ladles from time to time after the molds are full. Billy's one misstep sent him clutching down six feet onto the dull red slab of scrap that lay growing slowly below; no fatal matter with any luck. A scramble off the hot slab; maybe badly blistered hands through the thick leather gloves; scorched knees, perhaps, or a bad leg burn. But when Billy made his misstep and fell he broke his leg. He did his best to make the edge of the dull red slab, but because of the rush it had not been yanked out by the overhead crane when due, and had spread to three times its usual size. When his buddies ran out on the glowing cake and got him Bill's clothes had started to burn.

"Get my gloves off; they hurt," said Billy, just before he fainted. But Al, when he tried to do it, found that they had become a part of Billy's hands; and Al fainted too. And shortly afterward he told the assistant general super to go jump in the lake, and got fired.

Billy Smartt came to, just once up at the hospital, saw Al beside him, and lifted his lips in the nearest he could come to a smile.

"Who ever told that Birmingham crowd that they could blow steel?" were the last words he said.

The record is broken. And so are the strength and nerve of many men. But the hands of the world, grabbing hungrily out for a metal so precious that gold is mere garbage beside it, spare no one. And the men file home; not to a good long thirty-six-hour Sunday; not to a big lazy day sandwiched in between two long soft nights; but to an all-insufficient spell of twenty-four hours that marks the interval of twenty-four hours of driving labor by the other turn which will try to get the mill ready for them again by Monday morning. Their only free day in a fortnight will be spent in the dead, daytime sleep of spent men. Their rest merely rest, with the saving business of recreation, in all that the word implies, altogether missing. On Monday morning they will go back to the mill, rested physically, perhaps, but without buoyancy, mental or bodily, and without the one thing that makes work a delight—the desire to take your job by the seat of the pants and whale the everlasting whey out of it. Sometime the steel-plant managers will see the horse sense and real dollar value in giving men time to play. If they don't the thing will be rammed down their throats. But why worry about this now, at any rate? Hasn't the record just been smashed?

It has, you bet. Number One is quiet now, his fire-torn mouth gaping dull red. Number Two is still, hot fumes still trailing upward out of his seared and scrap-slobbered muzzle. Number Three is still. Number Four is still. A quiet incredibly pregnant has fallen. A footstep scrapes somewhere in the quiet, echoing. A voice sounds from somewhere, ghostly and small. The mill is down. And a silence, sinister after that roaring week, seems to flutter about, batlike, weaving back and forth through the scrap-piled, brickbat-piled, dirt-piled jumbled chaos of drabness and confusion and crouching shadows that is the Bessemer plant at the graveyard hour at the end of a record week.

Down by the overpour pits, where Billy Smartt put in his last game hour of work, a stir of half life shows where Jimmy Doan fights sleep, growling doggedly at his men, who droop with the load of a week's scorching labor. The night super has gone home; Fred Harley and his lever men have gone home; Dan Scardon and his vessel men have gone home; skulking, the whole crew of them, as though afraid of the eerie stillness, leaving their burly charges to leer, red-eyed and empty-bellied, into the sneaking gloom. In an hour the steel-plant dawn, colorless and dank, will come blowing smokily in through the sooty louvers, listlessly herding the evil shadows out of their hiding places. But now, just now, at the dead time of the night, when inexplainable small sounds whisper and sneak ——

It came, chilling Doan's bones, causing the selfsame actual prehistoric movement of flesh along his spine that lifts the hackle hairs of a dog. As unexpected as the wail of a violin string in the Pit.

The scream soared a second, feminine, sickening. High up there from the cupola charging floor it seemed to come, up there where the Russniaks work; and then it shut off so suddenly that Doan could vision dirty thick fingers slapped across a fear-stretched mouth.

Aideen Carnahan, better for you if you had trusted yourself to the protection of your two be-flanneled young men. They do not miss you, those two lily-white youths, each thinking that you roll safely home in a car with the other. A spoiled, willful, snobbish piece you are, Aideen Carnahan, but this time it had been better far to have heeded your father. True, from the end of the cupola charging floor you can get the best view of the mill. From high up there the whole stupendous business lies spread out before you, under you. You look down into ladles of sloshing dark-golden spiegeleisen as they dash to the spot where the vessels pour out their blown heats. You see the bright contents sink in the steel ladles as the long stoppers lift and lower, letting the steel squirt down into the sparkling molds. And you see the men, like steaming demons, dodge in and out from shadow to high light, from high light back into shadow. From the cupola charging floor you can watch with positive fascination the wonderful change that comes when the last heat is blown and poured and the chaos of noise and fire dies and the mill goes down.

But the cupola charging floor is no place for a girl to go to unaccompanied, nor any place for a girl to remain at the graveyard hour, when the light of the mill goes out, and her father, thinking her safe, has gone home without her. For the cupola charging floor is manned by Russniaks, pig-eyed and flat-faced, scum of the scum of poverty-cursed Galicia; long-haired Boiki nurtured in filth and sordidness on their barren farms and back in their soil-less mountain valleys; subsisting on an ill-balanced ration of cornbread and cheese of sheep's milk, and besotted with vile polinka, a more poisonous concoction than the rottenest vodka ever distilled. Little Russians, these, Aideen Carnahan. Broad smiles must have suffused the faces of the Austrian immigrant council when they waved that hand-picked shipload merrily off toward America's imbecile welcoming arms.

Lucky for you, Aideen Carnahan, that the scrappers' platform is on the same level as the cupola charging floor; for although there is no pathway communicating between them, yet a precarious way, by crane girders and bracing members, offers itself to a sure-footed man.

So when Jimmy Doan, well winded with his long dash upstairs, reached the cupola charging floor at last, his first glance caught the figure of a tall girl, no longer screaming, but drawn back against a column with the back of her hand across her open mouth; and his ears caught the bellow of a rich, husky voice roaring battle music.

What saved the girl was the fact that O'Doon was no boxer. The thousands of tons of bloom butts that had passed through his hands had piled muscle thick upon him, and had given him strength beyond belief; but those very same thousands of tons had slowed him and rendered him muscle bound; had built him for grappling, had fitted him out for this very night's work. For Russniaks are not boxers either. They closed on O'Doon, hoping to tear him down, like the animal pack that they were. They could not have played more perfectly into his hands. No boxer could have possibly stood off the seven of them. But O'Doon made no attempt to stand them off. He gathered them into his arms with a whoop of joy, and as they swarmed over him, reaching for his eyes and hair with taloned hands and searching for his life with stamping boots, they hindered their own clumsy efforts. And O'Doon, in the midst of the pack, kept his stocky body upright and sought them out one by one; and when an arm or a leg came into his hands he broke it.

Two hundred and twenty pounds there was of O'Doon, packed into five feet seven. Round was O'Doon, and the fat thick upon him. Not the flaccid fat of laziness, but the firm adipose of a half century and more of clean living. No great abdominal paunch, quaking and bulgy; but the stuff laid over the whole of him, like a seal. The mighty muscles of back and loin incased, the tough stomach thews all hidden, the huge shoulder sinews covered to smoothness. A very hogshead of a man, come sailing normally through his middle years with the layer of excess upon him that Nature spreads as superfluous protection for the great vitals, not now so bursting with vigor as once they were. Made for this very night's business was Scrapper O'Doon. His well-cushioned body absorbed enough battering there to have laid out three younger, lean-muscled men clean and cold; and, living under a typhoon of kicks and gouges and vile twists and stampings, O'Doon pulled his head tight down on his shoulders, sought those Russniaks out with his hands, and broke them one at a time.

As Doan tore down the floor to his aid a form came whirling out of the tangle, spun once on relaxing knees, arms and head queerly hanging, and then crashed down with three others that lay sprawled and groaning about.

Three were still at him. And three, though they did not know it, could do more than seven; for as Jim reached the mix-up one of them, who had been circling about on the fringe of battle waiting for just such a chance, raised his arms and brought down a pinch bar. Then he dropped his weapon, satisfied that no man could take such a blow and stay up, and turned away from the fight and took a step toward the column where the white figure still stood silent, with the back of her hand across her wide-stretched mouth.

Jim, sick at heart that he could not fly to the aid of the stricken O'Doon at once, went into the air horizontal. His shoulder crashed into its mark knee-high, and as the two went to the floor Jim wrenched his body about, and the tackled man's head

"I know—I've sold them all"

HAD you told me twelve months ago there could be a new metal building that would revolutionize the industry, I would have laughed in your face. I had sold most every kind of metal building. I knew all about them.

A week later I called on a large oil well supply house that had used three of my buildings. Yes! they did need a new building, but it would not be mine. Why did they want to change? They were frank—very frank. They had a better kind. It could be erected in a fraction of the time. It was not only strong, fireproof and rust-resisting, but it had a patented interlocking joint that always prevented leaking when it rained.

This interlocking joint did the trick. They showed me a letter: "Thorne tells me you are going to add another metal building. Let me tell you about the remarkable experience we had last winter. I had to have a new building quick—supplies were all over the place. A local dealer claimed he had a new metal building which was far superior to the rest. I didn't believe him, but I had to have something—so we ordered.

"It was zero weather. The actual time for erecting after the floor was ready was just 14 hours. The patented joint locked itself together and formed its own frame. It required no fastenings. Hammer, screw driver and pliers were the only tools used. I could scarcely believe my eyes. It seemed too good to be true. I was afraid that it would leak when hot weather came. We had a cloud-burst in June. It didn't leak."

Thorne told me a lot more. He advised me to become a dealer for this territory. I know a good thing. I didn't wait to write—I wired The Ohio Body & Blower Co., Cleveland, Ohio, for an option. And say, I never spent a better dollar in my life. Take it from me there's nothing like the Swartwout. I know—I've sold 'em all.

Swartwout
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Send me information on Swartwout Metal Buildings. I am ☐ owner ☐ dealer ☐ contractor.

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"That sign on my bank's door means greater safety for my money"

"My bank surely gives me real protection. Take, for instance, these Super-Safety Insured checks they furnish without charge! They are the best protection you can secure against fraudulent alteration of checks; beats all the ingenuity you ever heard of. Special machine, trick printing and all such ways of check protection are too bothersome for me; besides, insurance is better."

"You can write these Insured Checks with pen and ink; or with a typewriter, and insurance positively protects you."

"Better come in and open an account here before you have one of your checks altered. It doesn't cost you a cent."

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If you do not know a banker who has Super-Safety Insured checks, write us for the name of one in your locality who will gladly accommodate you.

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came down with a crack on the steel floor plates. With the very wrench that laid out his man Doan spun his own body up on its feet and leaped toward the fallen O'Doon.

Fallen? O'Doon?

O'Doon was still standing up on the two hind legs of him. O'Doon was bare to the belt, his shirt hanging down in a fringe from his waist like a hula dancer's grass skirt. Talon scratches traced scoring paths across his glistening back and the high square of his chest was a Blue Book map. One corner of his mouth was hideous where a claw had searched inside his cheek and had hooked there and pulled. Both his eyelids were torn and red, and no white showed beneath them, so red and bloodshot were his eyes from jabbing thumbs; and down over one side of his head and a shoulder, matting his hair and drenching a big white arm, ran the red. And as he jumped for the two hunyaks that remained he let out a war-shout like Finn MacCool's, with the pure joy of it all.

Jimmy laid hold of a shoulder, and spinning his man about, started one off his shoe laces and landed it where it would do the most good. Then without looking to see him go down he wheeled and was just in time to see O'Doon land his first, last and only punch of that pleasant little levee. It caught the remaining opponent, a swarthy evil-faced giant, square on the clasp of the wide money belt that was keeping out of circulation every cent of good American money that he had made since he had landed on our hospitable shores. Two hundred and twenty pounds of Dinny O'Doon was moving in with the punch when it landed; and the Russniak folded himself up on that outshot arm and seemed to cling there a second.

Then, as though some great tight elastic had suddenly jerked him, he shot out, still bent double, off that smoked ham of a fist, and, clear of the floor by a foot, sailed through the air, and while Doan gasped with horror, hit the charging curb of a cupola with his heels, turned upside down and was gone.

O'Doon cast a quick glance about him; but seeing nothing left of the Russniak unit but groaning wreckage, a look of disappointment came into his face, and he dusted his palms.

"Wurru," came Mr. O'Doon's admiring comment. "The lad that wopped me that kiss on the knob must have had a fist on the end of his arm like the Blarney stone—eh, Jamesy, me boy?"

But before Jamesy could answer, the limp figure against him gave a sigh and a stir. The girl opened her eyes; and the first thing she saw was O'Doon's half naked and bloody figure before her. She shuddered and crept close up to the man who held her.

"Take me away, Jimmy Doan," she said, and her eyes looked far into his. Those suitors who thought that their eagle eyes had caught a glimpse of fire aglow deep under the surface ice of Aideen Carnahan were probably not so far wrong after all. "Take me away from these beasts, Jimmy Doan," she whispered.

Jimmy Doan looked down at that wide thin red mouth. Like a blood mark it looked, stroked curving across that long pale face with a pointed brush. Jimmy gritted his teeth and took hold of himself.

"Beasts!" she had said, with never a word for the glorious old fellow who now stood behind a column trying to gather enough of his shirt together to cover his skin.

"Hottentot chief!" she had said, just because old Dinny O'Doon at the end of an August twenty-four-hour shift failed to carry about him an aura of the same kind of violet talc that the white-trousered waldos affected.

There came the sound of steps on the iron stairs at the far end of the floor, and of voices speaking the blessed English tongue.

Jimmy drew a deep breath and leaned his face down close to the girl's.

"Before they come," he whispered, and his voice had deep music in it, "I want to ask you a question." He took a full breath that pressed his broad chest against her. "Something I've never asked any other girl in my life."

The beautiful long face lifted to his, and the blood-red mouth curved in a smile that would have dragged an anchorite out of his cave. No boa ever moved with half the litheness of that slim neck as her smooth chin tilted up.

With an effort that made his head reel Jim kept his lips from touching that white, white throat.

"Something I'll never ask any other girl as long as I live, no matter what answer you give me; I'll swear that to you, Aideen Carnahan, you beautiful thing!"

The long copper lashes went up, letting the warm light out. The long slim body moved in his arm. Jimmy Doan shut his eyes and his jaw muscles bulged; but he won. Just the same, his voice trembled and broke as he hurried his question.

Figures were running toward them; were almost within arm's reach. Jimmy lowered his lips till they brushed a beautiful ear as he spoke. "How would you like to go plumb to hell?" Jimmy Doan asked, ever so softly.

The Road to Sieur de Monts Spring, Lafayette National Park, Island of Mount Desert, Maine

No Electricity

Vacuette
Non-Electric Vacuum Cleaner

As Efficient as an Electric—
As Easy to Operate as a Carpet Sweeper

Here is the wonderful Vacuette—the simple, practical vacuum cleaner which operates *automatically* with its own self-contained mechanism—***no electricity.***

No cords to handle, no plugs to screw and unscrew, no switches to turn on and off, no attachments whatever and no complicated parts. The Vacuette is so easy to use that even a woman of little strength can clean all the rugs and carpets in the house without feeling the least fatigue. She can see them bright and new looking in just a few minutes; for with its revolving brush and powerful air suction the Vacuette draws all the dust and dirt into its bag.

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In construction the Vacuette is the simplest of all really efficient vacuum cleaners—it is the easiest of all to use and its price is only about half what you would gladly pay for such a remarkable work-saving device. It is light and very strong, made to last for years, comes to you with the maker's guarantee and the first cost is the last. With the Vacuette there is no "operating expense"—never any electric current to pay for.

The invention of the Vacuette has given housekeeping a new meaning because it has made what was once hard work easy—it has saved precious hours for busy housewives, giving them more leisure time than they ever had before—it has taken away the dread of sweeping day. Already the Vacuette is in more than 200,000 homes. Over and over again—by millions of sweepings—it has stood the test of practical use. No one need take our word that it will do all we claim. It has already proved itself—and we will demonstrate it free to any housewife on request.

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Our representatives are everywhere—ready to demonstrate the Vacuette upon request. Ask the representative in your locality or write to us for this free trial. See your rugs and carpets cleaned wonderfully—learn how easily it is done with the Vacuette—this without any promise or obligation on your part. We will let the Vacuette prove itself. Then you can decide whether to buy or not.

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There's a Fisk Tire of extra value in every size, for car, truck or speed wagon.

THE OLD GUARD DIES

(Continued from Page 17)

Mr. Jack Cronyn took up the telephone and said "Hello" in it in his usual curt and be-damned-to-you manner. And then, as he heard Lady Victoria's clear, candid, delicious voice on the wire a sudden idea, and a more agreeable idea than his last, occurred to him.

He said, "Yes, I can hear perfectly"; but do not imagine for one moment he also said "Thanks," because he did not. The truth was that, besides his habit of brevity, Mr. Jack Cronyn was a little preoccupied. He explained that he had been unable to turn up for tea the previous afternoon, because

"What's that?" he broke off to ask.

Lady Victoria's answer came back instantly, deliciously clear, gay, thrilling:

"Oh, incense to injury!"

"Incensed? Are you?"

"No, no! I said ——"

She was an astoundingly pretty woman, reflected Mr. Jack Cronyn, listening rather inattentively, and pursuing the course of reflections to their logical conclusions. She was extremely amusing. The Pooles—well, everybody knew about the Pooles. Their place at Lakewood, with its terraces and Italian gardens, its Velasquezs and its Rubenses, its view of open country stretched out to the sight, its stables and its tapestries. Ditchett House in Piccadilly. Their illustrious position in society. Their wealth. Their influence. And then, of course, there was Lady Victoria herself—slight, dark-eyed, delightful, buoyant and bewildering.

"See here, Jack," said Lady Victoria—since she was one of those radiant splendid aristocratic beings who are the chief ornament of the illustrated weeklies and seemingly beyond all conventions, either good or evil, a daughter of a former Prime Minister, and a very alluring young lady, she was of that small and supreme number who called Mr. Jack Cronyn by his first name—"I want to see you."

"Want to see you," said Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"Well?"

"What?"

"What about this afternoon?"

"Can't—this afternoon," replied Mr. Jack Cronyn, with habitual and characteristic caution.

It was one of his guiding rules in life never to do what anybody wanted him to at the time he was wanted to do it. Besides—there were those infernal solicitors. Then Mr. Jack Cronyn thought about Freddie Hill. Then about Freddie Hill's mother.

"What's that? Tomorrow?" And as he thought about Freddie Hill's mother it occurred to him that there must be something unstable and unsatisfactory in his blood—somewhere. That rushing madly off to get married.

He said "Hell!" suddenly, and Lady Victoria said "What?"

"I said *well*," said Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"Am I? Or well, what about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow," explained Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"About four?"

"Suits me, Vicky," said Mr. Jack Cronyn, but as he hung up he felt a lancinating qualm of uneasiness—could it be love? Mr. Jack Cronyn was unused to this emotion; he had an odd dread of appearing ridiculous. He rang for Merkleson. He wanted a stiff whisky-and-soda. He had definitely decided to ask Lady Victoria Poole to marry him.

The difficulty turned out to be to whom Mr. Jack Cronyn proposed leaving the farms, collieries, villages and woods, hills and dales, the vast accumulation of stocks and bonds and debentures, mortgages, manorial rights, advowsons, reversions, ricks, stables, byres and marshlands, properties in London and out, and all those things which were his.

Mr. Tod, of Messrs. Tod, Blenkinthrope, Sanders & Tod, was duly telephoned for and as duly arrived—a suave, thin, austere, practiced man of uncertain years, indispensable to half the aristocracy of Britain, attired in the correctest of clothes, and given to saying "I see" upon the slightest excuse. Mr. Jack Cronyn shook hands with Mr. Tod briskly and led him into a recess of the library and rang for Merkleson, who by that time had closed the door upon himself. Mr. Jack Cronyn ordered drinks and cigars.

"The fact is," he began, "I feel I ought to make some—er—some sort of arrangement about the disposal of my property."

"I see," said Mr. Tod, thereby putting a full stop to all conversation for fully five minutes.

Mr. Jack Cronyn puffed and grunted and fidgeted in his chair and finally talked loudly about the weather—very decent for the time of year—the outlook in Russia, the outlook at home, everything except the subject in hand. He rang again for Merkleson and ordered the lights switched on.

"And now," said Mr. Jack Cronyn, "about this little matter."

"I take it you want to give me a rough idea for your will, to be drafted by us."

"Exactly."

"As it is at present, Mr. Cronyn, everything passes to your nephew at your death."

"Everything?"

"Everything," said Mr. Tod. "Captain Hill is your next of kin—in fact, I believe your only known relation"

Mr. Jack Cronyn scowled. "It's that aspect I want to discuss," he said.

Mr. Tod nodded his agreement as if to say: "Very proper indeed, Mr. Cronyn, if I may say so."

"I have decided to make other arrangements," Mr. Jack Cronyn went on quickly.

Mr. Tod rubbed his chin. "I see," he remarked.

"I want my nephew to be confirmed for life in the sum I am at present allowing him, but no more."

"Then you intend making ——"

"Making what?"

"You propose, Mr. Cronyn, a new chief beneficiary in place of Captain Hill?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Jack Cronyn.

Mr. Tod made a note of it. "Your chief beneficiary, then?" he asked presently.

He paused, pensively alert, his pen poised in readiness above the paper. His head was tilted a little to one side, as one prepared to receive the most astounding confidential revelations. Presently, however, Mr. Tod put down his pen. Mr. Jack Cronyn stared vaguely into space. Of course, there was Lady Victoria; still, circumstances hardly warranted that—yet.

"Admirable whisky, this," remarked Mr. Tod.

Mr. Jack Cronyn poured some of it into his glass and added the soda. Now, the new chief beneficiary ——

There were, too, the usual Armenians; the neglected tea tasters of Tchernigoff; the Argentines; and the Turks. But Mr. Jack Cronyn somehow or other could not feel any particular generosity for these unhappy and destitute peoples. Nor for the innumerable charities nearer home to which he subscribed handsomely every year. Then he thought about Freddie Hill, and his disgusting conduct—of his mother's equally atrocious behavior in marrying a mere infantry officer, of no ancient lineage and without any money at all—and the business of making a will seemed to be a very complicated, necessary, but perplexing business.

Mr. Jack Cronyn's mind became occupied with thoughts of Lady Victoria.

The last gleam of twilight faded in the windows. A gust of wind stirred the curtains. After all, why the devil should he leave anything to his nephew? He detested his nephew. And why the devil should he leave anything to anybody? Why couldn't he enjoy it all himself? He'd show 'em. Mr. Jack Cronyn resolved determinedly not to die; he shivered; he poured himself another drink. That infernal wind was cold—it haunted the dimly lit room like a ghost. Mr. Jack Cronyn rang for Merkleson to close the windows.

"Look here, Tod," he said eventually, "I find I'm—er—not clear on one or two points. Come tomorrow, will you, like a good fellow?"

Mr. Tod stood up gravely.

"Naturally, Mr. Cronyn, I feel that you should be perfectly clear in your mind on all points, in order to make the instrument ——"

"Oh, quite, quite!"

"You'll find everything in order."

"Certainly," said Mr. Cronyn.

"But ——"

"I can't go into it now. There are some things"—Mr. Jack Cronyn thought about

"Mum" is the word!
that prevents embarrassment from perspiration odor

Look on the dressing-table of the woman who guards her feminine daintiness and you will find "Mum."

"Mum" is the word!

For a quarter of a century "Mum" has been used by women of delicate taste and refinement to prevent the embarrassing odor of perspiration. More and more women are using "Mum" as they come to realize that it preserves, all day and evening, the sweet cleanliness and freshness which the bath imparts.

"Mum" is the word!

No matter where you may go—to the theatre, to the opera, the dance. No matter how active you may be—how warm the room, how crowded the gathering, how closely you may be brought in contact with other people—"Mum" will keep you free from all body odors whether from perspiration or other causes.

This dainty snow-white cream does not check perspiration nor interfere with any body function; and yet it prevents all body odors. It doesn't irritate the skin nor injure the finest waist or gown. "Mum" is safe.

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Get "Mum" at your store today.

And now let us tell you about Amoray, the exquisite new talcum powder—really a Powder Perfume—with a delicate yet exotic fragrance comparable only with the costly imported talcs. Different from other talcs, this clinging fragrance lasts all day.

Get these aids to daintiness today at your store:

"Mum," 25c. Amoray, 35c. Or from us by mail postpaid upon receipt of price. See Special Offer below.

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Permanent tube repairs all season long

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THE MOCO COMPANY OF AMERICA
Oklahoma City, Okla. Mt. Vernon, Ill. Augusta, Ga.

Lady Victoria and made a little baffled gesture of irritation—"there are some things," he said -"er—to be settled."

"Just so, Mr. Cronyn."

Mr. Jack Cronyn rang for Merkleson.

"Not the simple ordinary affair in your case, Mr. Cronyn," Mr. Tod went on, "as it is in others."

"No, it isn't," replied Mr. Jack Cronyn with some truth and an irrational feeling of satisfaction. "Oh, Merkleson, show Mr. Tod out."

And the following afternoon he lunched as usual at his club in Pall Mall, read a newspaper in the smoking room afterwards and displayed his enormous contempt for everybody there, consumed two or three large glasses of excellent port, and two cigars; at half past three precisely he set out in his own motor car for Ditchett House and Lady Victoria.

Meanwhile Captain Hill was moving from his trim boxlike little flat just off St. James's Street into another trim but rather larger flat in Albion Street, Bayswater, W. I., which was conceivably suitable for two persons. In this he had the active assistance of Private Peters, his soldier servant, and he whistled cheerfully as he packed boots, photographs in solid silver frames, books, sporting prints, pipes, flannels, blazers, riding breeches, silver boxes for cigarettes, bottles, cups neatly engraved with his name and regiment and the occasion on which they had been acquired, coats, trousers, gayly striped shirts and innumerable waistcoats, socks, shirts, pajamas, collars, neckties, gloves, mirrors, field glasses, caps, hats and velvet smoking jackets. His japanned uniform case, also neatly inscribed with his name and regiment, stood waiting to be carried downstairs; golf clubs, walking sticks, a leather gun case, some cricket bats, hunting crops and tennis rackets had been collected in bundles; and Captain Freddie Hill in his shirt sleeves—paused, mopped his forehead, ceased whistling and surveyed the scene.

It was not a particularly cheerful scene. It was a gray afternoon—showery, with a bleak east wind, and a touch of winter belatedly chilling the air. It was not particularly cheerful, either, to reflect—as Freddie did reflect—that in the future the sum which frequently had seemed inadequate for one would have to do duty for two, but Captain Hill was tremendously in love and thought about these things glowingly, and was exceedingly cheerful indeed.

"Now, Peters, just push along and pick up a taxi ——"

"Might be able to pick one up in Piccadilly, sir," said Private Peters, with the simple gesture of a cynic inquiring what one amounted to among so many. "I'll try, sir."

"Get a jolly old fourteen-wheeler, then," suggested Captain Freddie Hill. "Get a flock of 'em."

"Very good, sir."

"Or a van," said Freddie. "Must be moved by six."

It was then exactly ten minutes of four.

Private Peters gazed with undiminished gloominess at the floor. He stuffed some neckties which Captain Hill had overlooked into an already overflowing Gladstone bag, rescued a pair of quite reputable evening trousers from the waste-paper basket and departed.

Captain Freddie Hill sat down on a flat steamer trunk and filled his pipe. He wore a canary-colored waistcoat with the hunt buttons of the Coldbury. He wore brown brogued shoes, loose trousers of gray tweed and a dark necktie; he looked more than ever like a man who has a good deal to do with horses. Sitting there, staring absentmindedly at the streaming windows, preoccupied, gravely happy, cheerfully pensive, he might have been evolving a theory for the perfect race horse. His eyes seemed to be fixed upon some ghostly turn of turf; his ears filled with a ghostly thud and flop of hoofs as the considered generations of illustrious strains came into the last flat stretch for home. As a matter of fact he was thinking about Mr. Jack Cronyn and the inconsistencies of human nature. There was nothing bitter about these reflections. "The bigger the fool," he observed to himself, "the better the luck." After all—well, something would happen. They'd pig along somehow or other. He was vaguely sorry to be giving up his rooms; they were comfortable; they were extremely convenient. Still ——

Still, there you were.

He wondered what had happened to Peters, and whether Gay Lady was a good bet for the Guineas; he resolved to ask about that at the club. He wondered whether he'd have to give up his clubs; people did when they went bust; of course he wouldn't be bust, but it would be as near as dammit. He'd have just enough to keep the boat afloat; he sighed, for though he was tremendously in love and was eager and anxious to announce his marriage as soon as possible, and believed he was the most fortunate young man in the entire universe, he thought of racing and late suppers and his rooms with regret. A little more in the matter of income and how much it would mean; a little less, he thought ruefully, and what miles apart; the distance from St. James's to Bayswater never seemed so great.

Perhaps in time Mr. Jack Cronyn—perhaps ——

But at this point in his reflections the telephone bell rang—suddenly, sharply insistent, demanding. Captain Hill thought of Mons, and put away all doubt, uncertainty and apprehension; he rose slowly, took his pipe out of his mouth and answered the telephone; a clear, excited and distressed voice announced itself at the other end of the wire.

"Oh, Freddie! Come at once—the most terrible thing's happened!"

The room into which a footman solemnly ushered Mr. Jack Cronyn was one of the most remarkable in London. It was a large, long, irregular shaped room, intimate in an astounding degree, filled with innumerable cushions of every conceivable color, a concert grand piano, books, brocades, rugs of faded blues and grays and yellows, red lacquer cabinets, screens and Japanese paintings. The furniture—such as it was—had been painted black, with a curious cipher of vermilion stenciled on the backs of chairs, the centers of the tables, and variously upon the piano. The curtains were red and the valances black. The floor was black.

Mr. Jack Cronyn caught his breath. He detested the room; he distrusted it—he suspected some malicious irony in the scheme of decoration, mockery in all those ridiculous ciphers and idiotic paintings, something. He said "Stop!" as the footman closed the door. He puffed his cheeks out in disgust. "Bring me a whisky-and-soda," he said, "and turn on some light."

Of course all this sort of foolery would have to stop. He couldn't have the house at Queen Anne's Gate turned into such a ghastly spectacle; or his little place in Sussex; or Cronynshall Castle, his place in the north. The footman turned on more light and Mr. Jack Cronyn breathed a little easier. He wondered Lord Lakewood allowed such silliness. Those screens! Those senseless pictures! Those curtains! He wondered what the devil Lady Victoria was doing. And presently he began to wonder whether he had not better reconsider his idea of proposing. The room affected him painfully, but—as on those previous occasions when he had called—he became used to it. He smiled eventually—Victoria called it the most restful room in the house.

She came in a moment later—slender, radiant, impressive by reason of a unique and immediately felt personality, direct, unconcerned and dark. She was expensively dressed, as if for the street. She wore a marvelous hat. Furs of a rich costliness tripped negligently from her slim shoulders. She was deliciously perfumed.

"Hullo, Jack. Sorry I'm late," she said. She spoke in a clear, collected voice.

Mr. Jack Cronyn remarked that he had taken the liberty of ordering a whisky-and-soda, except he did not phrase it exactly like that.

"That's quite all right. However, sit down; I've got something to tell you."

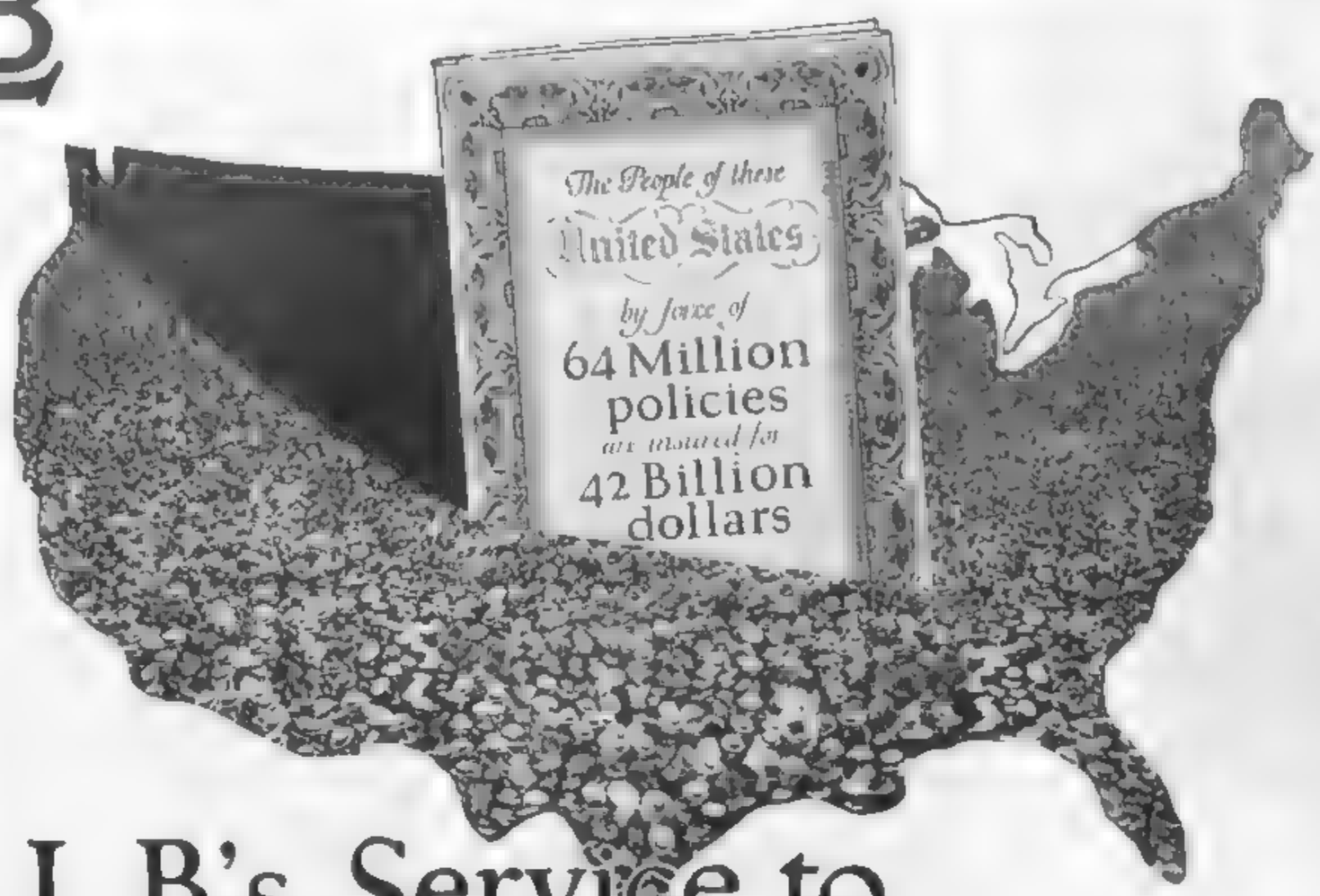
"This room," said Mr. Jack Cronyn, "gets on my nerves. It's perfectly hideous!" He spoke with characteristic candor, and displayed a disgusted though distinguished profile. "Besides, I want that whisky-and-soda first."

"Tea?"

Mr. Jack Cronyn looked contemptuous at the suggestion.

"Very well, then. Dope springs infernal in this house," said Lady Victoria. "Now don't say this room is enough to make anything seem infernal, Jack. You will, of course. But then, that's the trouble with you—you're so dreadfully consistent."

(Continued on Page 80)



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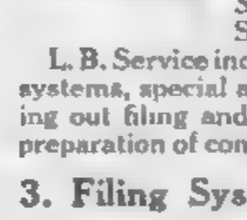

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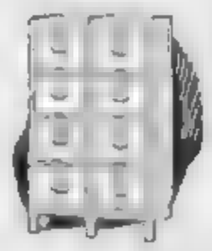

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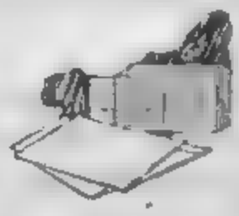

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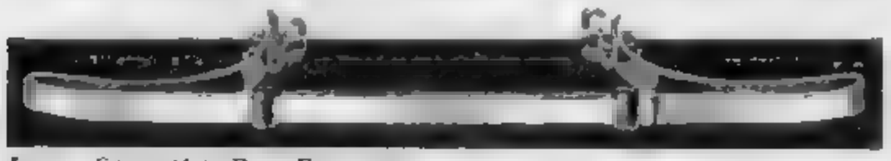

Lyon Straight Bar Bumper

Lyon Convex Bumper

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

Continued from Page 78

"Ho!" said Mr. Jack Cronyn.

"And the worst of it is you admire it—you like being consistent. Your moods and movements are as expected as Ascot or the Ripleys next divorce."

Lady Victoria sat down cross-leggedly on some cushions on the floor and lit a cigarette and smiled at Mr. Jack Cronyn in a way which made that gentleman very agitated indeed. The footman returned with a table set for tea; he retired, and reappeared with a decanter, glasses, a siphon of soda, and ice; he drew the curtains and then withdrew altogether.

"You ought to be ashamed of being either like Ascot or the Ripleys next divorce—but you're not. You're disgustingly satisfied. You really ought to get married, Jack."

"Married!" ejaculated Mr. Jack Cronyn. "Well, as a matter of fact ——"

"Is this a confession? If it is I suppose I ought to congratulate you, but I'm not at all sure about the *bride*. Perhaps I should congratulate her, too; I'm quite certain you both deserve something, though I'm not at all certain it is congratulation."

"You're difficult enough to satisfy, anyhow," said Mr. Jack Cronyn. "However, as I started to say ——"

"However, as I was going on to say," interpolated Lady Victoria skillfully, "I've got something else to tell you besides all this, excellent as it is."

"Ho!" said Mr. Jack Cronyn.

He glanced at her fixedly and smiled. She seemed so strangely out of keeping with her surroundings—those insane daubs, those screens, and curtains, and cushions—so suitable for Queen Anne's Gate, so desirable, so delightful. He sipped his drink, steeped in a reflective faint security. He was dressed more carefully even than usual. His white hair, brushed back from his forehead, his dark pointed eyebrows, his profile, his hard inflexible urbanity, his greatness of one kind and another—lent him distinction; he was aware that he was attractive to women. There were other considerations, too, and Mr. Jack Cronyn entertained the opinion privately that he was acting with extraordinary condescension indeed in asking Lady Victoria Poole to marry him. Presently he was aglow with this benevolence, and put down his glass.

"Look here, Vicky, I've something to say, too, and there's no need for beating about the bush."

He paused and glanced downwards at her, coughed and started again: "You know I'm very fond of you—obvious, of course—still, you probably haven't suspected ——"

"Jack, this isn't a bigamous proposal, is it?"

"Well, hardly that."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say."

"My dear Jack, I was never good at riddles, even as a child."

"Riddles!" exclaimed Mr. Jack Cronyn. "I give up, anyway."

"My dear girl ——"

"Well, really ——"

Mr. Jack Cronyn bent forward in his chair. "You know what I mean," he said, smiling. Never had Lady Victoria seemed so wholly desirable, so lovely, so illustrious. "Don't you?" he added with a pleading, rather impulsive gesture. "Don't you, Vicky?"

"No, I don't."

"But ——"

"See here, Jack, is this some sort of Münsterberg method? Because if it is I'm not very good at that, either. And I've really something quite important to tell you."

Mr. Jack Cronyn assumed a manner of immense unruffled social distinction. He assumed this manner easily; it was natural to him; he stood up.

"My dear Vicky," he said kindly, as one should say such things, "I'm trying to ask you to consent to become my wife."

"Jack!"

"Well, am I ——"

"Jack, can't you see? That's rather what I've been trying to tell you—at least, it's something like it."

"I—I beg your pardon?"

"I mean, I thought—er—we were such friends ——"

Mr. Jack Cronyn smiled blandly. "Dear Vicky, I—I hope we're something more than that," he said.

"Oh, we won't split straws about it!"

"However ——"

"However, as I was saying —— Bother! What was I saying, Jack?"

"That you'll consent to marry me, I hope."

"To—to marry you? But, my dear old boy, I am married!"

"M-married?"

"Married," said Lady Victoria in a most convincing earnest voice. "You see, we thought, Freddie and I ——"

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Jack Cronyn terribly.

A moment before he had picked up his glass; this crumpled in his hand with a muffled silvery faintness of sound; he made a last desperate enraged movement with both hands and collapsed on the floor.

Lady Victoria cried out, ran to the door, and cried out again. There was no answering sound but a ripple of rain on the curtained windows. She returned, knelt beside Mr. Jack Cronyn; then scrambled to her feet and somehow or other found the telephone.

Captain Freddie Hill reached Ditchett House in a dripping raincoat and a state of tremendous agitation, rang furiously, and was instantly admitted. He was shown upstairs at once, but by that time Mr. Jack Cronyn was dead, killed by the extraordinary and outrageous impudence of fate. Lord Lakewood was summoned from the House of Lords; the most eminent physicians had been hurriedly commanded—Sir Philip Beggs, Dr. Erskine MacIntosh, Mr. Badger and several others; Mr. Tod arrived a moment later.

Naturally Lord Lakewood was shocked. Naturally he demanded certain explanations. In these, however, he was rather disappointed; explanations there were, but they were of a rambling, vague, unsatisfactory description; and Lady Victoria was finally sent off to lie down and rest and have her forehead bathed with *eau de Cologne*. Captain Hill was given a whisky-and-soda in the library. In the front of the house all lights had been extinguished; the footmen in the hall maintained an air of sedate melancholy.

"And so I'm to understand, sir," said Lord Lakewood, ominously, like a man who has a disagreeable duty to perform and is about to perform it, "that you've married my daughter?"

Captain Hill intimated—by a circuitous method of conversational evasion and affirmation—that such indeed was the case. All further discussion, however, was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Tod. He advanced slowly. His face wore an expression of deep regret. His manner was irreproachably correct. He shook hands with Captain Hill—whom he met for the first time that afternoon—and he, too, accepted a whisky-and-soda.

"Very lamentable very lamentable indeed," he said gloomily. But ever and again he glanced at Captain Hill "Of course, my lord, I'll have the necessary arrangements made immediately—immediately."

Lord Lakewood bowed.

"Only yesterday," went on Mr. Tod, speaking in a regretful and ruminative voice, "Mr. Cronyn undertook the making of his will."

"Did he?"

"I—I beg your lordship's pardon?"

"I mean, did he make it?"

Mr. Tod sipped his drink in thoughtful silence a moment before replying. Then he shook his head rather sadly. "No, my lord," he said. "He—er—he didn't. Died intestate."

"Ah!"

"'God moves in a mysterious way,'" remarked Mr. Tod, glancing at Captain Hill, "'his wonders ——'"

"Quite, quite!" said Lord Lakewood, interrupting him.

He, too, glanced at Captain Freddie Hill, who was in his dripping raincoat and a state of rapidly increasing perplexity and confusion. It was no secret Mr. Jack Cronyn's income amounted to something over sixty thousand a year. Like Jacob Marley, he was indisputably dead. It was also authentically known that Captain Freddie Hill was not only the next of kin but all the kin Mr. Jack Cronyn had in the world.

Lord Lakewood made some hasty computations. The cloudiness which shadowed Lord Lakewood's face lightened. He slapped his son-in-law delicately on the back.

"My dear boy," he said presently, speaking in a tone of great kindness, "I—I hardly know what to say. As Tod says, 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.'"

AN OUTLINE OF POLITICS

(Continued from Page 23)

Jonesville. Do I hear you say that politics under such circumstances must have been intolerably dull? If so, it shows how little you know of politics, or of human nature—or of history. Any question whatever is sufficient for man to divide upon and fight over and get all the thrills of mortal combat out of. Many, in fact, of the greatest, bloodiest, most devastating divisions of history have been over questions that only an expert can make the least sense of now. So long as men love to divide and strive against one another any question will answer.

The most exciting political contest I have ever sensed happened about the time I am speaking of. When our county was organized the only town within its borders, located in the extreme northeast corner, was made county seat; but as other towns evolved it became evident that such a location would not endure; and the question arose whether the county seat should be moved to my town or to one, half as big, several miles farther south. A detached and cynical observer might have said that as neither town amounted to two whoops, and as one location was about as convenient as the other, the question might well be settled by flipping a coin. But I have never since seen any community so uniformly het up to the boiling point over a political issue as that community was over that issue.

Bismarck, you know, was determined to form the South German States into a federation under the leadership of Prussia, and Napoleon Third was determined he shouldn't. Or Cavour was bound to unite the Italian states into a nation under the headship of Piedmont, and the Hapsburg dynasty was bound he shouldn't. The maneuvering, jockeying, mining, countermining, threatening and cajoling in those cases form the subject matter of modern European history. The Bismarcks and Cavours who strove to form alliances in favor of my town, and the Napoleons and Hapsburgs of the opposition who strove to circumvent them, worked on a smaller stage, but they worked as hard.

On the great day of election ordinary business was practically suspended throughout the county. Quite early in the day Judge Hammond happened to see me on the street and, like the true strategist who never despises small details, he drew me aside.

"Don't you vote today," he enjoined in solicitous confidence. "Your uncle has taken an active part in this fight. These Sodom blacklegs have got spies here. If they catch you voting they'll probably have you arrested in order to get back at your uncle; they're playing a dirty game. You keep away from the polls."

Snappy Politics

I promised him that I would. I was seventeen at the time. As it turned out, my vote would not have mattered. My town, with about eight hundred inhabitants of all ages and both sexes, polled eleven hundred votes. But by infamous trickery the Sodom blacklegs, who controlled the crucial county offices at the time, outcounted us. After due deliberation we decided not to appeal to the courts. Of course Sodom was not the real name of the town whose rivalry with mine furnished the motive for the county-seat fight. Before that contest surcharged the atmosphere I supposed it was a very good sort of town, inhabited by a very good sort of people; in fact, as like my own town as two peas in the same pod. But when the campaign was at its height I found that it was a mere hole, populated largely by rogues.

Only the other day a great many of the people who lived on one side of a line drawn down the continent of Europe were convinced that most of the people on the other side of the line were hardly human beings. Getting people into that pleasant Christian state of mind toward one another has always been one of the chief results of politics. The issue in our county-seat campaign may seem trivial to an outsider, but—as political issues go—it had one extraordinary merit: Every voter could really understand it. The issue was whether a certain squat, square, two-story red-brick building with a sad little yellow cupola, which housed the county offices and contained the court room, should stand in one spot, or in another spot seven miles south. Anybody could understand that. Also, our county-seat election had an extraordinary merit: It actually settled the question at issue. To this day the squat, square, two-story red-brick building stands in the spot seven miles south. Only once in a blue moon does anything so conclusive as that result from an election. On the whole our county-seat campaign is entitled to more respect than it is likely to get.

Anybody who thinks there was no snap in our politics because there was only one party to speak of and nobody had ever heard of a class consciousness, makes a mistake. And if you have been gathering an impression that this was essentially innocent politics you make another mistake. It was not only machine politics, but dominated by the big predatory interests, those interests, in this case, being the railroads. Every real member of the machine received a reward in addition to the satisfaction of having a finger in the pie; to wit, a railroad pass, the length of the free ride being nicely proportioned to the extent of his political influence.

If he was an ordinary rank-and-file member, like Let Warner or Sam Stout, he could get a trip pass to Omaha or Denver and return. If he was one of the pillars of the county organization he could get a pass to Chicago or Salt Lake City. If he cut a notable figure in state conventions he could ride free to New York or Los Angeles. If he had a really ponderable hand in the making of congressmen and United States senators he would carry an annual pass, good between Omaha and Denver, while he could in addition get a trip pass for himself and family—I suppose—to Tokio or Moscow. We were henchmen.

Badges of Honor

The position of the Fourth Estate was interesting and instructive. There were two weekly newspapers in my town; and in any Nebraska village of those days even one weekly newspaper was apt to be an excessively pindling venture in the strictly economic or capitalistic sense. Yet every editor was a member of the political machine. No doubt this was because the press served the interests, but it is difficult to imagine how a press could have avoided that. What the interests wanted was to boom the town. If the town didn't thrive the press would die. In many individual cases it died anyhow. But if it lived it had to serve the interests by booming the town whether it wanted to or not. And as a servant of the interests every editor had an annual pass on the railroad. He might lack many other things of a worldly nature, even including a seat to his trousers. That is no mere figure of speech, for one of our associate editors wore a long linen duster half of one summer for precisely that reason. But only in a most extraordinary case was an editor without a pass.

I have heard the pass system denounced on both political and economic grounds; but now that it is extinct some things may be said in its favor. For one thing it was an incomparable solace to literature. The local editor, with whom my relations were most cordial—notwithstanding he held the exasperating opinion that Pope was a greater poet than Shakspere—took immense satisfaction in his annual pass, often finding a pretext to show it off in public. The bit of glazed pink cardboard, neatly engraved and bearing the signature of the general manager, was a sort of Croix de Guerre, or ribbon of the Legion of Honor; in short, a mark of distinction. Only twice or thrice during the several years of our acquaintance did he ever have time and money to travel farther than the next town to east or to west; but we spent many pleasant hours first and last looking up places on the map to which he might travel on his annual pass, or on one of the trip passes which the railroads would always issue, in reason, to good editors.

I have since learned that the editors should have regarded their passes as a badge of shame, but in fact they took the exactly opposite view of them. This subject chanced to come up last winter in Florida, where I ran across an old comrade of Chicago newspaper days whom I had not seen for several years. He started his career editing a country-town newspaper, not in Nebraska, but in the South. His

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2 St Mary's Boys Dormitory, Winona, Minn Architect, C H Johnston, St Paul Minn Byers Pipe for plumbing and heating systems

3 Stacy-Trent Hotel, Trenton, N. J. Architects, Esenwein & Johnson of Buffalo; associated with Architects William A. Klemann and J. Osborn Hunt, of Trenton. Byers Pipe for plumbing and heating systems.

town was on a branch line which was served in an uncertain fashion by two passenger trains a day. One week, in youthful exuberance, he wrote a poem, the purport of the refrain being that No. 9 was due at half past eight, but she got there when she could. A number of papers reprinted this tribute to No. 9's uncertain habits. That annoyed the railroad, which punished the poet by canceling his annual pass.

Only three times in two years, my friend told me, had he ever ridden on his pass, and then but for short distances; nor was there any prospect of his using a railroad more extensively in the coming year. Yet he suffered a searching sense of humiliation from the cancellation of his annual pass—the degraded feeling of an outcast; for an editor without an annual pass was a peculiar and branded being, like a dog without a tail. The cancellation of his pass so affected him that he lost proper pride in his vocation and presently sold his paper, going up to Chicago to start life anew.

And on the economic side passes were by no means such a ruinous drain on the railroads as has since been alleged. By and large, railroads were more genial, human affairs in those days. Probably a generous distribution of passes helped to promote a sociable relationship. And people generally took the simple view that as the trains were running anyway it could make no difference to the railroads whether they contained a few passengers more or less. Passengers without baggage to be checked commonly paid fare on the train, instead of bothering to buy a ticket in the station, and it was generally supposed that conductors thought it made no difference whether the railroad received the fare for a certain seat or not, since it was bound to run the train anyhow.

In the Good Old Days

A large stock of folklore tales illustrated this popular impression of the conductor's attitude in the matter. The following typical examples come to mind:

Conductor, speaking to a friend: "I've always divided fairly with the company, giving them the silver and keeping the bills."

Conductor's wife: "It costs frightfully to live in Omaha. To save us, we've never been able to lay by more than three hundred dollars a month out of my husband's salary"—the husband's salary being a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

A passenger hands up a five-dollar bill in payment of fare. The conductor examines the bill and tenders it back, saying: "That's so badly torn I can't take it." The passenger replies, "If you don't want it turn it in to the company."

For all I know these tales may have slandered the conductor, but they illustrate a popular impression, and I remember hearing of a couple of conductors who retired in middle life in quite comfortable circumstances. Also an enterprising young man of my acquaintance who had served two years as a Pullman conductor on a transcontinental run told me how he came to leave that employment. He and his particular pal, enjoying a day off in Omaha, were notified to report to the superintendent. When they presented themselves the superintendent regarded them sourly and spoke substantially as follows:

"I've checked up and find that the company still has all the cars which it intrusted to you. I wonder you didn't sell a few of 'em to the Mormons. A Mormon elder could build a kitchen on in front and make a fine family residence out of a sleeping car. I suppose that didn't occur to you. We're satisfied to get our cars back and call it quits. Now clear out."

One point of this digression is that in the day of cash fares and a more genial, pioneer attitude toward common carriers the issuance of passes may not have been so serious a drain upon the railroads as later economists have assumed. There had as yet been no organization of politics on the basis of opposition, or hostility, to the railroads. But the sentiment which later political organization precipitated was in the air—that is, the railroads were commonly regarded as great aggregations of Eastern capital; they were essentially alien and foreign institutions. A railroad, in short, was a strange Indian, belonging to an unfriendly, far-away tribe, who came among us for the purpose of collecting tribute; so if anybody could soak him, that was all to the good. Tales of peculating conductors were repeated with relish.

I mentioned two conductors who retired in comfortable circumstances. In the bank one day my uncle was repeating a conversation with one of them in which the ex-conductor had summed up the situation as follows: "I've got thirty thousand dollars in good money; the railroad can go to hell." The half dozen or so men to whom my uncle repeated this statement received it with roars of laughter. Our conductor had soaked the strange Indian and we were quite glad of it.

On that general sort of feeling the later political opposition to railroads was pretty much founded, and on that general sort of feeling it pretty much subsists to this day. Much later, when every state had its railroad commission, some of the commissions fought tooth and nail to get the lowest possible local rates, irrespective of their fairness or of what their effect would be upon the railroads as a whole, so that the Interstate Commerce Commission was compelled to intervene. The state commissions, in short, were cheerfully raiding the railroads within their jurisdiction. A witty Frenchman said, "All generalizations are false, including this one." But I offer the rough-and-ready generalization that that Western country has never had any particular conscience about railroads, regarding them as strange Indians, collecting tribute for the unfriendly tribe of Eastern capitalists and cheerfully soaking them as opportunity offered.

No doubt a liberal distribution of passes assisted for a time in maintaining a truce between the Eastern tribe and many of the more influential members of the Western tribe. Passes were, in fact, the grand staple of the railroads' political machine. That the railroads had a very large and active hand in politics was no secret; everybody knew it. When my senator and I went to the capital for the opening of the legislative session, that we should travel on passes was as much a matter of course as that we should travel by rail instead of walking.

A beneficent law, passed I don't know how far back, provided that every senator should have a secretary who was carried on the public pay roll at a salary, as I recall it, of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. My qualifications for the position consisted of ability to manipulate a typewriter and to spell with considerable accuracy—an art which, in some mysterious manner, I have since lost. But those qualifications were sufficient. My senator—like all other senators whom I knew personally—had about as much use for a secretary as for a valet. As I recollect it my secretarial duties during the session consisted of copying a dozen letters, running a dozen simple errands and transcribing one short bill. In fact, I was at home quite half the time, traveling back and forth on passes. The rest of the time I amused myself, loafing in the senate chamber or wherever else the loafing was good.

A Fair Split

Why, then, did senators have secretaries? For the same reason that an infinite number of other things are done in American politics. My senator was a country-town lawyer, thirty-odd years of age, with a growing family whose sustenance depended almost wholly upon his modest law practice. He had half a dozen or more busy competitors in the legal profession, any of whom would be much pleased to pick off a client during his absence; and his senatorial duties required him to be absent from his office for ten weeks or so. Probably his salary as senator was about sufficient to pay his board at the capital. That was, roughly, about the situation of most senators. If they raised their senatorial salaries, thrifty constituents would accuse them of pay-grabbing. So they allowed themselves mileage out of the state treasury and traveled on passes; and they allowed themselves secretaries. If they were fortunate enough to have a son or daughter old enough to sign the pay roll and look like a secretary, the son or daughter would very likely be appointed to the post. Otherwise they made such arrangements as they could. The arrangement between myself and my senator was that my secretarial salary should be fairly divided between us—an arrangement eminently satisfactory to both of us. In fact, I didn't earn 10 per cent of the half of the salary that I received, and I had a pleasant little vacation at the state capital. I was

(Continued on Page 85)

Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

The "Back in the Kitchens"

By E. M. STATLER—being one of a series of ads embodying instructions to Statler employees.

BACK of the swinging doors through which your waiter comes with your dinner, there's a small army working for you.

These kitchens are *run for the guest;* and the chefs and their helpers, the stewards and their assistants, everybody who has a hand in the preparation of your food, is taught *to think in terms of your satisfaction and pleasure and convenience.*

That the kitchens are completely equipped, and well organized, and clean, goes without saying—but if you'd like to see with your own eyes, you are invited to visit them any time you like. The point I'm trying to make here is that all those things are worth nothing to you *unless* the food that is brought you is right and satisfactory. It's the *human service*, here as elsewhere, that makes or unmakes your satisfaction. Perhaps, therefore, you will be interested to see how this aspect of service (from people with whom you aren't in direct contact) is accented in our instructions to them:

Instructions to the Kitchen-Staff
in the Statler-operated Hotels

"THE fact that you do not see the guest, and do not know his name, doesn't change the fact that it is he for whom you are working. In everything that you cook or garnish or serve or prepare, you are rendering *a personal service to a paying guest.*

"You know your business, or you wouldn't be here. You know whether things are done as well as they can be done; you know what 'best' means. So I want to say to you that every dish you prepare must be *a best of its kind;* that you must never do anything that isn't done well.

"When a guest takes the trouble, and the waiter takes the trouble, to explain some particular way in which a dish is to be prepared, be especially careful to get it as it is wanted.

"And always remember that our reputation depends, absolutely, upon *whether people are pleased or displeased* when they come to us; and that our success (and your success with us) depends upon the kind of service they get. See that they have no cause to be dissatisfied with what you do for them. See that you do your part toward making more and more people *want to come here*

"You are behind the scenes, and you may think that what the Codes say about courtesy doesn't apply to you. But it does, just the same; if you can't be courteous, and considerate of your fellow-employees, you are not as good a man or woman, in our eyes, as the others who are courteous.

"We want our restaurants regarded as the best restaurants there are; we want people to know that we will do anything necessary to give them satisfaction when they come to us—even to taking off their checks the charge for any items which they do not consider wholly satisfactory. Unless you are in sympathy with this policy, and will help us to carry it out, you aren't in the right job."

E. M. Statler

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo, to open early in 1923; 500 more rooms will be added later.

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

Pocket package of five Robt. Burns Invincibles, Foil wrapped, 75c

IT DOES seem to be a far cry from a group of famous golf holes to a group of famous cigars. But is it?.

The thing that makes these holes stand out prominently in the minds of golfers everywhere is this: They are out of the ordinary, they are distinctive, the conditions they offer are unusual. They give them individuality.

And Robt. Burns is a cigar of *marked* individuality. The full Havana filler, properly aged, cured, blended and mellowed, has a wonderfully pleasing mildness that is as much a part of the cigar as the band by which you identify it. It is a distinctive cigar.

And incidentally, the big Invincible shape, foil wrapped in the handy pocket package of five, is just right for a day's go on the links.

Have you tried one lately?

General Cigar Co.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

Robt. Burns Cigar is Full Havana Filled

POPULAR SIZES 10¢ to 15¢

(Continued from Page 82)

duly flattered and grateful that my senator chose me instead of any one of half a dozen other youths who were equally available. It was a genuine favor and a genuine act of friendship on his part.

The senatorial secretary, in brief, was one of American politics' numberless devices for making both ends meet without being seen in the vulgar act of pulling them together. To raise senatorial compensation outright, by direct increase of salary, would be to invite opprobrium. To raise it indirectly by mileage and secretaries satisfied everybody. The secretary was just a bit of political bunk. Where can you find a politician, high or low, of any party, who does not believe—and act upon the belief—that his beloved constituents cannot be depended upon to function properly in the political sense unless they are fed up on bunk?

Glance back, for instance, at the aircraft bunk, and other bunk, that was fed to the public from Washington during the war. Are the politicians right in this judgment of the American collective mind?

One of the first objects which arrested my attention at the capitol was a tall spare figure, with large feet and hands and a large chin which was slowly pinched between thumb and forefinger in moments of deliberation. Whether the name attached to this figure was Andrew or Anderson, or only something like that, I cannot now recall; nor have I any recollection of how I came by the idea that Senator Andrews or Anderson was the special repository of railroad power in the Upper House, whose opposition would probably be fatal to any bill. Certainly nobody took me over in a dark corner and told me so in hushed tones. No doubt my impression was derived from common talk. This sinister person must have had an easy time that winter, for if anybody tried to introduce a bill that any reasonable railroad could have objected to I never heard of it. In fact, a legislative session could hardly have been duller than that one was.

Fool Legislation

The only really memorable bill of the session was a cause of mortification to my senator and myself. Members of the legislature were mainly lawyers, as a matter of course. But as a dawn of the agrarian movement which was to make so great a stir a few years later, our county had sent a farmer to the House of Representatives. A few other counties, or legislative districts, had done likewise, thus constituting what might be called a farm bloc in miniature. The agricultural members naturally wished to do something for the relief of the basic industry. The western half of the state had but recently passed out of the cattle-range and gun-toting period. Not only was hunting a common pastime but firearms were often used as a means of emotional expression—as by letting go both barrels in order to inform a neighbor that you were feeling good. I suppose the equine population in the gun-toting period had been used to that; but it often had a disastrous effect on the nerves of sedate farm horses. So our farmer member drafted a simple bill to prohibit the discharge of firearms upon a highway. It was pointed out to him, however, that a discharge of firearms might be necessary for protection against a dangerous animal or to enforce law.

The bill as introduced began as follows:

> Be it enacted . . . that whoever shall discharge a firearm on any public highway except to kill a noxious animal or an officer in pursuit of his duty shall be guilty ——

As the member came from our county that let my senator—and incidentally his secretary—in for a good deal of chaff. The senator took it as a solemn warning of the havoc that might be expected from the criminal folly of sending farmers to make laws.

At that time railroad influence in politics—even a dominating influence—was a fact about which no bones were made; everybody knew it. And for a while almost everybody accepted it as a matter of course. Practically it was an influence founded on common, if tacit, consent. A few years later, when farmers decided to take a directing hand in politics, they carried the state with little trouble. They could have carried it any time they had wanted to. But for a good many years they didn't care enough about it to make the effort, and by tacit common consent the railroads openly pretty much bossed state politics.

The Union Pacific's sphere of influence roughly covered the northern half of the state, and the Burlington's sphere lay in the southern half, with the Rock Island attending to a strip in the corner; and all three of them, in the main, heartily coöperating on general propositions. There was quite a spell when any patriot would have found exceedingly hard sledding in reaching an office of any importance that the railroads wanted to keep him out of, or in getting to the governor's table a bill which the railroads opposed.

I have given a good deal of attention, first and last, to this period of acknowledged railroad domination in politics. In my opinion its chief practical effect was to temper the wind to the corporate lamb in the matter of taxes. As a rule the railroads exerted their political influence not to procure the enactment of laws in their interest, but to prevent the enactment of laws against their interest. Mainly they wanted to stand pat, and their political machine operated defensively.

Friction With the Railroads

Powerful railroad interest in politics was a phenomenon which followed the construction and development of railroads from the days of Commodore Vanderbilt and the New York Central to the days of Harriman and the Southern Pacific. In this movement from coast to coast the railroads, at the given time and place, were always the biggest business interest and the most exposed politically. Being creatures of law, law could handicap them with heavy grades and sharp curves from one end of the line to the other. Many years after those Nebraska days an Illinois railroad fatuously proposed to limit the passes of members of the state legislature so that they would be good only on certain trains, including some very good trains but not the fastest one.

I have forgotten the precise provisions of the bill which outraged members thereupon framed and proposed to pass; but it was something in the nature of requiring every passenger train to come to a full stop at every flag station, and then back up and salute the village water tank with three long blasts of the whistle. Some serious-minded editors reproved the members for this blackmail; but I'm sure that a great deal of public opinion forgave them—with a chuckle. After all, they were soaking the strange Indian. The railroad promptly surrendered.

First and last, railroad politics was unquestionably marked by a good deal of direct outright bribery. Railroad critics say the railroads began this, cold-bloodedly corrupting hitherto honest legislators. Even so, I wouldn't give much for the legislator's hitherto honesty. But railroad apologists say that bribery was a purely defensive measure; the sovereign people elected crooks to the legislature, the crooks framed strike bills, and the roads had to bribe them to keep from being ruined. Who began it is like the question whether the German mobilization in 1914 was a counter move against Russian mobilization or an act of aggression which had been irrevocably determined upon in advance. Probably that argument will continue long after we are dead. Or it is like the much older question whether the hen or the egg came first. Very likely the truth in all three cases is about fifty-fifty.

For forty years or so the trans-Mississippi railroad, at least, has been a strange Indian sojourning in a tribe that he was suspicious of and which was very suspicious of him. The morality of the relationship on both sides has been just about the morality of suspicious Indians. The railroads had their organization and leaders—or their machine and bosses. Every legislative body that accomplishes anything worth mentioning has an organization and leaders which the opposition calls a machine and bosses. Some silly people, who attribute magical properties to the word "democracy," as though it stood for something that will work just of itself, like to reprobate organization and leaders—for which they prefer to use the words "machine" and "boss." But there is no getting anything done, good or bad, without them.

The United States Senate comprises the highest political and legislative experience in the country. Nearly all its members have been long in public life, sitting in many representative bodies. By and large,

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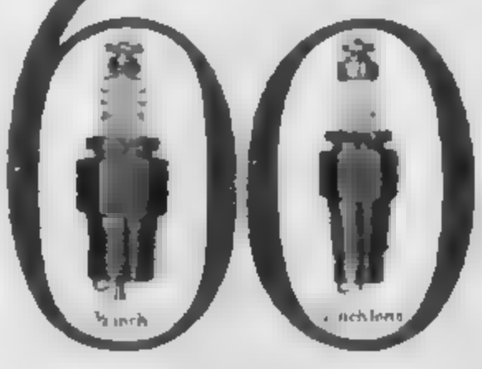

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the senators are our best experts in the technic of transacting business in a representative assembly. Yet for many months the machineless and bossless Senate has floundered like a rudderless tub in a choppy sea, utterly unable to get anything done within a conscionable time. If these experts are so helpless because, for the time being, they have no machine and boss, what could be expected of the average raw state legislature?

The legislature, if it is any particular good, will have organization and leaders—or a machine and bosses. And in my opinion a man who wouldn't far rather take his chances under a legislature bossed by a railroad lawyer than under one bossed by a demagogue is a hopeless blockhead. With your permission I will elaborate that theme a bit.

The fundamentals of the railroad situation in Nebraska in the '80's were just what they are now. Railroads were a necessity. Every other material interest in the community depended upon them in some degree. My fellow citizens in Nebraska in the '80's were capitalists and individualists, believing firmly in private property, competition and individual initiative, just as an overwhelming majority of my fellow citizens in the United States today believe in those things. Since then we have had an actual experience of government operation of railroads; and I don't hear anybody who really expects to be elected to any public office, from village selectman up, urging a return to that experience.

In principle, as the diplomats say, nearly all of us believe in private ownership and operation with the inevitable implication that the roads must be permitted to earn expenses and a fair return upon the investment. Nearly all socialists, while talking government ownership and operation, agree that government-owned roads should earn expenses and interest on the bonds representing the investment. But agreeing to that in principle doesn't help the case much. We all agree in principle that expenses of government must be paid by taxation; yet how many of us complain bitterly of the particular taxes that are assessed against us? Of course we want government expenses paid—provided somebody else pays them. If Congress ever proposed a tax which was not opposed by the particular people who were going to pay that particular tax it has escaped my notice.

The Ancient Squabble

We agree in principle that railroad expenses and interest should be paid, like government expenses, by somebody else. An immense number of particular interests, ranging from farmers to collar-button makers, and a great number of communities, are always at work trying to get lower freight rates for themselves—in other words, to shift the tax on somebody else. The railroads themselves, with an absolutely free hand, unrestrained by any law or commission, could much better be trusted with the power of fixing freight rates than could many state railroad commissions, which, amenable to local interests, would simply get the lowest possible rates for those particular interests and let somebody else pay the tax. The country at large has nothing to hope for from a general scramble to shift the freight tax on somebody else; and that is what state politics, as applied to railroads, very largely means.

The political history of mankind, to a surprising extent, is a record of this immemorial squabble over taxes—of efforts to shift the burden to somebody else. It is almost a fundamental human instinct. Applied to railroads it gives the railroad-baiting demagogue a peculiarly golden opportunity. The tax assessor can finally rely on sentiments of patriotism—of loyalty to and affection for the United States. But the railroad is pretty much a strange Indian whom nobody loves, while a great many people rejoice to see him soaked on general principles. The railroad-baiting demagogue is a more dangerous figure in politics than the railroad lawyer, for he has much more inflammable and destructive materials to work upon.

Railroads, after all, are under heavy and inescapable bonds. So is every other vested interest—from the simple fact that it is vested, or invested. Pirates had what may be called free and unfettered wealth in the form of gold and jewels buried in the sand. But nowadays a man can hardly have wealth without giving a bond to the public. In some way or other he must almost inevitably invest his wealth in the country and set it productively at work. The chief collective object of the interests in my village was to boom the town. By and large, as soon as a man makes an investment he is committed, to that extent, to booming the town. Any large investment of wealth—which is peculiarly true of railroads—is tied up with the general prosperity.

They may want very much to grab one or two more golden eggs than rightfully belong to them, but in spite of that the health of the goose that lays the golden eggs is always near to their hearts. Making every fair allowance for a well-developed selfishness on their part, they are still zealous for the growth and prosperity of the country, especially of the region which their lines tap; and having, as a rule, a great deal of practical sense and experience they are capable town boomers.

In brief—and to repeat—railroads are under heavy bonds; subject to strong responsibilities and restraints. They did damage in politics. They would do damage in politics again if their old political machines were restored to pristine vigor. But in the nature of the case it was a relative and limited damage. On the other hand, your demagogue has no responsibilities or restraints whatever. Usually he hasn't even a true sense of responsibility. If the audience looks hungry he is just as apt as not to advocate roasting the goose for dinner. Why not? He did nothing to help breed and rear it. What he sees in it is an interesting sort of bird to try an experiment on.

The Lost Sense of Proportion

If the experiment ends disastrously he will only be in the position of the cheerful experimenters at Moscow. He can simply say, "Well, by George, that's too bad! I really thought it was going to turn out differently." And then put his hands in his pockets and walk off.

To put the case in milder American terms: At one time or another, from coast to coast, railroads dominated politics; public harm resulted therefrom, but probably less public harm than has resulted from political domination of railroads the last dozen years. That, finally, is what I wish you to think about; for in politics, as in everything else, it is useful to keep a sense of proportion; but politics is always striving to wipe out every sense of proportion.

After the session whose pay roll was adorned with my signature I saw my state legislature in action only once. That was a few years later, when the Populist dissipation was at its height. My decrepit memory is not clear as to whether or not professed Populists carried the state at that election; but at any rate farmers were in full control of the House, and our county furnished the speaker—a very earnest man with a very red face and red hair which stood up sparsely over his head. He was a new member, like most of his fellows.

I retain a mental picture of this earnest and agitated speaker, pounding with his gavel and pleading with the tumultuous assemblage: "Hold on now, boys! Hold on! We're getting all snarled up!"

There was an experienced and conservative element—mostly, no doubt, remnants of the old railroad machine—which took an unholy delight in turning the House into a bear garden by offering two or three amendments in rapid succession, demanding the previous question and then raising a point of order. In the ensuing turmoil only the ghoulish gangsters had the least idea where the House was at.

I don't doubt that this bedeviled House was a much more earnest body than my machine legislature had been, with higher and warmer ideals of public weal. But I do doubt that it finally did anybody any more tangible good. By and large, your political choice lies between a conservative with low practical aims which he knows how to achieve and a radical with high idealistic aims who is certain to get himself and you all snarled up trying vainly to reach them. That is why I have become very conservative in politics.

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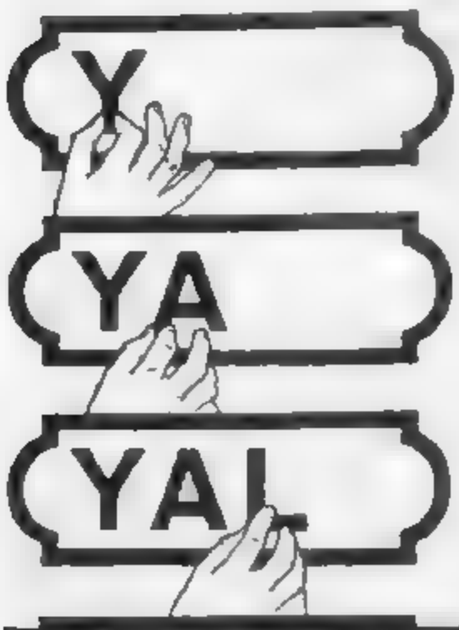

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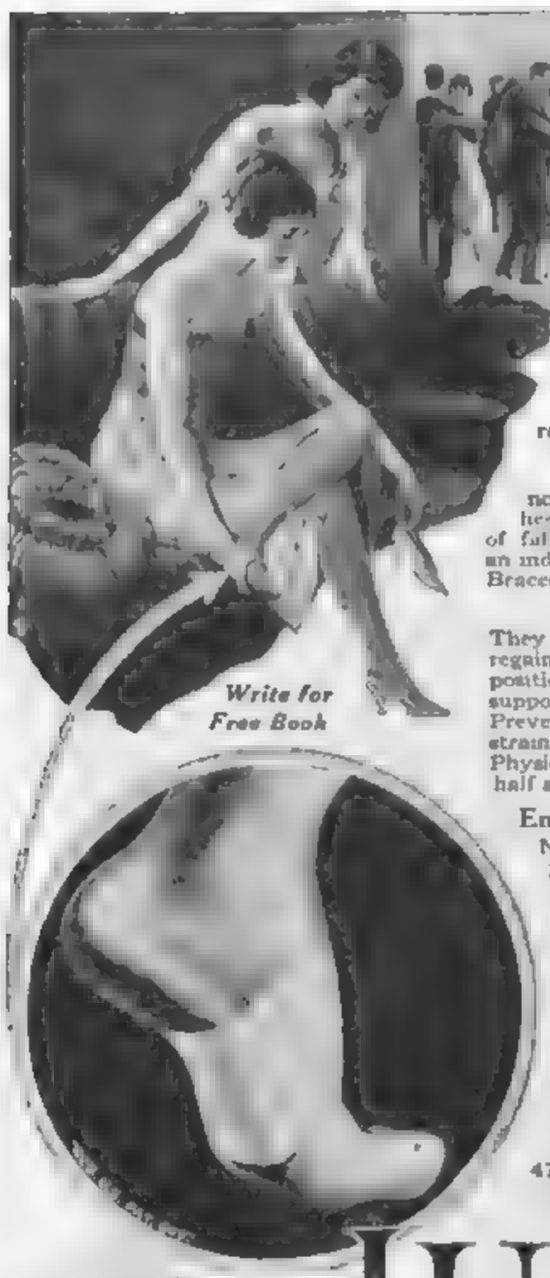

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COMMON STOCK

(Continued from Page 15)

route to the Wilshire Boulevard address of Colonel Warrington. He drove through the traffic to Pico and via that important thoroughfare to Western Avenue, swinging across then to the fashionable Wilshire section, a tremendous area of spotlessly white homes, immaculate lawns, stiff and artificial gardening and aggressive affluence. Before the gates of a huge home, the grounds of which occupied an entire block, Corwin's taxi stopped. Gerald retained his man and entered the Warrington mansion. A block farther down Wilshire Boulevard Scanlan's taxi halted, and a half block behind that Jim Hanvey left his taxi.

Jim, alone of the three, dismissed his driver. And then, slowly and purposefully, puffing on a cigar, Jim waddled up the street toward Scanlan's automobile.

"'Lo, Billy!"

"Hello, Jim!"

"Have a good ride?"

"Pretty good."

"Just wanted to let you know I follered you, Billy. All I done it for was to make sure you was watchin' young Corwin yonder. I'll be trottin' back to town now." He addressed Scanlan's driver: "Which street car do I take to get back to town?"

The driver vouchsafed the desired information. Scanlan could not forbear a question:

"Where's your taxi, Jim?"

"I let it go. Taxis are terribly expensive." And Hanvey moved heavily away.

Scanlan's vigil continued for more than an hour. Then through the gates of the Warrington home swung a limousine. It stopped briefly while Corwin alighted, paid his taxi and then returned to the big car. The route into the city was more direct this time, and Scanlan followed Corwin and Colonel Warrington into one of the larger Broadway office buildings. He saw them enter the offices of a law firm and knew that Corwin had won the first move of the game by persuading Warrington to issue his proxy in favor of the McIntosh interests.

From his vantage point in the marbled hallway Scanlan kept watch. Eventually he saw a young man emerge from the offices of the firm of lawyers and enter a smaller office down the hall which was marked "Real Estate & Insurance. Notary Public." A second young man returned with the first and in his hand was a small notarial seal. It was obvious to Scanlan that if there was a notary in the law firm he was out at the moment. Alone again, Scanlan ascertained the name of the notary—Leopold Jones.

When Warrington and Corwin descended in an elevator a few minutes later Scanlan did not follow. Instead he produced from his pocket an income-tax blank and went with it to the office of Leopold Jones. Of that young gentleman he requested an attestation of his income-tax return. Mr. Jones found Mr. Scanlan an engaging talker and they chatted for several minutes. When Mr. Scanlan eventually departed Mr. Jones was happily unaware of the fact that in Mr. Scanlan's coat pocket reposed his, Mr. Jones', notarial seal.

From the office building Scanlan visited the city ticket office of the Sante Fe Railroad. He learned readily enough that Drawing-room A in Car S-17, California Limited, for Friday morning had been sold the day previous to a very fat gentleman. He bought Compartment C in the same car. He returned to the hotel.

Thus far things appeared propitious for Mr. Scanlan.

Jim was a hindrance, of course, and a grave one; but Scanlan operated on the theory that no vigilance is so keen that it cannot be eluded. There remained nothing now save the trip east. At some time between the departure from Los Angeles and the arrival in Chicago it was incumbent upon Mr. Scanlan to secure from Corwin the Warrington proxy.

That night—Wednesday—the three men dined together, Corwin's distaste swallowed up by his keening interest in the peculiar friendship existing between Hanvey and Scanlan. Corwin had always held the idea that criminals and detectives clashed on sight; that the former were habitually in flight and the latter constantly in pursuit. To see them chatting amiably about topics in general, reminiscing over past escapades of Scanlan and exploits of other criminals and swapping theories on unsolved crimes was astounding. Corwin found it hard to reconcile himself to the fact that at the moment the portly detective and the would-be-gentleman crook were engaged in a battle of wits. He later discussed the matter with Hanvey.

"Why don't you arrest Scanlan?"

"Arrest him? He ain't done nothin'."

"He's planning to."

"You can't arrest a man for what he's got in his head. If you could the jails'd be overflowin'."

"You could arrest him for that McCarthy affair I heard him telling you about. He confesses he was involved in the swindle."

"Aw, you know I wouldn't touch him for that! He just passed that dope on as a friend."

"But I didn't know that policemen and criminals were friends."

Hanvey smiled wistfully.

"'Bout the only friends I got in this world, son, are crooks. Most of them are servin' time. Some of 'em I put there. But we're friends. This here solid-gold watch charm—that was given me by one of the niftiest con men in the world. I sure hated to send him up."

They checked out of the hotel Friday morning. Billy Scanlan was at the station when they arrived. The heavy train rumbled under the shed and they settled themselves for the three-day journey to Chicago. At Hanvey's invitation Scanlan joined them in the drawing-room and they became absorbed in a game of setback at half a cent a point.

Hanvey and Scanlan waxed violently enthusiastic over the game —— "King for high." "Trey low?" "Well, dog-gone your ornery hide ——" "You're a rotten setback player, Mr. Corwin; y'oughta learn somethin' 'bout the fine points of the game."

Nothing to indicate that a crisis was approaching, no outward manifestation of the drama which was imminent. Occasionally Corwin reassured himself by touching his coat, in the lining of which was sewed the envelope containing the proxy which controlled a railroad. Once Hanvey saw the gesture and he laughed.

"It's safe all right, son. It'll stay safe unless you lose your coat."

Corwin flushed angrily. Hanvey rightly interpreted his anger and extended a fat and reassuring hand.

"I wasn't giving no dope away. Billy knew where you had the proxy, didn't you, Billy?"

Scanlan nodded.

"Sure! It's the regular place."

Both men—detective and criminal—were vastly amused by Corwin's obviousness, and Corwin knew it. But he didn't care. Perhaps the lining of a coat was the regular place to keep a valuable document; certainly it was a safe one; and Hanvey might have been more careful than to remove the last vestige of doubt from Scanlan's mind. Corwin knew that Scanlan could not possibly get the proxy. Such a thing was impossible during the day, and at night Corwin planned to use the coat as a pillow.

Following a light breakfast the next morning, Corwin made his way forward to the club car for a shave. He removed coat, collar and tie, for the moment unmindful of Scanlan. When the hot towel was removed from his face and fresh lather applied he noticed Scanlan sitting with two other men, awaiting his turn for a shave. Next to Scanlan was Jim Hanvey. Corwin sighed relievedly.

The barber shaved the right side of Corwin's face, then turned him in the chair to get at the other side. As he did so Scanlan cast a glance of simulated impatience at the waiting men, rose, donned coat and hat and left the club car.

But the coat which Scanlan wore on leaving the car was Corwin's!

In five minutes' time he returned. Corwin was just emerging from the chair. Hanvey was slumped in a corner immersed in the very-female pictures of a weekly periodical. Scanlan removed Corwin's coat and extended it to that young gentleman.

"Took your coat by accident, Mr. Corwin. Just discovered my mistake."

Corwin's face blanched. He grabbed the coat and touched the spot where the proxy had been. For a single wild instant Corwin contemplated bodily assault, and only

the hulking figure of Jim Hanvey and his slow, drawling voice prevented.

"What's the matter, son? What's the matter? You look all het up."

"This thief ——"

"Whoa, son, whoa! That ain't no kind of a name to call a crook."

Corwin whirled on Hanvey.

"You don't know what you're talking about! This man has that proxy! He just stole it from me!"

Jim was unperturbed. He turned mildly reproving eyes upon the amused countenance of his friend.

"You didn't go an' do that, did you, Billy?"

Scanlan grinned.

"Mr. Corwin seems to think so."

"Well, I'll be dog-goned! Let's git together an' kinder talk things over."

Back through the swaying, grinding cars went the procession, Scanlan leading, Hanvey next and Corwin bringing up the rear. Corwin was in a cold fury. He felt that he was being made ridiculous—they were laughing at him. He didn't like the looks of the whole business anyway. What assurance had he that Hanvey and Scanlan were not confederates? They were suspiciously intimate, and Hanvey must have seen Scanlan —— In the privacy of their drawing-room Corwin's sinewy figure towered over Scanlan.

"If you don't give me back that proxy I'll break every bone in your rotten body."

Jim restrained the young man.

"Them's awful harsh words, Jack Dalton."

Corwin shook him off.

"I think you're as crooked as he is. I've had my suspicions from the first, and I'm not going to allow any pair like you to make a monkey of me."

It was Scanlan who spoke.

"Just what are you going to do about it, Mr. Corwin?"

"I'll do aplenty!"

"Giving me a licking isn't going to get you anywhere except in jail. We're in New Mexico now; and if you lay a finger on me I'll have you dumped in the Albuquerque lockup tonight; and you can't do the same to me, because you haven't got a lick of proof."

"Will you let us search you and your compartment?"

"Surest thing you know!" He turned to the detective. "C'mon, Jim. Get busy."

Hanvey shrugged and reached for one of his black cigars.

"Ain't gonna waste my time, Billy. If you've got that proxy there ain't no use of my searchin' for it now. I've just got to think things over and get a hunch where you put it. Then I'll get it."

"Do you mean," interrogated Corwin furiously, "that you're not even going to search this man?"

"I do. I mean just that exact thing, son."

"Well, I will!"

Scanlan meekly submitted to the search. Once as Corwin's trembling, clumsy fingers probed into a pocket he deliberately winked at Hanvey, and at the conclusion of the personal search Scanlan led the way to his compartment. Twenty minutes later Corwin, dispirited and dully angry, returned to the drawing-room, where he found Hanvey gazing stolidly out of the window. The detective spoke without turning his head.

"When you git peeved, son, you sure git peeved all over."

The younger man did not answer. He slouched opposite and tried to think, to piece together the ends of this tangled skein. He was distrustful of everyone, particularly of the slothful Hanvey. Jim's only other remark did not add to his comfort.

"You sure was careless with that coat, Mr. Corwin—awful careless."

Hanvey was right. He had been careless, inexcusably so. True, there had been a feeling of safety in the knowledge that Hanvey was also in the barber shop; but there was small solace in the thought that it wasn't entirely his fault that too great confidence had been placed by his employers in Hanvey's ability. And now, should Hanvey fail to recover the proxy, he—Corwin—was ruined, a brilliant career abruptly and ignominiously terminated.

Meanwhile, in Compartment C, behind a locked door, Scanlan was busy. He obtained a table from the porter and then proceeded to open his suitcase, to unpack it, to remove a false bottom and extract from the space disclosed a sheaf of legal-appearing documents. Each one of these was strikingly similar to the proxy which lay beside them on the table.

Then slowly and painstakingly Scanlan prepared a duplicate proxy, being very careful that his forging of Colonel Warrington's name should be patently a forgery. The finished job was a masterpiece. No one unfamiliar with Warrington's signature could guess that this was not genuine, yet a comparison left no room for doubt that Scanlan's work was a forgery. Carefully he inscribed the attestation, affixing thereto the impress of the notarial seal he had stolen from the office of Mr. Leopold Jones. That done, he viewed his handiwork with pardonable pride. He next destroyed the other blank proxies which had been prepared by the Quincy-Scott crowd in New York, placed the forged proxy in the false bottom of his suitcase and put the genuine proxy in an inside pocket of his coat.

At lunch time Scanlan found Hanvey sitting alone at one end of the diner while Corwin sulked at the other. The crook paused by the detective's table and cheerfully accepted Hanvey's invitation to join. Jim nodded toward the tragic figure at the other end of the car.

"You sure have played tarnation thunder with that kid, Billy."

Scanlan shook his head. Naturally tender-hearted, he was genuinely regretful.

"Business is business, Jim."

"Yep, so it is. Kinda tough on the kid, though. He feels bad, knowin' he played right into your hands. An' I ain't feelin' any too spry myself." The detective's dull eyes turned toward his companion and blinked slowly. "Where have you got that proxy, Billy?"

Scanlan laughed.

"I haven't admitted that I have it."

"No-o. An' I didn't ask you to admit nothin'. The point bein' that you can't get away with it, kid. I'll have you held when we get to Chicago and search you—a search that is a search."

Scanlan registered apprehension.

"That ain't fair, Jim. You ain't got a lick of proof that I have the proxy."

"Nope. But I intend to get it."

From the diner Scanlan went back to the observation platform to think things over. He did not relish the prospect of an additional thirty-six hours on the same car with Hanvey. He contemplated dropping off at Albuquerque, then thought better of it. Jim would merely remain with him. And then an idea came.

At eight o'clock the train pulled into the handsome station at the capital of New Mexico for a one-hour layover. Scanlan walked swiftly up the street toward the post office. There he prevailed upon a registry clerk to accept a letter. In a long envelope he inclosed a note to Phares Scott and with it the proxy he had that day stolen from Gerald Corwin. He sent the document both special delivery and registered. It would get to New York a day or two late, perhaps, but still in ample time for the meeting. Besides, it was not essential that it get there at all. It was only necessary that the McIntosh forces be deprived of its possession.

Scanlan would have destroyed the thing in preference, but he knew that he would have difficulty in collecting his fee unless the document itself was produced.

But even though Billy Scanlan had left the train at Albuquerque, Hanvey and Corwin had not. Hanvey, making quite sure that Scanlan had gone, entered Scanlan's compartment in Corwin's company. The manner of the big detective had momentarily lost its sluggishness. He questioned Corwin.

"Where'd you search?"

Corwin told him. Jim shook his massive head.

"How 'bout his suitcase?"

"I looked in there, of course."

"Sure—of course you did, son. Naturally. But let's us try it again."

Jim dumped the contents unceremoniously on the seat. With deft fingers he went through every garment and even inspected the contents of the rolled traveling case.

"You see," commented Corwin resentfully. "I told you nothing was there."

Hanvey paid him no heed. He had closed the suitcase and was inspecting it carefully. Then suddenly he turned it over and thumped it with a heavy, spatulate finger. His pursy lips creased into a smile.

"Think we got somethin', son."

"What?"

"We'll see."

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The suitcase was reopened and Hanvey fumbled inside for a moment. Then a button unfastened here and one there and he removed the false bottom. He extended the envelope to Corwin.

"Better see that he don't get another chance at it, son."

With fingers that trembled the younger man spread open the forged proxy, never questioning its genuineness. There it was—Warrington's signature, Jones' attestation, the notarial seal. Corwin seized Jim's hand and wrung it gratefully. His voice was choky.

"I've been a rotter, Mr. Hanvey. I suspected you of being a confederate ——"

"'Sall right, Mr. Corwin. 'Sall right. Don't slop over."

"I can't help it. I feel like a cur."

"Gwan!" Hanvey was touched by the boyish gratitude of his young friend. "Let's get this stuff back in here. Scanlan'll spot that we have the thing, but it wouldn't be decent to leave his stuff all spread out like this."

Ten minutes before leaving time Scanlan returned to his compartment. He opened his suitcase, discerned the disorder—and grinned. Then, pretending disappointment and fury, he rapped on the door of Drawing-room A. Inside he faced Corwin.

"You wanted to start something a little while ago, Mr. Corwin," he snapped, "when you thought I copped a paper from your coat. Well, I'm here to say that whenever you're ready you just wade right in, because, no matter what I've done, I never robbed a gent's suitcase."

A hard, chill smile appeared on Corwin's lips. He rose slowly. From the window seat Hanvey viewed the tableau amusedly.

"Get out!" ordered Corwin.

"Put me out!"

"Get out or I shall!"

Scanlan's eyes met those of the other man, and Scanlan discreetly withdrew.

But that night Scanlan lay in his berth, smoking and smiling. Success had blessed his strategy. The Warrington proxy was en route to New York by registered mail, the envelope specifically marked "For Delivery to Addressee Only." Better still, Jim Hanvey thought he had recovered the document. There was the strongest point in Scanlan's favor—the fact that Jim was smugly contented. Now all he had to do was to assume the attitude of a man thwarted. He was a trifle sorry for poor old Jim, yet it was no lack of acumen on Jim's part, but rather a superlative cunning on his own.

During the final twenty-four hours of the journey to Chicago, Gerald Corwin clung to the supposed proxy with a pitiful grimness. Alone with Hanvey in their drawing-room, he sat with his hand against the pocket of his coat. He shaved himself. He slept with the coat for a pillow.

"He got it once," he explained to Hanvey. "He won't again."

Jim smiled.

"Once ought to be enough for any man."

"What made you think of a false bottom to that suitcase, Mr. Hanvey?"

"Same thing that made Billy think of the lining of your coat. Plumb obvious. Gosh! I'll bet Billy's ravin'."

Corwin was frankly admiring.

"And I thought you were no good! I even thought you might be double-crossing McIntosh!"

"That's right, son; that's right. Never trust nobody an' you'll never get a shock. That's my motto. The honester a person is supposed to be the easier he can crook you."

They reached Chicago at noon of the following day. Hanvey and Corwin boarded the Pennsylvania for New York. Scanlan secured a berth on the New York Central. Freed from the Scanlan menace, Corwin thawed slightly and attempted to make late amends to his benefactor. He even summoned sufficient courage to request a closer inspection of Jim's gold toothpick and to say complimentary things about the fearful weapon which had been anathema to him. Jim bloomed under the praise of his decoration.

"Feller that gave me that had sense," he said earnestly. "It ain't only beautiful—it's useful."

Corwin repressed a shudder.

"I suppose it is."

The gratitude of the younger man was pathetic. He grimly determined to invite Jim to dinner some night the ultimate test of his fortitude.

They reached New York on time and repaired immediately to the offices of the K. R. & P. There Gerald Corwin delivered over to Garet McIntosh the Warrington proxy. McIntosh congratulated the young man and assured him of the directors' appreciation. But before leaving the room Corwin made a straight-eyed confession.

"You must thank Mr. Hanvey," he said. "The proxy was stolen from me on the train and Mr. Hanvey recovered it."

"Good!" McIntosh dismissed Corwin with a nod and reached for his notebook. "How about it, Hanvey?"

Jim grinned. "Don't listen to nothin' the kid says, Mr. McIntosh. He's game all through, that lad. But it was funny."

At that moment Billy Scanlan faced Phares Scott and gave a detailed report of the success of his mission. A gleam of admiration appeared in the steely eyes of the financier.

"Good work!" he commented briefly. "You'll get your pay when the proxy arrives."

The following day at noon Scanlan presented himself again at Scott's office. His reward was paid in legal tender —— "To avoid the embarrassment of a check." Scanlan nodded and pocketed the money.

"The proxy?" he questioned.

"We've destroyed it. Simply wanted to look it over to make sure we were safe."

That night Billy Scanlan celebrated. The following morning he awakened with a violent headache, and was aroused by a ringing of his telephone.

"Jim Hanvey," announced the slow, drawling voice on the other end. "Can I come up?"

Jim came. He regarded Scanlan interestedly.

"I judge they paid you off all right," he commented.

"They did," admitted Scanlan. "What about it?"

"Nothin'; nothin' in particular." Hanvey glanced at his watch, a tremendous affair, gaudily engraved. "Only that the stockholders' meetin' takes place in just about one hour, an' as a friend I advise you to beat it an' beat it quick."

Scanlan sat upright, hands pressed against his throbbing forehead.

"Me beat it?"

"Uh-huh."

"What for?"

"Takin' pay from the Quincy-Scott crowd for somethin' you didn't do. They're li'ble to get awful sore."

"What are you talking about, Jim? You know good and well I got away with it."

Hanvey shook his head. "Nothin' of the kind, Billy; an' I'm advisin' you as a friend to beat it—an' stay put."

The eyes of the other man narrowed.

"You must be gettin' into your second childhood, Jim. Do you mean to tell me that you haven't yet found out that the proxy you stole from my suitcase was a fake?"

Hanvey's voice was quite matter of fact.

"Oh, that? Sure, I knew all the time that was a fake."

"Well, then ——"

"What you ain't never stopped to realize," explained the detective, "is this: The proxy you swiped from young Corwin wasn't no good either."

Scanlan rose abruptly.

"What do you mean—no good? Old man Warrington executed it ——"

"Sure he did! An' the next day he executed another to McIntosh. That second one was the only one worth the paper it was written on. It nullified the first, an' I had it in my pocket all the time. An' when that real proxy appears at the meetin' today the gang you were workin' for is li'ble to get all het up. You see, Billy, you and Corwin both had the wrong dope. I wasn't on that train to keep you from gettin' that proxy off Corwin; I was there to see you did get it so you wouldn't bother me none, me bein' the real messenger."

Headache forgotten, Billy Scanlan leaped for his suitcase and commenced a frenzy of packing.

"I might've known you were too easy, Jim! I might've known it! Anyway, they paid me off yesterday ——"

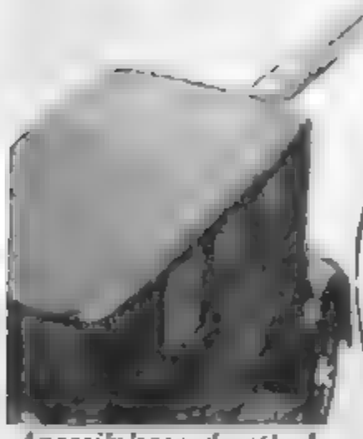
"That's what tickles me," replied Jim; "you gittin' paid for that proxy. It's a swell joke on them fellers. An' say, I got somethin' to show you. You know young Corwin was awful grateful for what I done."

"He should have been."

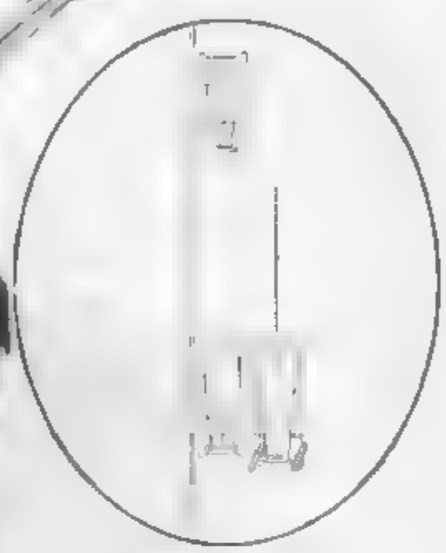
"He was. He sent me a present this morning. Ain't it swell?"

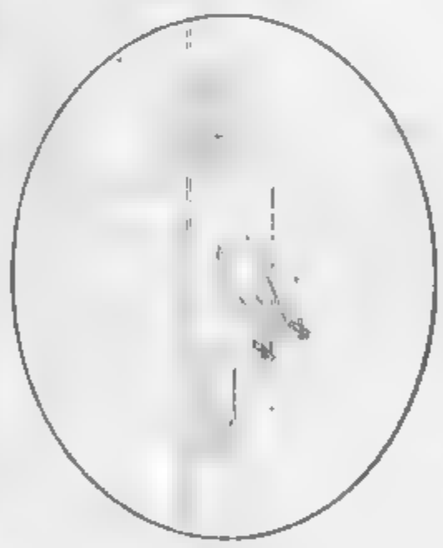
And beaming with pride Hanvey exhibited the gift of the fastidious Gerald Corwin.

It was a gold-handled toothbrush.

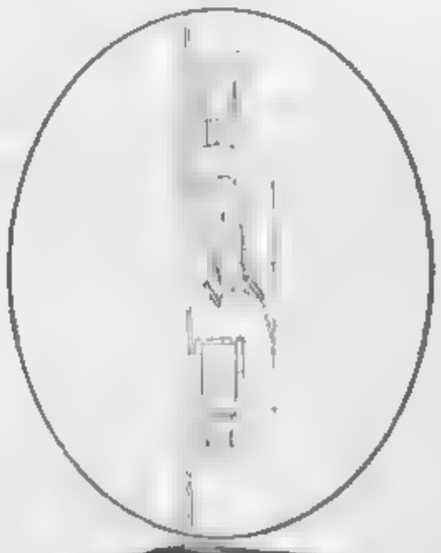


An easily learned method of proper parking in a limited space is to stop parallel to the curb alongside of the car behind which you are going to park, about one foot outside of it turn the front wheels sharply to the curb and





back slowly until you can see that by swinging the front wheels hard over to the left, your right front fender will just clear the left rear fender of car ahead, turn wheels fully to the left and



back to proper position at curb. This method, once you know positions at which extreme turns are to be made, will park you at the proper distance from curb and cars in one backward movement. It is plain that

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THE DUKE AND THE DUCATS

(Continued from Page 8)

Broadway in the Forties. And I got to raise the cash in three weeks or I lose the chance. And if I got a side kick with seven and a half, to match mine, we could borrow fifteen more, and make a killin'. Honest, Duke, don't it get you?"

The Duke lifted his shoulders. "It gets me, but I don't get the jack."

"Still, if you could put your hands on it, Duke ——"

"Well, you can't always sometimes tell. I may see you later."

Then he went out and telephoned to Mary from a delicatessen.

"Listen, baby, you know that's an awful weight you're askin' me to carry. Does it mean anythin' that I'm thinkin' it over?"

"Please think awful hard, won't you?"

"That's me."

"Have you been gambling again?"

"Well—only for chicken feed."

"Oh, my dear!"

"Say that again, baby"

"No, I won't! It was a slip of the tongue."

"Listen, honey. Can I come up tonight?"

"Don't you remember what I told you?"

"Baby, you don't know what you're askin'."

"Yes, I do. You could make thirty dollars a week, couldn't you?"

"Thirty! That wouldn't hardly buy cigarettes."

"It's enough, though, if you get it the right way."

"It's four days since I saw you, Mary. And they was awful long ones."

"Really?"

"I'm tellin' you. Can't I come up just once?"

"I couldn't let you. I care too much."

And a moment later the Duke slammed out of the booth and went over to his headquarters, where he found a note from Lulu asking him to take her to supper that night. He also found two complimentary tickets for Lew Tendler's fight with Johnny Dundee at the Garden. Mechanically he tore up both the letter and the tickets, which was rank extravagance, for even if Lulu's autograph had little value to collectors, the tickets were ringside and worth money.

At about this period sleep deserted him, and the Duke lay scowling up at the ceiling, where he saw visions. He saw one vision of the Bryan and McCarty restaurant, with himself in a frock coat standing in the background and counting the house. He saw another vision of his apartment on Riverside Drive, and Mary, weighted down by diamonds, rushing to the door to welcome him. And on Riverside Drive he could sport a silk lid without danger. For half a decade the Duke had longed to wear a silk lid, but on Forty-sixth Street he had known better than to try it. And then finally he saw a vision of the bird with the goggles.

In the morning he telephoned her again. "Baby, the Jolly Seven's havin' another dance tomorrow night. You goin'?"

"Why, I might."

"Want me to take you?"

"N-no, thank you."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why—I just can't let you."

"Listen, Mary, is it Four-Eyes again?"

"Why—yes."

There was a silence. Jealousy and pride combined to slaughter him. "Well, baby, I guess that about finishes us, don't it?" More silence. "Don't it?"

"If you'd—only do what I want you to ——"

"Mary!" His voice had agony in it. "You'd asked Napoleon to quit the army and go in the insurance business! You'd asked Columbus to go shine shoes. A man's got to have some say! For the love of Mike, be reasonable!"

"Good-by."

"What's that?"

"I said 'Good-by.'"

"Good-by, yourself," said the Duke, and went off to a small gathering at which, intentionally and methodically, he kicked in for three hundred dollars.

But he knew his quarry; they would come back tomorrow for more, and go away with nothing. Which is precisely what happened, and the Duke ordered four new winter suits, and then sat for two dreary days in his headquarters, playing solitaire. The day after that he threw dice, right hand against left, and owed himself vast sums at the finish.

More than anything else, more than everything else, he wanted Mary, but she required a sacrifice that seemed to him impossible. He held it to be beyond reason that a man of his age—it was twenty-four—could make a fresh start and get anywhere. That is, without capital. And after his long career of luxury, a job—a mere grindstone job—was revolting. He balked, absolutely. It would declass him; it would put him among the goofs who haven't sense enough or nerve enough to do anything else. It would make the gang line up and give him the laugh—the raspberry. Bald Jim and Lulu and Young Buffo—they would recommend him for the funny house. He had worked like a dog for eight years, perfecting his mastery of the cards and the dice—and was that to be thrown away for a woman's whim?

But Mary's smile kept coming back to him, as he sat there; and Mary's confidence, and Mary's kiss.

He went through a week of this, and then one evening he ran into Mary's brother, who beckoned him. "Come here, Duke. Me and you's got to talk turkey."

"What's eatin' you?"

The bull took him by the arm. "Mary's uptown cryin' her eyes out. Damn you, Duke, I'd have framed you and sent you up the river before I'd let you get away with that!"

The Duke took it as another compliment, because he knew that the dick meant it, and could have made good.

"Well, where do I fit in?"

"All you got to do is go on the square."

"Tom, I been thinkin' it over."

"Yes, and you ain't got the guts. I hear McCarty's give you a bid to sit in with him. Why don't you grab it?"

"I got everything but the price."

"Well, go get it, then. Do somethin'—or inside of a month I'll put you where Mary couldn't get you if she wanted you—you big stuffed shirt!"

The Duke reached behind him, but the dick only laughed.

"No four-flushin', Duke. You never pulled a gat yet, and I doubt you got one on you. Come on, man to man, what are you going to do about it? Just let her bawl?"

Something snapped in the Duke's brain. Something rose up in him and overwhelmed him. It wasn't the threat—which he could avoid if he chose—it was pure sentiment. All the cold logic which for twenty-four years had governed him was melted by the thought of a girl's tears. Nobody else had ever cried for him. And the Duke was sentimental. Also, there was Four-Eyes, who might conceivably drop in to comfort her.

"Tom, where you bound for?"

"Report off duty, and go home."

"Do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Stay away a while."

The bull regarded him fixedly. "What are you doin', Duke? Comin' across?"

"Comin' across is right," said the Duke.

They shook hands silently, and parted.

By the time that he touched the bell he had lost all muscular control of himself. When she opened the door his expression was so startling to her that she forgot her own embargo. In the narrow corridor he stood with his back to the wall, twisting his hat like a demoralized schoolboy.

"I got to have you," said the Duke thickly. "I got to have you. I come up to tell you I got to have you, baby. I can't go it any longer." His mouth was working and his lips were dry. "There's only one thing, honey. Only one thing. Let it ride two, three weeks. Maybe not so long, even. Just long enough so I can raise a stake. For McCarty. Just to get capital. Then I'm off it. Can't you see what I'm tryin' to do for you? Can't you see? Just let me have two, three weeks, to raise some coin for McCarty. You'll do that much, won't you?"

She shook her head. In the dim light of the hallway she appeared to him as an angel.

"No. But if you said from this minute, if you said from this second—you'd cut out gambling for good and all ——"

The situation had gone beyond his endurance. He forgot everything but the girl who gazed at him with such desperate appeal.

"Then so help me God," said the Duke brokenly, "I'll never touch a card or a dice

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again to gamble with 'em. Do you believe it?"

She held out her arms. Her voice was irresistible. "Believe you? Haven't you promised?"

"When I give my word, baby, I keep it."

And in the dim hallway she was suddenly sobbing against his shoulder, and the Duke was holding her tightly to him, and smoothing her hair and whispering things that came to him by instinct and not by education.

When he left her he was elevated among the stars, but within the half hour reality swooped around the corner and sandbagged him. He had sworn an oath, and he had only a few hundred dollars in the world. He had cut off his means of livelihood. As far as he knew, his only chance was with McCarty, and McCarty wanted a man with a big bunch of jack; permanent capital.

He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and gave himself over to thought—unusually practical thought for a man so lately affianced.

It was eleven o'clock, and he was strolling aimlessly along Forty-second Street when he was suddenly aware of Christmas. To the Duke, Christmas meant chiefly a one-day change in the menu, and about five hundred dollars to be distributed about the precinct; but he never recalled the calendar until he saw the signs. The first signs of all were the Salvation Army kettles, and the men with long white beards and red gaberdines who stood beside them, ringing monotonous bells. And the particular Santa Claus who guarded the corner of Sixth and Forty-second was a man who had once played with markers instead of chips at Honest John Kelly's—and his marker had been good for whatever he said it was. But that was before his luck changed.

The Duke halted, and with the delicacy of his caste he spoke to this man, not as royalty to a pauper, but as one good citizen to another.

"Hello, Jake. How's business?"

"Cheap skates tonight, Duke. All jitneys. What's the matter you ain't up to Rooney's?"

"Rooney's?"

"Over Rooney's garage. I heard they're pullin' off the biggest crap game of the century."

"So? Who's there?"

"Oh, the boys—and some hick sports from the Jersey bushes, but they got wads would choke a horse."

The Duke rubbed his nose reflectively. "It's news to me."

"They're fadin' hundreds like they was postage stamps. Must be twenty, thirty grand in it. But, Duke ——"

"What?"

"Goin' up?"

"I'd thought of it. Why?"

"Duke, take it from me, it don't pay. You know me. I been through the mill. It's great while it's runnin', but it turns. Believe me, it turns. Salt down what you can, and quit, Duke. Take it from me."

"That's all right, Jake. Save it for somebody else. Much obliged for the tip."

He turned and went slowly back along the Avenue. His word to Mary was precious, but after all Mary was only a woman, and women don't understand these things like a man does. His own dice were in his pocket, and they knew their master's voice. He could blow into Rooney's for an hour, perhaps two, and blow out again with a fair percentage of the loot. He knew it.

And there was no possible way for Mary to find out. She need never even suspect. And if the game were really as big as it was advertised he might even draw down all he needed. What odds would it be to Mary if she never knew? Tommyrot!

But she had looked into his eyes and said that she trusted him. That was a novelty. She had volunteered to keep on stenogging after they were married, to help out with the finances.

His word was a peculiar thing. It had a real meaning to him. He prided himself on it. But to break it meant perhaps to make Mary happier in the long run; although the knowledge that he had broken it would break her heart. But she wouldn't ever know.

He fingered the dice in his waistcoat pocket. All he needed was time enough to warm up the little African golf balls and set them working for him.

He went another block north and turned into a café, and proceeded with dignity to the back room, which was his hang-out. And waiting for him there were two strange men, with a letter. One of these men was frail and almost effeminate, with sly eyes, a hard mouth and a hard cough; the other was blocky and more aggressive. They were just in from Chicago, and their letter was signed with the manual of Chicho the Wop, who was nearly as lucky at cards as the Duke himself, but a year ago, during the course of a little altercation in regard to five aces in one deck, had been unlucky with his trigger finger. It had twitched accidentally, and sent its owner into swift and voluntary exile. Chicho had been rather a pal of the Duke's, but the two strangers, who came so highly vouched for, were on an infinitely lower plane; so low, indeed, that the Duke was privately annoyed because they had been sent to him. But one doesn't betray such feelings—if one has tact.

He tossed the letter back across the table. "Chicho ought to have known better," he said thoughtfully. "He ought to have sent you to Monk Bird or Lefty Lanigan or some of those guys. I don't know what you boys can do around New York. You're in the wrong pew. Still ——" And he was still hesitating, when quick inspiration came to him. "Still, Chicho was a buddy of mine; I suppose I got to do somethin' for you." He drummed on the table. "How about artillery?"

The frail stranger grinned. "Oh, we carry a little somethin' on the hip."

The Duke nodded gravely. "That's right. Now this is out of my line, but I heard just now there's a big crap game goin' on over Rooney's garage. Hick sports, with big bank rolls. And seein' you're new here, nobody'd spot you, even if they lamped you. Well, how'd you boys like to go stick it up, just for a starter? If you're on I'll hand you the dope."

The blocky stranger sat forward. "Shoot it, bo," he said gratefully. "You're all right."

Now between twelve and two the Duke sat alone in his headquarters, with a single excursion of five minutes to the telephone. He called up Mary again, and what he said to her was sacred. He even tried to kiss her over the wire, which is a tasteless proceeding. And he reiterated the fact that he was through with the devil's picture book and the ivory bones forever.

Then he came back and sat in the furthermost corner of the room, with his eyes fixed unwaveringly on the door, until the door swung inward, and two men came in as noiselessly as two cats.

The Duke smiled genially. "Well, boys," he said, "did you cop?"

The frail stranger laughed as noiselessly as he walked. "You said it, Percy."

"Big game, was it?"

"Swell," said the blocky one, "and a clean get-away."

"Then put 'em up," said the Duke, and for the moment his eyes were the eyes of his ancestors.

He was leaning forward with his right elbow resting on the table, and in his hand was the gat which he had carried for eight years, and never pulled on anybody, even in frolic. But this wasn't frolic. The strangers, however, couldn't know that the Duke's whole soul was quaking with the thrill of it. For the first time in his life he felt a true conqueror. Also, he had an amazing sense of virtue because he had kept his word. He had sworn not to gamble; and in spite of temptation he had kept away from Rooney's. In spite of temptation he had stayed out of the game for Mary's sake.

"Put 'em up quick!" said the Duke softly, caressingly, like the sweep of a tiger's claw.

With all celerity the strangers put 'em up. They knew the human eye, and what was behind it. And shortly afterward there was a little pile of Chicago artillery under the Duke's chair, and on the beer-dregged table there were many bills, green and yellow, sprawling in fat little cocoons.

"I'm goin' to teach you cheap Chicago crooks," said the Duke, pleasantly enough, "not to go monkeyin' with the buzz saw. You come ramblin' over here like we was on the pitcher-and-bowl circuit, and didn't know money from green goods. You come in here askin' for dope, and you don't say nothing about any kind of a split, and you was goin' to pig it—wasn't you? Well, in New York the guy that delivers the info gets a commission, see? Keep 'em up!"

Now he counted expertly, and he could do it with one hand as accurately as a bank teller with two.

"I make it nine grand." He paused and weighed the ethics of the case. He felt that,

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after all, the visitors were entitled to something. "Your split's one apiece. Mine's seven. There's your one apiece. And you can keep 'em up! I'll slip it in your jeans. Then you boys can take a quick sneak back to Chi. That's your railroad fare. And tell Chicho." His lips relaxed a trifle. "Yes, I can see you tellin' him. They'd kid you out of the Loop. Well, that's all. Kindly don't make no noise while you go out. I got a lot of friends workin' this side of the street. But maybe you'd like to get showed out like they do at the Vanderbilts'. That's all right."

And he lifted up his voice gently for Mike, the bartender, who weighed two hundred and twenty, and got out of the road for nothing less than a steam roller. And Mike's brother-in-law was high in politics, and the two visiting gentlemen from Chicago knew it. Everybody knew it.

And so, in the early part of another evening, the Duke went swinging up Sixth Avenue, and over to Columbus, toward the flat where a girl was waiting for him. His heart was proud and high, and his feet had the lightness of good conscience. He had kept his word.

Mary opened the door to him, and the Duke took her hungrily into his arms.

"Well, baby," he said, "here I am—and I ain't busted any promises yet, neither. Not even cracked one."

Her eyes were wide and adoring. "Don't talk like that—ever."

He laughed excitedly. "I got some news for you, though. Special extra five-star final. I bought in with McCarty this mornin'."

She drew back. "What?"

"What's the matter, baby? What makes you look that way? Oh, I see! You're wonderin' where I got it, after I said I was broke? Well, hush up and listen—this was an old deal. It goes back to a guy in Chicago. Why, here's the way it was: One time I give some of the boys from Chicago a straight tip on a deal. See? And it went good, and they was white men enough to pay me a commission. See? Last night after I went home they came in and give it to me. See? It wasn't enough, baby, but I hang up all my ice—ring, pins, studs, everythin' -look me over -and bought in. Fifty-fifty. And I got twenty-eight hundred left for a stake. Honest, baby, I did not gamble—I'll swear it on a stack of Bibles as high's the Statue of Liberty. Look at me. Don't you know it's true? Don't you know I wouldn't lie to you?"

She looked at him and she knew that it was true. She knew that whatever else happened, the Duke would never lie to her. She knew that if he promised to stay on the square he would freeze to it. But she never suspected that in the days to come he would own a string of fashionable restaurants where the proudest aristocrats in the city would love to dine and dance. She never dreamed that each of her frocks would cost, then, as much as her month's expenses now. She didn't know that even in so short a time as two years he would make far more, on the level, than he had ever made with his educated dice and his trained decks of cards. She only knew that the Duke would never lie to her. She was quite ready to be poor with him because she loved him. And he had even hung up his ice for her—the diamonds, and the ruby studs he had loved so.

"I've told you I believe you, dear."

"Kiss me again, baby. And say, I made McCarty hold open a tenth interest for Tom. I thought you'd like it. And if Tom can't swing the price right now—why, I'll carry him. That all right?"

"Oh, my dear, my dear!"

At midnight the Duke was walking south over the clouds which paved Sixth Avenue. At the corner of Fiftieth Street he came upon a dour and aged man with white whiskers and a red kimono, who rang a feeble bell for Christmas. And the Duke, brought suddenly out of his trance, remembered when and where he had been tipped off to that crap game over Rooney's.

He had a very delicate sense of ethics, and much sentiment, the Duke. Also, he had gone on record in respect to commissions. He fumbled for a moment and dropped a bill into the kettle.

"The blessing of the Lord," quavered the guy with the false whiskers.

"Don't mention it," said the Duke politely, and strode on southward, wondering what the cashiers would say when they found a thousand-dollar note in the night's collection. And the philosophers, if they tried to explain him now, would certainly have had hard work to choose between heredity and environment.

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Even a pin prick is a gateway for germs. And germs in a wound often cause trouble.

New-Skin keeps out germs. The flexible film protects the healing tissues.

Keep New-Skin handy.

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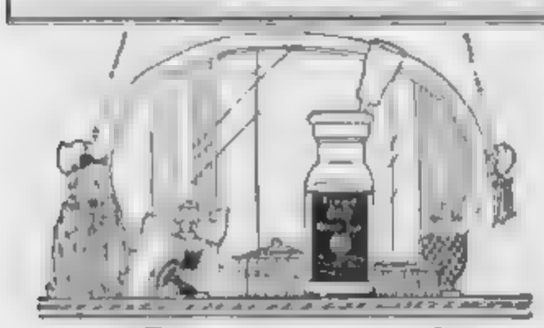
"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"



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Blue-jay
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Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

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July 22, 1922

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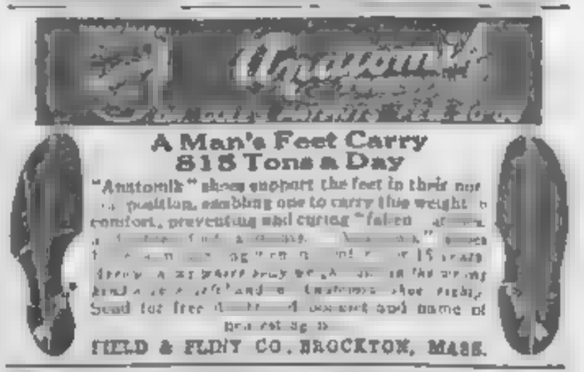

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"I knew you'd make good!"

BACK of every man who goes ahead in business and in life is the abiding, loyal love of some woman.

Sometimes it is a kindly, watchful, hopeful mother who is the inspiration of your desire to attain the kind of success that will make you worthy of her name and her faith.

Sometimes it is a sweetheart, a tender wisp of a girl who believes in you with all her heart, and for whose sake you determine to get somewhere, to be somebody, and to do the things worth while.

But most often of all it is a patient, devoted wife who keeps the priceless spark of ambition burning within you, and for whom you resolve that that dream of a better position and a larger salary must some day come true.

Once you feel that vital inspiration to get ahead—once you make up your mind that you are going to earn more money because of what it will mean to your mother, your sweetheart or your wife—you have made a splendid start in the race for Success. But how far you go and what laurels you win depend not alone on courage, or determination, or even upon natural ability, but on *training!*

As Hamilton Wright Mabie says: "This is the age of the trained man and the trained woman.

"There was a time in this country when opportunities were so great and there was so much to be done that any man or any woman who had a good heart and a good character and a strong arm might achieve a certain degree of success.

"I am not saying that that time is entirely passed. But this I am saying to you, that if I were a young man or a young woman going out into the world today, I should not dare to go unless I had made myself absolute master of the thing I wanted to do.

"I tell you today that the tragedy of modern life is the tragedy of the half-educated, half-trained man or woman; it is the tragedy of the man or the woman who wants to do something and cannot do anything well."

EMPLOYERS everywhere are looking today for trained men. They are seeking them out when they need new men; they are picking them from the ranks for promotion. In every organization, in good times and bad, the trained man is the first to be hired, he is the best paid, he is the man the firm cannot afford to lose.

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Clerks have become sales, advertising and business managers; mechanics have become foremen, superintendents and engineers; carpenters have become architects and contractors; men and boys have risen from nothing at all to places of responsibility—because they clipped this coupon.

You *can* have the position you want in the work you like best—a salary that will give you and your family the home, the comforts, the enjoyments you would like them to have. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education, or your means—you *can* do it!

Just mark and mail this coupon and full particulars telling how you can prepare for success in the work of your choice will come to you by return mail.

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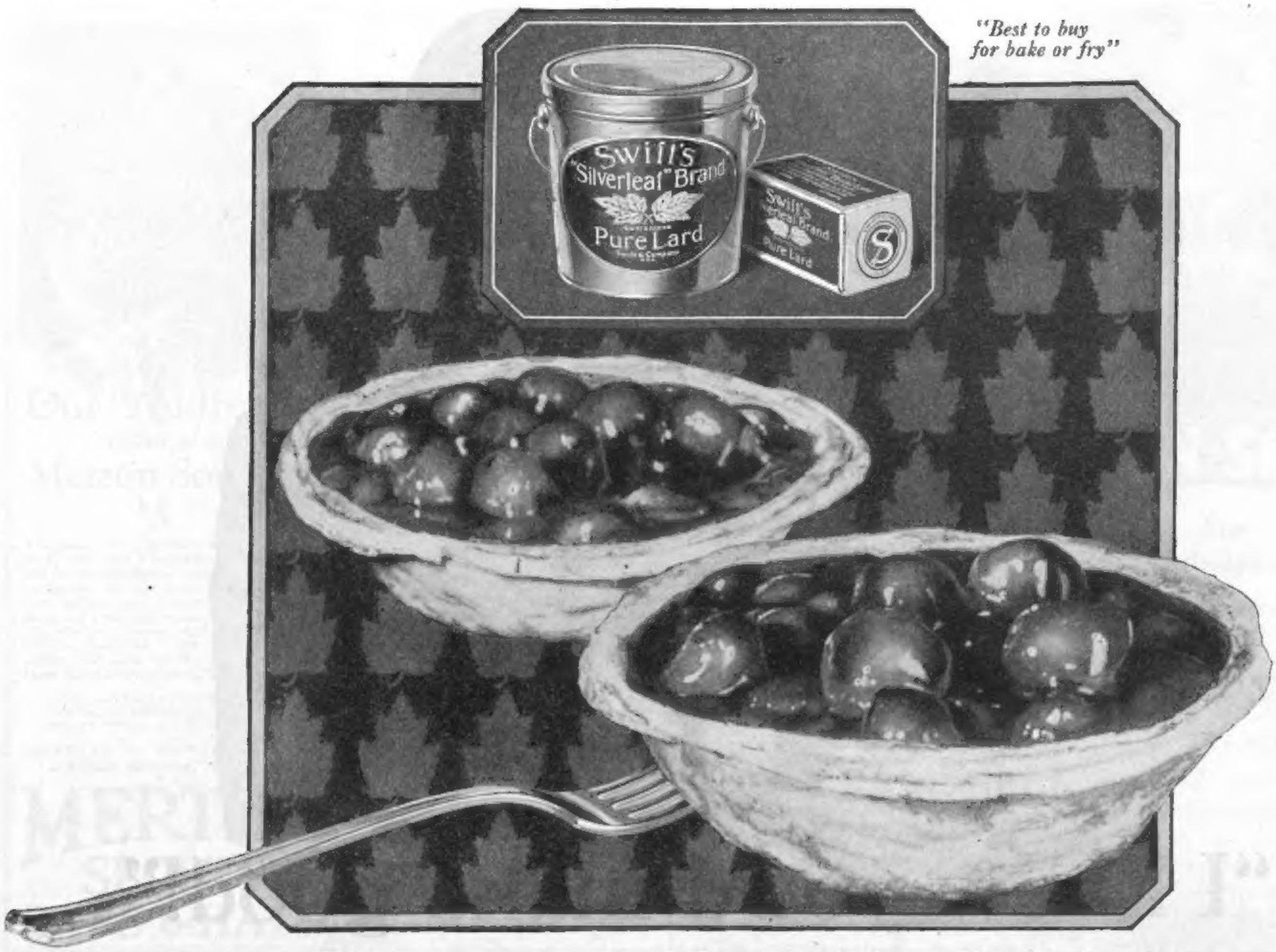

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CHERRY TARTS
that melt in your mouth!

Cut 1 cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard (chilled) into 3 cups flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Gradually add cold water to make a stiff paste. Handle lightly; roll ¼ inch thick and bake on tart pans. Stone 2 cups cherries, add ¼ cup water and boil slowly 5 minutes. Add 1 cup sugar mixed with 2 tablespoons flour; cook until juice thickens. Serve in the tart shells.

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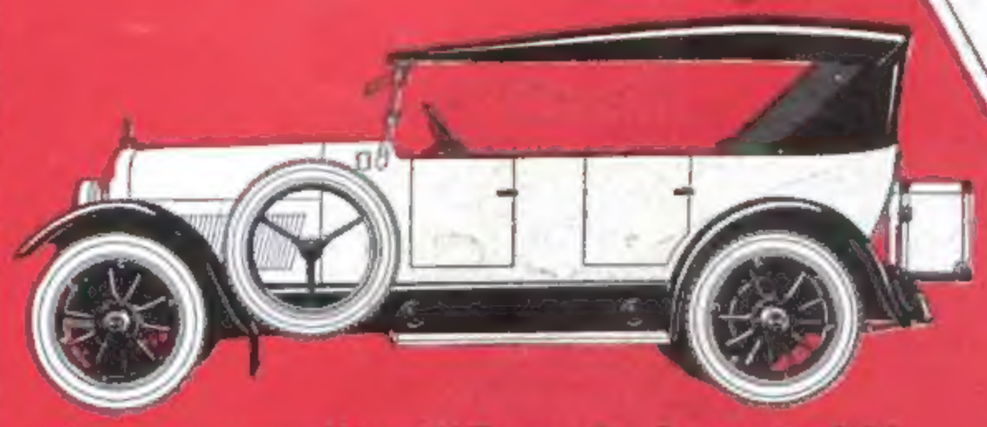

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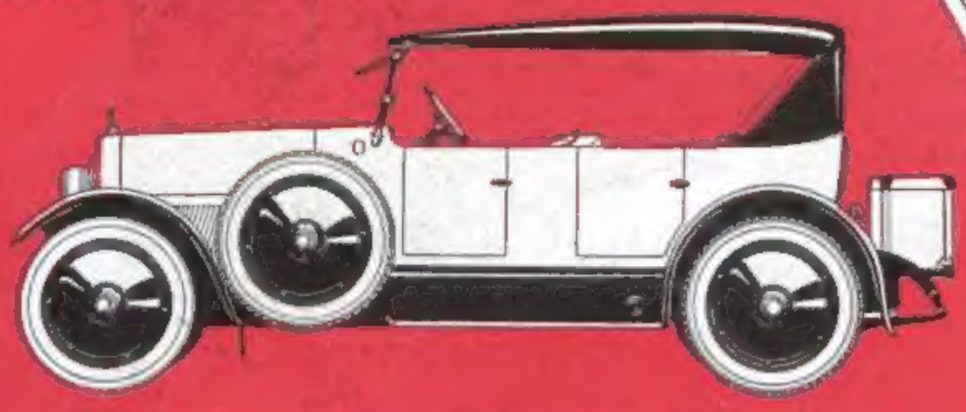

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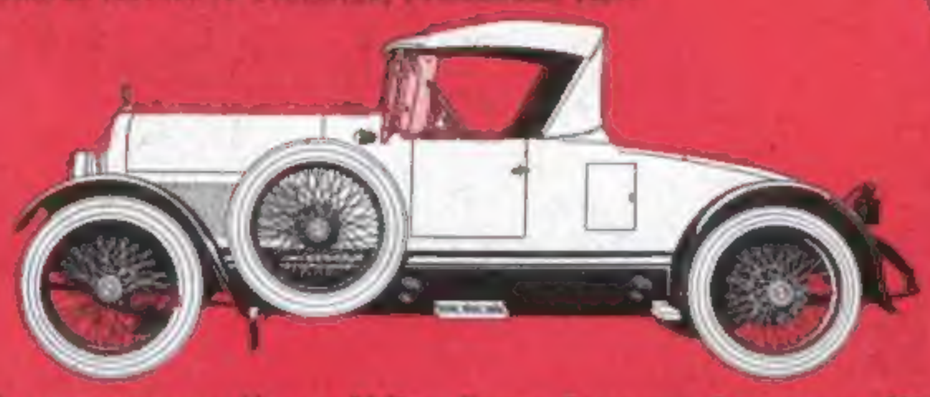

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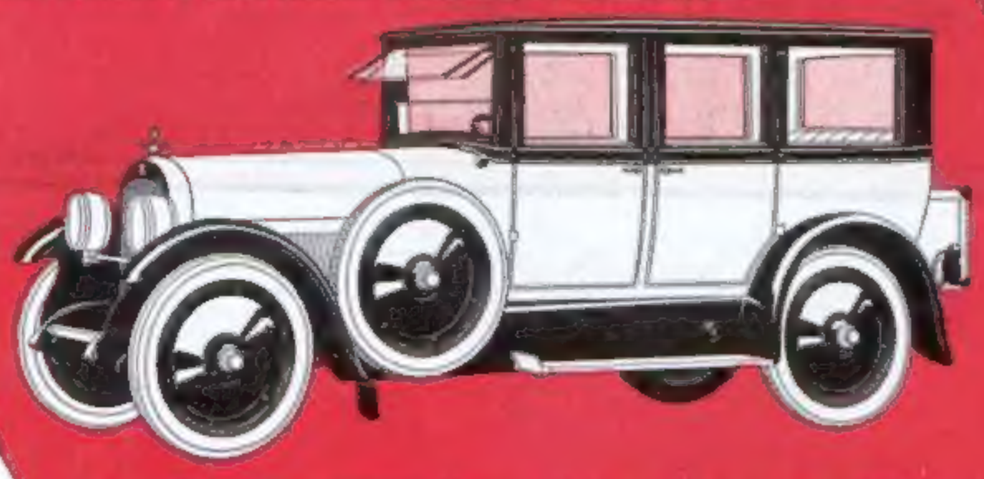

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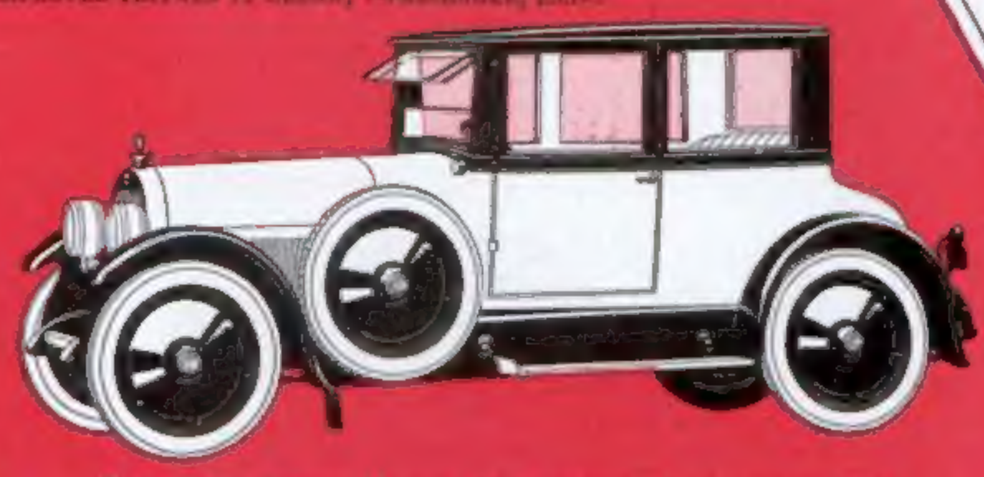

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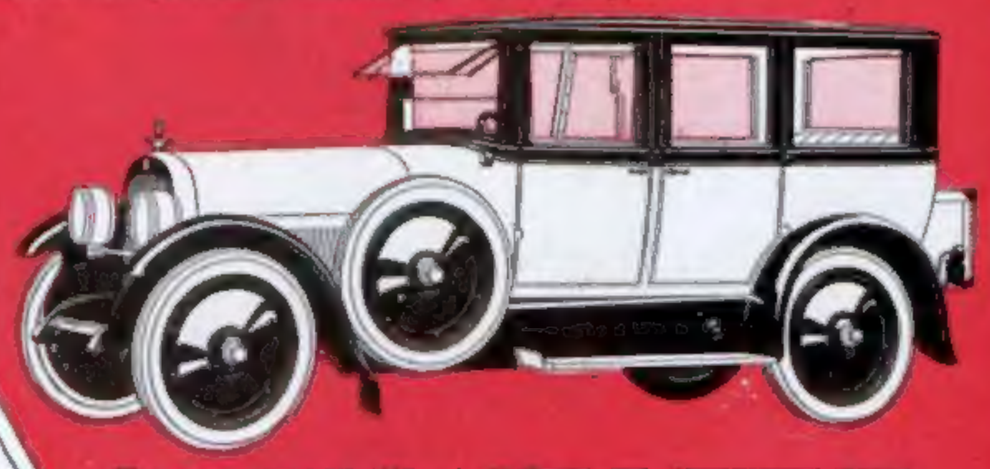

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Movable partition separates driver's compartment from interior

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